

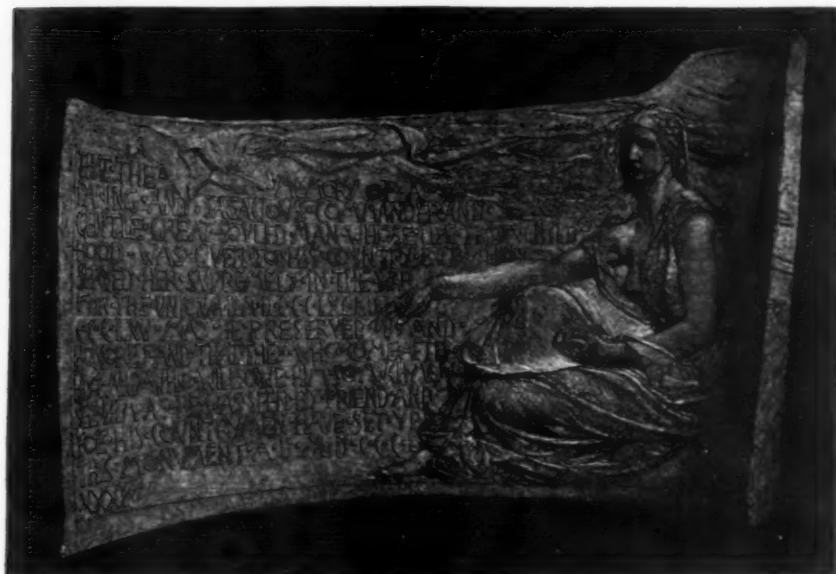
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 2.

THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT.



LOYALTY.

THE promoters of public monuments in our day appear to consider that the act of homage to the illustrious dead is rounded and complete in those physical and temporary proceedings which consist in holding committee-meetings, raising subscriptions, and putting up a stone or bronze structure, with the name of the great man engraved upon it. Nor is this conviction confined to the immediate promoters of memorial works of art,—for the public is found to be perfectly willing to subscribe for a proposed monument without the slightest idea as to the artist to be selected, and without any

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guarantee of its artistic value. We think it would not be hard to prove by statistics that the general sentiment is, that one "statue" is about as good as another—with this exception, that no one would think of erecting a statue of Halleck in Central Park that should be only seven inches in height, or that should be made of butter. To be sure, the sculpture of the "Butter-Woman" at the Centennial was the most admired sculpture of the exhibition; yet it should be remembered that the works in marble and bronze there displayed did not, as a rule, rank much higher as works of art;

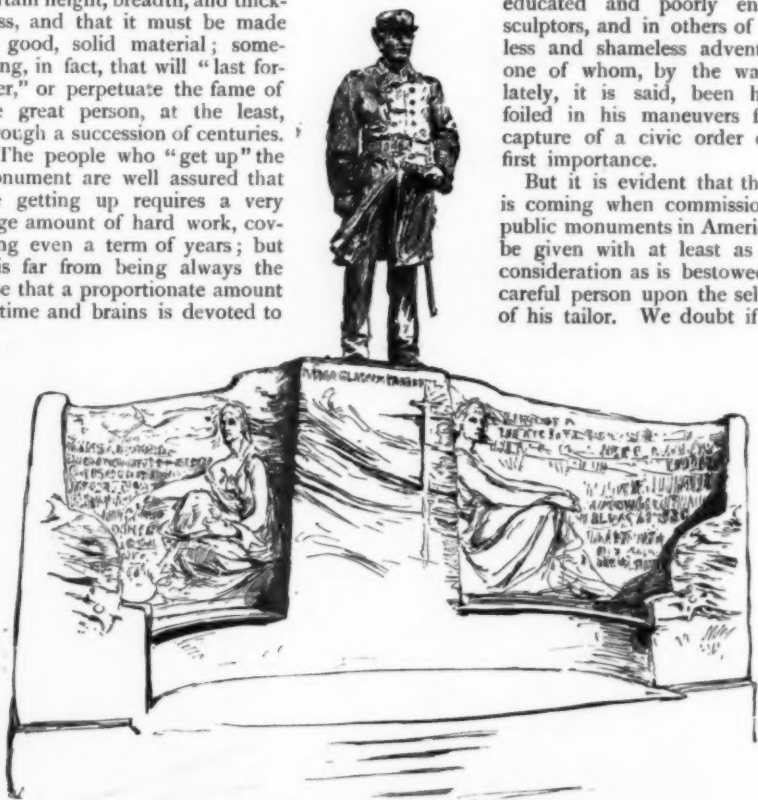
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and, certainly, even the Butter-Woman's wildest admirers would consider her chosen material, even as improved under her latest patents, not just the thing for the Central Park. Yes, all are agreed that a public statue must have not less than a certain height, breadth, and thickness, and that it must be made of good, solid material; something, in fact, that will "last forever," or perpetuate the fame of the great person, at the least, through a succession of centuries.

The people who "get up" the monument are well assured that the getting up requires a very large amount of hard work, covering even a term of years; but it is far from being always the case that a proportionate amount of time and brains is devoted to

secured. Public committees and individual donors have inflicted upon the city a still increasing company of hideous and imbecile monuments,—some home-made and some imported,—the work in certain instances of well-known but half-educated and poorly endowed sculptors, and in others of nameless and shameless adventurers; one of whom, by the way, has lately, it is said, been happily foiled in his maneuvers for the capture of a civic order of the first importance.

But it is evident that the time is coming when commissions for public monuments in America will be given with at least as much consideration as is bestowed by a careful person upon the selection of his tailor. We doubt if there



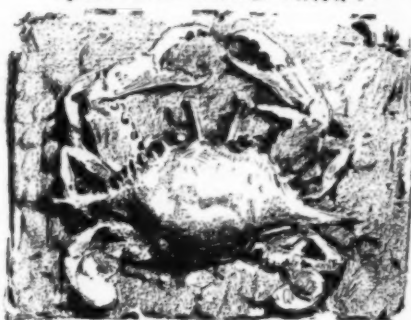
PEN SKETCH, BY R. BLUM, OF THE FARRAGUT MONUMENT.

the only point that is of the slightest consequence, upon the only branch of the enterprise that is likely to partake of immortality, or throw the slightest luster upon those who have been active in the movement—namely, the production of a real work of art.

The public parks and squares of New York are a proof that committees have worked with industry to get money, but not with equal industry to find the right man to execute their commissions; and even if the right man has been found, by good management or by good luck, he has sometimes been so hampered or hurried in his work that the very best results have seldom been

is any unerring method of selection in either case. Competition is sometimes found to work well in art matters, sometimes very badly. There was competition for the making of those gates of the Baptistry, at Florence, which Michael Angelo is reported to have said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. And yet, if one examines the competing panels of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, still preserved in the Bargello, one cannot help wondering why the commission was not given to the former instead of to the latter. Ghiberti's panel strikes one as not only in poorer taste than Brunelleschi's, but also inferior to his own subsequent work

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS -
STANFORD WHITE ARCHT. SCULPTOR.



BRONZE CRAB IN PAVEMENT.

upon the gates themselves. It is very likely, however, that if the choice had fallen upon Brunelleschi instead of upon his rival, Michael Angelo's majestic praise would have still applied. For there were giants in those days; and not only were the artists giants in performance, but "the people" were giants in appreciation and taste. And this is the root of the whole matter: with the quickening of public taste will come the improvement of public monuments of all kinds.

Not only, then, as the memorial of one of the greatest and purest of the heroes of the modern world, but as a work of extraordinary artistic value, and as a sign of the increase of the art spirit in America, we present the accompanying illustrations of the Farragut monument, which is to be unveiled in Madison Square, New York, at about the date of the issue of this magazine.

Soon after the death of Admiral Farragut, a meeting was held at the residence of Moses H. Grinnell, which brought together many of the leading citizens of New York, and at which it was resolved to erect a suitable memorial of the great Admiral. An association was formed, among whose members were Moses H. Grinnell, General John A. Dix, Benjamin H. Field, Sylvanus H. Macy, Ex-Governor E. D. Morgan, Charles H. Marshall, Commodore Nicholson, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, John J. Cisco, Marshall O. Roberts, Benjamin B. Sherman, Robert L. Stuart, Charles P. Daly, W. M. Vermilye, Gen. Alexander Shaler. General Dix was the first president of the Farragut Monument Association, being succeeded at his death by Mr. Benjamin H. Field. Mr. John J. Cisco was appointed treasurer, and Mr. James E. Montgomery secretary. In

December, 1876, a young and accomplished, though then not widely known, sculptor of New York was accordingly commissioned to make a bronze statue of Farragut.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor of the Farragut monument, is a native of New York City, and now about thirty-three years of age. At the time when Saint-Gaudens began his studies, it did not take long to exhaust the means of art-instruction available in New York. He went to Paris, and after years spent in the "École des Beaux-Arts," entered the *atelier* of the sculptor Joffroy. Later, he studied, and worked upon commissions, in Rome. It was upon his return to America that he received the Farragut commission,—among other orders of importance, such as the monument to the memory of the founder of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island, and the sculpture for the tomb for the family of Ex-Governor Morgan. A few days before setting out for Paris, with these and other orders, Saint-Gaudens assisted in the



ARM OF SEAT.

founding of "The Society of American Artists," of which he is now President.

France is to-day, and has been for a long time, the home and best school of art. In a city like Paris, where marbles and bronzes are produced in such immense quantities, it is hardly to be wondered at that much of the production—in fact, most of it that one sees in public places—should be meretricious. But he is a shallow observer who concludes that, because hundreds of pieces of sculpture on the buildings and in the gardens of Paris are not as remarkable for solid as for superficial qualities, therefore, French sculpture is throughout brilliant but empty. The fact is that the most severe, the most powerful, the most beautiful, the best, modern sculpture is French. This is not the place to enlarge upon the subject, but no argument is necessary with those acquainted with the work of such men as Falguière, Dubois, Mercié, Le Feuvre, Saint-Marceaux, and the late Barye.

As often happens in the case of original minds, the influences which have been strongest in forming the character and art of Saint-Gaudens have not been those of his actual teachers. As a sculptor living in France and associating with the best men there, both painters and sculptors, he has himself, perhaps unconsciously, been a part of that movement in art whose origins are many, but with which will always be pre-eminently associated the name of Jean-François Millet.

It is hardly necessary to say, however, that the most abiding influence upon this young sculptor has been that of the antique art. The more experience the world acquires the more convinced does it become that for the canon of plastic art we must go to the Greeks. Paris points to Rome, Rome to Athens. It is true that Athens points still eastward toward Egypt and Asia; but it was in Greece that plastic art reached its culmination. Michael Angelo is the mightiest artistic individuality that the world knows, personally and intimately; but wherever Michael Angelo departed from the Greek canon, he was less beautiful, less noble, less complete. As splendid as was his time in great artists, nevertheless, as compared with the epoch of Phidias, the great Florentine fell upon evil days. It, indeed, took his own times and country to make him the giant that he was, nor would we ask to see him other than these made him; but it is still true that his art had its origin in that of the Greek masters, and that where it fell

short it had departed from the spirit of the Greek.

In speaking of "the canon," we shall be misunderstood if it is supposed that the word is used in a limited sense,—as, for instance, having reference merely to such a matter as the exact proportions of the human figure. The Greeks had a keen perception of the fitness of things, and a dominating sense of beauty. They understood, as has been well said, the "not too much." They could express power, without degenerating into ugliness. But their art doubtless had its limitations; at least, it was left to Michael Angelo to give expression to ideas more modern, individual, and intimate. It was necessary that he should be different from the Greek; but where, although different, he was still governed by the essential spirit of the Greek taste, he was most successful, most great. Yet one must not push a theory such as this to its extremes; it is making too nice an inquiry into values which, after all, cannot be exactly determined. Who shall say which is better—the gigantic, yet compressed and artful power of Sophocles, or the spontaneous, boisterous, untamable, and tremendous energy of Shakspeare?

Saint-Gaudens has done well to hold fast to the principles of the antique art. In carrying out these principles his work has, however, taken a likeness to that of the Florentine Renaissance, with which he is by nature in close sympathy, and which he has studied with devotion.

In modeling severe, broad, yet minute in finish and modern in expression,—in character alert, eager, reticent, full of dignity and reserved force,—Saint-Gaudens's bronze Farragut might almost be called the work of some new Donatello.* Yet, as in-

* The Farragut statue was exhibited in plaster in the Paris *Salon* of 1880. Saint-Gaudens also exhibited several medallions, and received "mention" for these and for the statue. The critic of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" said of the statue:

"The city of New York may congratulate itself on the choice that it has made of one of its sons, Mr. Saint-Gaudens, for the statue to be erected to Admiral Farragut; it may be doubly proud—both of the model and of the sculptor. * * * There is the sailor with his simple and well-ordered costume, the frock-coat buttoned close, the skirt loose in the wind, the figure well balanced, with the legs a little apart, as is natural on a moving ground. Above all, he has shown the chief conscious of his responsibility, invested with that supreme power which confides to his intelligence and integrity the life of so many men and the honor of his country. The mouth, forehead, eye—all the features, in fact—express the seriousness, the coolness, and the moral strength which accompany authority. But there is still more here,



BRONZE STATUE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS.

teresting as is the statue itself, to the eye of the artist and the lover of art, the large and novel pedestal of North River blue stone, with its modelings in low relief, will be, perhaps, still more interesting. In this, the architect Stanford White was the co-worker with Saint-Gaudens. The pedestal proper (on which we find a design of waves crossed by a sword) is flanked on each side by a curving wall, beneath which is a seat (in shape like the classic elliptic *exedra*). Each of the two arms of the seat is formed by the curved back of a sea-fish cut in relief. The walls, on each side of and next to the pedestal proper, have large allegorical figures in low relief, and the spaces beyond the figures are completely filled with long inscriptions, the lettering of which is so modeled as to play an important part in the general decorative effect. The architect has thus given the sculptor an opportunity to lavish upon the monument a wealth of sculpturesque decoration which renders it at once beautiful in detail and imposing in mass.

The manner in which Saint-Gaudens has

—in this sailor and admiral may be found the peculiar character of a race: the tenacious and clear-sighted will, and along with large experience of life, a boldness of conception, and an initiative force, which are peculiar to Americans and of which Farragut was a living example. In the large and simple execution all these traits appear, and show that Mr. Saint-Gaudens was worthy of the task. In the exercise of an art new to his nation he has been able, while profiting by the instruction of our school, to preserve native qualities of strength and spontaneity—qualities which could not have had a better employment than here."

' In "L'Art," M. Paul Leroi wrote as follows:

"Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens is a New Yorker, but of French descent, and his talent has a foreign flavor, which is not by any means displeasing. At the *Salon* he had a colossal statue of Admiral Farragut, ordered by his native city. It was, in the fullest strength of the term, the incarnation of the sailor; better cannot be done. I am more than sorry for the exceedingly slender attention which was given to this monument: it is one of serious value,—it was taken for a mere Government work. That was a mistake, and I have felt the greatest pleasure in hearing Mr. Eugène Guillaume describe in detail the exceptional qualities of the statue by Mr. Saint-Gaudens. The young artist also exhibited medallions and bass-reliefs in bronze, among others the portrait of M. Bastien Lepage; I found them again at Florence, where I was better able to appreciate once more the fineness of their modeling, their individual accentuation, and their great distinction. The reward they won at Paris is ratified by all those who study them."

One of the medallions above referred to is engraved for the article on Bastien Lepage in the present number of SCRIBNER'S. See page 576, SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February, 1898, for engraving of Saint-Gaudens's "Angels," in Trinity Church, New York.

handled the lettering is a matter worthy of consideration. Should it be popularly considered successful, we are likely before long to find any number of more or less fortunate imitations. If we observe his medallions, the pedestal of the Woolsey bust, and other works, we shall find that for years the subject of lettering has occupied the sculptor's attention; in the present work he has carried out his ideas to the fullest and, as we believe, the most successful extent. Through the study of the ancient coins, medallions, and monuments, he has brought about, in his own work at least, a renaissance of decorative lettering. When one remembers what opportunities there are for improvement in this respect, in connection with our coinage as well as our monuments, and our decoration generally, this will not be thought a matter of trifling importance.

In looking at the monument, the observer is struck by the appropriateness to the subject, not only of the whole, but of all the different parts. The fish, the wave, the bronze crab in the pavement, all these smack of the sea. But it is easy to invent or appropriate symbols of such a kind. But notice how well the slightest parts are made to enhance the naval and heroic character of the structure! The whole monument has, so to speak, a sea-swing! and yet there is nothing violent, nothing strained or overdone. Another point to be observed is the highly imaginative character of the figures of "Loyalty" and "Courage." Large in conception, and massive and simple in modeling, they suggest an imaginative power in the artist only awaiting opportunity for a fuller illustration. Another point, which will appeal especially to artists, is the masterly and exquisite modeling of every detail of the monument. Again, the horizontal lines of the sustaining masses are repeated and enforced in the reliefs with agreeable insistence. We cannot, in writing before completion, speak so confidently of the whole as of the parts, but it is evident that the collaboration of sculptor and architect has been entirely sympathetic; nor should we omit to name Louis Saint-Gaudens, a talented younger brother of the sculptor, who from the beginning has been his principal assistant.

The Farragut memorial adds one more to the small number of creditable public monuments in New York—such as Brown's "Washington" and Ward's "Indian Hunter." Let us hope that it marks the beginning of an era when we shall no longer import for our streets and parks the work of second-rate

European sculptors, nor put commissions into the hands of Americans who have no claim whatever to the title of sculptor,—when we

shall on all occasions choose, as in the present instance, artists not only of thorough education and training, but also of genius.

ALONG THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.



JOHN DOWNE BEFORE GOVERNOR STUYVESANT.

THE aquatic "tramp" seems to me the only perfect idler. When he embarks he leaves on shore the duties and drudgeries of life, and his world becomes the clear water, the breeze, the sunshine. He floats by dusty toilers as simply a spectator of life, a recipient of Nature's bounty in pleasure.

During a canoe-cruise from New York City along the north shore of Long Island, I was such a loafer as this; and, true to my character of vagabond, I fear I have collected very little of worth. The reader must, in spirit, join my crew of idlers, and content himself with the water, the breeze, and the sunshine; or, what will be still better, let my account draw him out to the region itself.

The north shore of Long Island has many peculiar charms of its own. The coast is frequently indented with small harbors, running far into the land between

rolling hills. Forests cover almost all the country—even here, close to the largest city in America; but village spires and farms appear here and there among the trees. The shores are still further diversified by bluffs and rocky points, by tongues of white sand shooting into Long Island Sound, by pretty ponds and old mills, and by orchards and meadows coming down to the water's edge. But these common features of water scenery are made unusually attractive by the quiet, charming sentiment that seems to cover the region. Under this feeling you note an exquisite harmony in the lines of the bays, many beautiful details of picturesque old houses under venerable oaks, and mossy mills by crystal ponds; and, more than all, you relish the simple and warm-hearted humanity that fills the region with still deeper interest.

The first port the *Allegro* made was



OLD BOWNE HOUSE, FLUSHING.

Flushing, peaceful and umbrageous. I spent an hour wandering through its unpaved streets, arched with elms and lined with gardens. The spirit of the Friends still haunts the quiet place. Here and there, you meet a house that recalls the simple lives and characters of old times. Such is the Friends' meeting-house (1695), bare, bald, unpainted, turning its back to the street and the world, even to the village green, the memorial monument for the heroes of war,

and the fountain under the tall elms. There, also, is the old Bowne homestead, with its family gathering of good old orthodox chairs. You can imagine, in this place, the rigid firmness of old John Bowne refusing to honor Governor Stuyvesant by removing his hat in court; and the grounds still seem retired enough for George Fox to preach in, though the oak that sheltered him has fallen. As I strolled back to the *Allegro*, the peaceful spirit reigned throughout the town—on



A FAMILY GATHERING.—ROOM IN BOWNE HOUSE.

its knolls crowned with groves and villas, along the shaded streets, and in its nurseries and greenhouses; and the air of this populous bower was full of the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers; and all the glories of a perfect summer day were mingled with the sounds of quiet conversation floating out of the windows.

The waves of the Sound were a little dreary after my social hour with the strangers of Flushing. But I was soon skimming over the water in a gleeful mood, past Whitestone, Fort Schuyler, Willer's Point, and the Bay of Little Neck. The panorama of the shores was a continual enjoyment, with its endless variety of beaches,

with the glistening fish, and the water was still alive with them. But this abundance gave me a sense of pity rather than satisfaction in such wholesale destruction. The men stopped their work for a minute to chat, and wonder at the canoe; and as I got under weigh the skipper called out, "I say, Cap'n, you'd better get in the house with that thing—it's goin' to rain." The sky was indeed overcast; and now that I looked, it seemed uncommonly threatening. As the day was nearly gone, I laid my course for Hempstead Harbor, some miles eastward, and paddled with a will. I could not tarry at Sands' Point, but I took a look at the old Sands house, on the edge of



VILLAGE SPRING AT PORT WASHINGTON.

meadows, hills, bays, and bluffs. As my water-cask was by this time empty, I put into Port Washington for supplies. The village spring bubbling up under the roots of a great beech was a delightful place for an hour's rest on the grass.

As I paddled out of Manhasset Bay, I came to a fishing-smack hauling a net full of menhaden. Two long boats formed a triangle with her port side, and supported a net in the water between them. The net was a great hopper, full of squirming fish; a man stood knee-deep among them, and filled a scoop-net that was lowered over the sloop's side, and then hoisted aboard by a tackle made fast to the gaff. The deck was heaped

the salt meadow. It was a place of some importance during the Revolution, in the secret service of passing money and news from the patriots on Long Island to the Federal army on the mainland. The place rendered another important service, more closely related to the present day. Captain John Sands bought the estate in 1695; but he continued to follow the sea, and ran a trading schooner between New York and Virginia. On one of these trips he brought home a quantity of young locust-trees, and planted them along this shore. They grew so well, and the timber was recognized as so valuable, that other people soon planted them from his stock. Thus Long Island



MORE'N A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

and New England derived their supply of this wood from Sands' Point. Many a locality is far-famed for much less service. I resumed my way toward the stern, steadfast light-house, where the lawns were covered with groups of summer loungers. Just then the ill-fated steam-boat *Seawanhaka* landed at the dock, soon moving off again toward the Sound. While listening to the rhythmical blows of her paddle-wheels, I suddenly found myself passing over huge boulders that lie on many of the points of the north shore. Although their heads were but just covered, yet they lay in from one to two fathoms of water. I found it necessary to proceed with caution; but when the swells of the steamer began to wash among them, off on the Point, I was anxious to get away before I was either capized or stove by the seas dashing me on them. I took the chances of going at full speed; twice the rocks raised their grim heads out of the water around me; but I reached open water without accident.

The gloom of evening was already settling over the water, and the still more impressive gloom of a storm covered the

heavens as I beached the boat on Mott's Point, opposite Glen Cove. I soon had her converted into a sea-side hotel. The fire made a cheerful nook among the huge boulders and under the blackness of night; and the isolation of the sea-shore was considerably softened by the fumes of supper. Before turning in I stowed everything away, fastened down the hatches, and prepared for heavy weather.

When I awoke the next morning, a north-east rain-storm drove straight on the Point; so I turned over for another nap, and blessed the *Allegro* for her dry, warm shelter, as much as I often had for her speed and stanchness on the water. But you cannot sleep over eleven hours at a stretch, even with the rain pattering on a roof only six inches above your nose. I finally sat up and looked out of the tent-door. Sheets of rain veiled the opposite shore of Glen Cove and shut out the farther Sound, and great swells rolled in from the invisible distance and broke heavily on the beach. The Point was strewn with huge boulders, many of them covered with long, shaggy locks of brown sea-weed; the surf dashed over these with foam, and left them dripping. The sands were washed out by the rain till the shells and chips of drift stood up on little knolls, protected under their shelter. The trees on the high bank above the beach writhed and tossed their arms in the wind. The loud boom of the surf, the splash of the waves about the boulders, the fine hiss of the foam on the sand, and the souging of the forest, all flooded upon me; and the *Allegro* lay alone on the rugged Point, drenched with the rain and shaken with every gust. I know some who would think the situation mournful; but if they could look into the inmost interior of the *Allegro*, they would change their minds, for the captain has the whole of life in a nut-shell. The little cabin of oiled muslin, five feet long, two feet six inches wide, and four feet high, is dry, even though the rain beat on it so heavily that every drop makes the roof shake. The captain sits on a comfortable seat, wrapped in his blanket, warm and secure against the storm. Everything is "quite adjacent," for every domestic idol is within reach from his seat. There he sits, with breakfast cooking between his knees on a little kerosene stove made of the lantern, and hums an accompaniment to the kettle's song and pities the slaves of luxury and exacting fortune. The day passed in reading and writing, in listening to the gale,

and relishing such comfort snatched from its very teeth. But when dinner-time came, and the water-keg was empty, and the oil was gone, I also began to think the situation mournful; so I put on my rubber coat and went to seek supplies.

I soon knocked at the door of an old house. It was plain and low, without eaves; but its old front had a deep piazza, with two small windows, like sunken eyes, that twinkled with hospitable welcome. The original shingles—I believe two hundred years old—still cover the sides, though the ends of them have been eaten away and rounded by the north-easters. Touches of

wet, the flowers dripped, and the hanging-baskets whirled in the gusts of cold wind; and away over the Sound the north-easter was still lashing the sea, and filling the sky with gloom. I was very glad when, at last, the lady opened the door, and kindly asked me to come in from the storm. A fire crackled on the hearth, and glowed here and there on quaint old furniture. When my story was told, I was abundantly supplied, and I soon returned to the beach. I confess the storm was not any more welcome after this taste of domestic life; and even the *Allegro* seemed a shade more lonely than I had ever seen her. As I



OLD HOUSE AT HEMPSTEAD.

taste brightened the plain old house. A hammock swung under the piazza, and a stand and hanging-baskets were bright with flowers. The view, as I turned from the door toward the beach, seemed very appropriate. The lawn was a whole field of grass, stretching to the edge of the bluff, where an irregular hedge of trees partly shut in the scene; the sound was visible farther to the left, beyond a salt meadow and a smooth beach; near the house, a large black walnut, an old orchard of apple-trees, and some flowering shrubs completed the expression of simple, comfortable, and tasteful living. But the scene now was not inviting, for the hammock was lank and

bent over my wet sticks under the shelter of a rock, and tried to start a fire, I thought this effete civilization that lives under a roof was not beyond admiration. Just then I heard steps on the sand, and presently a large, good-natured face, with a heavy beard all beaded with rain-drops, peered over the boulder beside me, and smiled at what it beheld.

My visitor looked at the canoe with interest, while chatting for a few minutes; and then explained that he lived in the old house, that his wife had told him of my situation, and that he had come to pilot me to a better harbor. Such kindness was not to be resisted. I was soon back in

the old house again, at a social table, where the graces of hospitality met an appreciation that must have delighted the old house. Such homesteads are not uncommon on Long Island. I frequently met them along the shores, looking out of their gnarled orchards or through their veil of willows. They have descended from father to son for several generations; and many of them, being grants from the Indians, are held without a recorded deed, or even a mortgage, or any other official seal of ownership. Many of the owners are Friends; and many others besides these have preserved in the homesteads the quaint simplicity of old

uresque details of this exquisite landscape. The attractive village of Roslyn is nestled at the foot of the hills about the head of the bay, among ponds and old mills, and threaded by shady streets. The old Bogart homestead, near the lowest pond, was honored by a visit from President Washington; it was also robbed by the whale-boat men, of whom I shall speak further on. The top of Harbor Hill gives a remarkably fine view over the village, the pretty bay, the rolling hills covered with groves and villas, and, farther away, of the Sound, the Connecticut shore, and even of the Palisades, New York City, and the mount-



OLD FARM-YARD, LONG ISLAND.

times. Such examples can be found in Hempstead, Jamaica, and many other of the old towns in the interior of the island.

Hempstead Harbor is one of the prettiest bays of the north shore. It is, like the others, a long, narrow strip of clear water, running far inland between rolling hills, bluffs, and meadows. Some of the knolls are crowned with modern villas; and the spirit of improvement has invaded the quaintness of Long Island here more than on any other of the bays. But you still find all the charms of the scenery in the rare harmony of the sweeping lines along the shores and hills, and in the many pict-

ains of New Jersey. The former home of the poet Bryant, north of the village, is a delightful place on the shore of the bay that will attract every one who cherishes his memory.

When I stood in for Cold Spring Harbor, the afternoon was full of sunshine, and the frolicking waves tossed their white-caps at us. A stiff, south-west breeze meeting a flood tide kicked up an ugly sea on the bar. The sail-boats had all run into port, and I was alone on the water. The short, sharp seas swept my boat now and then from stem to stern, and I was soon drenched. But what did it matter in a July sun? The run up



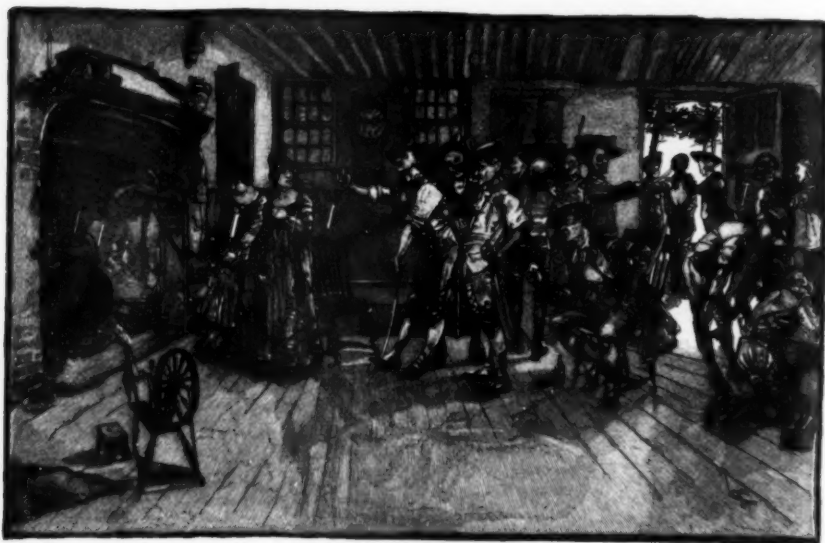
SIFTING SAND AT EATON'S NECK.

that tide-race was a spirited dash, full of joyous leaps and bounding exultations. When I strolled along the beach at sunset, a quiet evening had made the waters calm. The distant sails shone like gold, and the steamers in the offing sent the soft hum of their wheels over the water into this quiet nook. Cold Spring Harbor was a charming scene that evening. It ran straight in, like a narrow wedge of gorgeous colors cleaving the dark green hills. The

white-sand beach sweeps along many curving bays to pebbly points, at the foot of rich yellow bluffs, and along waving meadows. The headlands that project from each shore and successively narrow the vista up the bay, greatly increase the effect of the perspective, and make the harbor appear twice three miles in length. Indeed, the head of the bay seems the farthest recess of a picture, filled in with a farm-house, the smoking sheds of a brick-yard, a sloop or



THE SPHINX.—OLD FIGURE-HEAD.



A CALL FROM THE WHALE-BOAT MEN.

two, a white village among trees, and the hulk of a dismantled steamer.

As I drifted along these shores, I often leaned over the side of the canoe and watched the world under the water. The rocks covered with sea-weed were swarming cities of life; as I ran my fingers into the weeds, little fishes darted out in a fright and escaped to deeper water. On the shallow bars little shell-fish—crabs, shrimps, and lobster-like beginnings of great sedateness—crept about, all eagerly bent on feeding. The blue mussel clung to his rock, while the belated clam traveled apace to his next bed. The jelly-fish floated along with the current, yet propelled itself to some extent by expanding and contracting its umbrella-like body. It is beautifully decorated with long, curly ribbons of silvery luster, that float after it with the lightness of a feather. Its soft, pulpy body, shapeless when cast upon the beach, is perfectly symmetrical and rich in the evening light with mother-of-pearl tints, here and there touched with a spot of crimson or a faint line of gold.

Among my many companions, none were happier than the porpoises. They come into the bays with the flood tide, and play in schools close to the shore. They often staid so near the surface that I saw many of their motions. They go slowly along, with an ease and confidence that make me ashamed as a waterman. Now and then

they break into the reflections on the smooth water by raising their round, shining backs above the surface. I wonder if they enjoy any reflections in their nether world. At times they collect in the smallest possible space, and glide over and under one another as if in a heap. Now one raises half of his body above the water and falls on top of all; another comes up, turns right down again, and raises his broad tail for a playful slap as he goes under. One of them, one day, left his companions and went on a solitary cruise about the cove; when something startled him he struck a bee-line for the school, although it had moved many yards, and went with a speed you can seldom see in the water. He swam near the surface, and made a swell so large that it rocked the canoe and broke on the beach. Just as he reached the school, he jumped clear out of the water and dived into their midst with such accurate direction and easy entrance that you could not have heard the water splash. So they go and come with perfect content, for with them every tide is "taken at the flood" and "leads on to fortune."

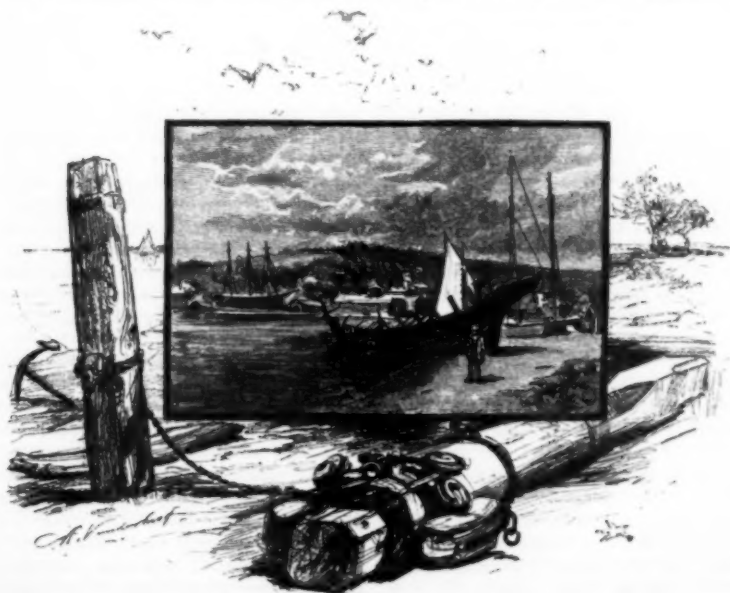
The menhaden was another frequent companion on the cruise. I often saw a school in my course, and ran the *Allegro's* nose right among them before they discovered her silent approach. Several hundred often swim as close together as they

can lie, just at the top of the water. You see, in still weather, a small ripple on the water that you might think the effect of a puff of wind. On coming closer you see it is a mass of fish, with their heads, eyes, and backs just above water, and their dorsal fins wagging loosely as they scull along. They glide idly along the surface, with a faint, rippling sound, while their silvery sides gleam in the dark blue water with remarkable luster. As you sit studying them they all at once take fright, flap their tails on the water, and dive into the depths. A large school will thus make a splash heard several hundred yards. I followed them all through the twilight, while the ruddy light flashed from their sides with iridescent splendors. Then, as the night came on, I met them again here and there, and listened to their play among the ripples and the moonbeams. Still later, the waves kindled with phosphorescent luster, and I seemed to float on a sea of light, beneath the starry heavens.

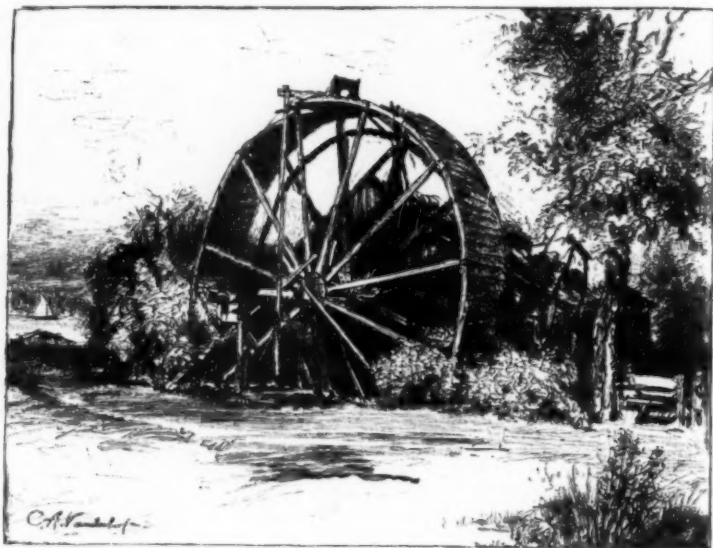
Oyster Bay is a pleasant village, scattered among orchards and small fields along the shore. The place scarcely shows its age, which dates from 1653; and yet the peace and serenity of old age are the leading spirit of its rural charms. One of the old houses, the Townsend homestead, was the headquarters of Colonel Simcoe, commander of

the Queen's Rangers. Miss Sallie Townsend was a great favorite with the British officers who visited Colonel Simcoe. Among these was Major André. On one occasion he showed his playful and gallant spirit by slipping into the dining-room and hiding the tea-biscuit; and he once made, on the sly, a sketch of Miss Sallie, and put it under her plate. But the young lady was too much incensed at this British compliment to eat her supper. The Young homestead, at the Cove, is another relic of those times. Washington passed a night there on his excursion through Long Island in April, 1790.

The Presidential tour of our first President was a different affair from our present official excursions, with palace-cars and speeches. Washington rode in his coach, drawn by four grays, with outriders, and was attended by his suite of officers. His route was from Brooklyn along the south side to Patchogue, across to Smithtown, and back along the north shore by Oyster Bay, Hempstead Harbor, and Flushing. The old people used to tell many pleasant anecdotes of him on this trip. He dined at Z. Ketcham's, at Huntington South, now Babylon, and begged the landlord to take no trouble about his fare. The people of those days were respectful, even if curious. They collected about the inn and expressed



PORT JEFFERSON.



OLD MILL AT NORTHPORT.

a desire to see the President. So he good-naturedly walked a few minutes on the stoop, with his hat off, and then quietly went in. On leaving, he gave a half-joe and a kiss to the inn-keeper's daughter. Jonah Willets, an eccentric Quaker, was plowing in his field with several yokes of oxen, and Washington stopped to look at him. Some one told Jonah who his visitor was. "George Washington, eh?" said Jonah. "Gee up!" and went on in his furrow. We miss the reporter in trying to collect information about those times. But the traditions of the Young family state that Washington seemed pleased with everything, and wished to avoid giving trouble. His colored servants, however, "did the aristocratic" for the whole Presidential party. They ordered the host's darkies to do the President's work. This brought on rebellion, correction, and, finally, restoration of order. Miss Keziah Young, a child of the family, afterward Mrs. Major William Jones, used to boast that she had been kissed by General Washington. Mrs. Young distributed most of the furniture used by Washington among her grandchildren, but the old house still preserves, in the room where he slept, the bed, its high posts draped with homespun linen with a blue-flower pattern, some blue china, and the pewter teapot from which his cup

was filled. Among the old family papers I found the following bill, which shows the cost of even plain foreign articles in those days:

"Thomas Young to Thomas Pearsall, Dr.

1771. }	To 6 yards Russia Duck . .	£27 12 0
June 10. }	To interest on ditto till this	
	time, 18 months	2 18 10

£30 10 10"

But musty papers ought not to shut out the summer sun, nor the cool salt air of the Sound. So I left the old cabinet for the canoe, and resumed my way on the waves toward the harbors of Huntington, my last port. Lloyd's Neck, on the west side of the entrance, was once an important post. During the Revolution, the British built on the hill a stockade that can still be traced. The fort was called Fort Franklin, in honor of the Tory governor of New Jersey. He was at the head of the detested Board of Associated Loyalists, composed of lukewarm partisans of the King, of refugees, and of wood-choppers. Their head-quarters were here at Fort Franklin. They had quite a fleet of small boats, that plundered along the Sound and made Oyster Bay their rendezvous. Their operations were directed chiefly against individual Whigs of either shore of the Sound, and were generally petty affairs of cruelty and robbery. Their atroc-

ities, indeed, roused in the patriots a spirit of retaliation that often forgot all claims of common humanity; and their freebooting at last produced such manifest injury to both parties that the British dissolved the Association of their own accord, and evacuated the fort on Lloyd's Neck. This whale-boat warfare was a peculiar feature of the Revolutionary struggle on the waters about New York. When the British were firmly settled in New York and its neighborhood, they tempted the Americans of both parties with the profits of bartering products of the soil for the luxuries coming from Europe. A brisk business was established; in fact, "London trading," as it was called, became even a dangerous element in the contest, by giving the English very necessary supplies. From almost every inlet along the sound light boats, freighted with provisions, darted back and forth between the shores and the British ships in the channels. These boats, like those used by whalers, were long, sharp, and light; they were manned by from four to twenty oars, and were perfectly arranged for quick and silent work. This trade became so profitable that honest means of supply did not meet the demand. Then many of these whale-boats became armed pirates. They plundered friend and foe—for both parties had representatives in this disgraceful practice. So expert and daring were these boatmen, that they and their methods were often employed by both armies for perilous but legitimate military purposes. Thus the bays about New York, Staten Island, and along the sound sometimes witnessed stirring and honorable adventures as well as desperate crimes.

The inhabitants consequently lived in daily fear of their lives and in uncertain possession of their property. The dread of robbery led them to the most varied experiments in concealment, for there were no banks to keep their money, nor safe investments for securing it. The people buried their coin under the hearth-stone or under the roots of a tree, hid it in a hollow bed-post, even under a pile of rubbish, stored it behind a rafter or a beam, or in a hole in the great stone chimney. When the robbers came, they tortured the men with beating and burning to make them reveal the hiding-place. They whipped the women and even murdered the children, and, very often, they succeeded thus in getting a part or all of the hidden treasures. But some of the money lay so long in its hole that it was forgotten. Even at this

late day, some of these little piles of English coin are discovered when old buildings are torn down, old fence-posts dug up, and old pear-trees removed from the garden.

Sometimes their expeditions were bent on quite considerable captures. In July, 1781, two whale-boats from Fort Franklin crossed the sound, and landed thirty-eight men near Norwalk. When the good people of Darien were assembled for worship, these whale-boat men surrounded the church, robbed the congregation, and brought away fifty men and forty horses. The prisoners were then taken to Oyster Bay; and there on the village green, where the liberty-pole stands, they were ironed together in pairs by riveting hoop-iron around their wrists. This inhuman treatment was but the beginning of their sufferings, for they were then marched to the provost in New York. These boatmen sometimes attacked crafts much larger than their own light boats. In November, 1779, two small privateers of four guns each, flying the British colors, ran into Oyster Bay. There they found and captured four wood-vessels and a large English brig.

The last days of my cruise were as delightful as the first had been. A part of them were spent in a carpenter's shop, in Huntington, repairing the *Allegro*, after she had been run into by a sloop in a heavy blow. Then I paddled about the harbors, which are intricate and curious in form. The bay as a whole resembles the track of a bird. The rear claw is the narrow entrance from the sound, the center of the foot is the main body of water, and three or four claws are spread from this westward, southward, and eastward. Each long, narrow harbor is diversified with many points and coves that surprise you as you explore it. You pass farther and farther inland, among the wooded hills and along the clean sand beaches. A sloping field here and there, an orchard covering a low farm-house, or a villa on a commanding knoll, are minor points in the charming panorama of the shores. In-and-out, in-and-out is the course of land and water; and in their devious ways they play many tricks at hide-and-seek, and draw you on from nook to nook by the most attractive pictures. At last you reach the head of the harbor, with its salt meadow of waving grass, its old tide-mill, its pond, and the shady village sheltered among the encircling hills. You can explore still farther with pleasure by following the roads and lanes through scenes of unusual beauty.

The road may skirt the beach of a landlocked bay bordered with forest; it may lead past old farm-houses, orchards, and typical barn-yards; it may mount the hills of a headland or neck commanding extensive views of tortuous harbors, rounded headlands, long tongues of white sand dividing the blue water, the wide horizon of the continent, and the sound stretching

eastward to the Atlantic. The interesting features of the north shore do not cease at Huntington; you can cruise with pleasure along the beaches and bays even beyond Northport and Port Jefferson. Wrecks, cabins, old mills, and many natural curiosities are met on the way. And wherever you land, you see quaint pictures of rural life and odd characters of the sea-board.

SIC SEMPER LIBERATORIBUS!

MARCH 13, 1881.

AS ONE who feels the breathless nightmare grip
His heart-strings, and through visioned horrors fares,
Now on a thin-ledged chasm's rock-crumbling lip,
Now on a tottering pinnacle that dares
The front of heaven, while always unawares
Weird monsters start above, around, beneath,
Each glaring from some uglier mask of death,

So the White Czar imperial progress made
Through terror-haunted days. A shock, a cry
Whose echoes ring the globe—the specter's laid.
Hurled o'er the abyss, see the crowned martyr lie
Resting in peace—fear, change, and death gone by.
Fit end for nightmare—mist of blood and tears,
Red climax to the slow, abortive years.

The world draws breath—one long, deep-shuddering sigh,
At that which dullest brain prefigured clear
As swift-sure bolt from thunder-threatening sky.
How heaven-anointed humblest lots appear
Beside his glittering eminence of fear;
His spiked crown, sackcloth purple, poisoned cates,
His golden palace honey-combed with hates.

Well, it is done! A most heroic plan,
Which after myriad plots succeeds at last
In robbing of his life one poor old man,
Whose sole offense—his birthright—has but passed
To fresher blood, with younger strength recast.
What men are these, who, clamoring to be free,
Would bestialize the world to what they be?

Whose sons are they who made that snow-wreathed head
Their frenzy's target? In their Russian veins,
What alien current urged on to smite him dead
Whose word had loosed a million Russian chains?
What brutes were they for whom such speechless pains,
So royally endured, no human thrill
Awoke, in hearts drunk with the lust to kill?

Not brutes! No tiger of the wilderness,
No jackal of the jungle, bears such brand
As man's black heart, who shrinks not to confess
The desperate deed of his deliberate hand.
Our kind, our kin, have done this thing. We stand
Bowed earthward, red with shame, to see such wrong
Prorogue Love's cause and Truth's—God knows how long!

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF NEW YORK.

II.—THE REMEDY.

He who would hope to heal the ills of a great city need not look beyond Hippocrates's formula: Pure Water, Pure Air, and a Pure Soil. These being secured, and their permanence guaranteed, all other conditions of public healthfulness shall be added.

The importance of the best condition of the public health has been well stated by Dr. Beddoe: "By a good state of public health we may understand, without unduly stretching the meaning of the term, not merely a low rate of mortality, but a high average of vigour and capacity for labour, physical or mental, in the individuals composing the nation; and if that average be high, we may expect it to tell not only in lessening the rates of mortality and sickness, but in diminishing crime and poverty, and increasing the diffusion of comfort, happiness, and perhaps even virtue."

The first term of our formula is reasonably well secured to New York. Its water-supply is not strictly clean, but its quality is not to be considered as an element in the causation of disease.

We have seen, in the description given in the previous paper, that the *soil* of the city, whatever its natural condition, is very generally subject to serious contaminations; and that the causes of its contamination are permanent and increasing, for, aside from the dangers due to its excessive saturation in certain localities, the water with which it is saturated is of the foulest character. No remedy can be regarded as at all complete or satisfactory which does not entirely reverse this condition. Its saturation must be prevented, at least within reach of the cellars and foundations of houses, and such water as exists in the soil at any depth must be the pure water of rain filtration, unfouled with any manner of organic waste.

The air not only of the streets and yards, but the air of the houses, and equally the air occupying the interstices of the soil, must be kept as free as possible from pollution by the gases of organic decomposition. The universal operation of the law of the diffusion of gases, especially as favored by the free winds to which the city is subject, may be trusted to counteract the evils due to the enormous consumption of fuel, and, with reasonable provisions for house ventilation, of those

due to the exhalations of the people. These latter need never enter into the calculation when it is a question of keeping the air of the city pure. What does concern us in this connection—and it concerns us most vitally—is the prevention of a foul condition of the atmosphere of the soil which is freely received into houses through their cellars, the freeing the air of the streets from the exhalations of organic decomposition, and the freeing the air of houses from the much more serious pollution due to those varied conditions which are included in the general term "bad drainage."

In seeking these ends,—the cost of the improvement being always a controlling element of the calculation,—account must be taken of all existing conditions, and existing work must, as far as possible, be made available and turned to good use. The city cannot be torn down, and its sewers and drains dug up, and the whole work begun *de novo*. We must take houses and house-drains, streets and sewers, as we find them, make the best possible use of them, and supplement them with such amendments as are needed to secure a complete result. As these recommendations are intended for a practical end, and are offered in the belief that they will, sooner or later, be carried into effect, they will be restricted to what it will be possible to carry out without undue cost. As it is not to be supposed that any man's suggestions will be accepted without question, or that extensive new works will be undertaken without experiment, they will be confined in the main to what may be tried on a small scale and subjected to the test of practical working.

To begin with the general sewerage and drainage of the city, we have to consider four important elements:

1. The removal of the great bulk of the rain-fall which is received by the roofs of houses and by the spaces in the interior of the blocks—the yard drainage.
2. The subsoil water; that which, falling upon the surface, sinks into the ground, and saturates the soil about the foundations of houses and makes cellars wet.
3. The rain which falls on the surface of the streets.
4. The enormous water-supply flowing

constantly into the city, distributed through every house; fouled by domestic and manufacturing use, and delivered as unclean sewerage by the house-drains.

The first and second of these—the clean water discharged upon roofs and paved yards, and the subsoil drainage—should be carried directly into the present system of sewers. The catch-basins at the corners of the streets now communicating with these sewers should be disconnected, abandoned, and filled up. The man-holes communicating with these sewers should be preserved, in order that they may be used in rare cases of need: but to prevent their interference with traffic, and to insure a complete sealing of the sewers, their covers should be placed two feet below the surface of the ground. As this work progresses, the sewers should be made completely and absolutely clean. This change, of course, can be made only after other provision shall have been secured for the other offices which the sewers now perform; but when completed, the whole present system of sewers should be relegated solely to the work of removing the *clean* water of rains and of soil drainage.

The proper drainage of the streets involves their proper paving. With rare exceptions, this will involve the entire repaving of the city. The cobble-stone pavements are unfit, and they cannot be made fit, for the uses of a closely built city, and for obvious reasons. The stone-block pavement, where in good condition, offers an excellent surface; but little, if any, of the block pavement of New York is in good condition. It admits a considerable percolation of surface-water, and, what is of much more importance, it leads to the constant working up to the surface of earth from below, adding enormously to the amount of street dirt to be removed by sweeping or by wash, and adding the element of that dirt which is most difficult to remove, and which, being washed into the rivers, is most speedily deposited.

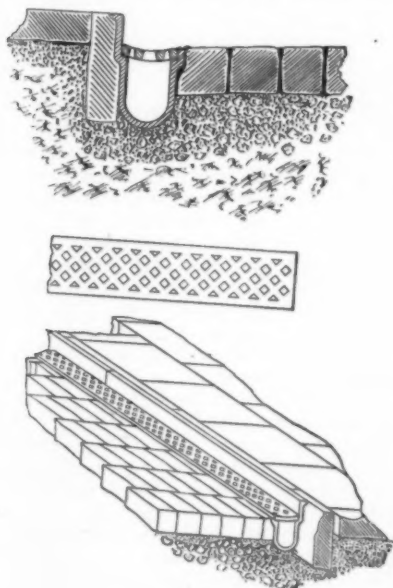
The recent report of Lieutenant Greene on the paving of Washington, which is in its better streets a model for the world, reduces the list of admissible pavements practically to two items: a thoroughly well made and indestructible asphalt pavement for streets of lighter traffic; and for heavy traffic a stone-block pavement laid on gravel, and its joints made thoroughly tight by the bedding of the blocks in asphaltum. These pavements absolutely prevent the rising of soil of any kind to the surface of the street; prevent the entrance of rain-water into the

ground below, and reduce the fouling of the surface substantially to the droppings of the horses, and the insignificant amount of rubbish deposited by the population. The objection to the stone-block pavement so constructed is the noise of its traffic; but this is no greater than that with which all New York is now familiar. The objection to the asphalt pavement, and it is a slight one, is the slippery character of the surface during rains. This is not at all so serious an objection as is indicated by the condition of the single block of pavement in Fifth Avenue, between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets. Even there the slipping is not a great objection, and it is noticed almost entirely at the two ends, where horses drawing a vehicle over a road of greater resistance come suddenly upon the asphalt. In Washington, where whole streets are so paved, slipping is almost unknown, as the traction is uniform.

In considering the policy of making such a radical change in the paving of the city, the sanitary benefit, and the abolition of the racket and roar on residence streets, should be more than controlling considerations. Incidentally, the reduction of the rate of cab fare which would be sure to follow the substitution of smooth and regular pavements for the irregular surfaces over which horses and vehicles are now so rapidly worn out, is well worth considering.

Aside from all questions of cost, whether in sweeping or in wear and tear, the importance of retaining on the surface of the street, as far as possible, every drop of rain that reaches it, may well be regarded as conclusive. The experience of Baltimore has demonstrated so effectually the importance of retaining rain-water on the surface that all propositions looking to the general sewerage of that city have been resisted by the most influential of its people, for the reason that the removal of the street wash would withdraw the most important cleansing effect of rain. It is true that Baltimore is a hilly city, that the cleansing effect of the rain-fall is greater there than it would be in New York, and that the water is much more rapidly removed; but in Baltimore all of the rain that falls on the streets, on the houses, or on the back yards, as well as the waste water of the houses themselves, is removed by surface gutters. Here the roof and yard water, being delivered directly into the present sewers, the accumulation of the gutter flow would be proportionately less, while foul wastes are otherwise removed. Prob-

ably there are not many streets in New York the whole of whose flow could be carried to the river through the gutters without at times causing inconvenience at the crossings of the avenues, and, occasionally, overflowing the sidewalks. It would be necessary, therefore, at points where during ordinary heavy rains the gutter flow would become too great, to provide for its removal below the surface. At such points there should begin under-ground conduits of sufficient size, leading directly to the shore and delivering, as by the present proposed extensions of the sewers, at the heads of the piers. These under-ground conduits may be constructed in the form of deep cast-iron gutters covered with suitable strong gratings, the inner edge of the gutter being carried up to the height of the sidewalk; an increase, as the accumulated flow requires it, to be furnished by making these gutters deeper rather than



COVERED STREET-GUTTER.

wider. The form of gutter and grating is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The practical objections that are likely to be made to this system are that in winter-time the gutters would become choked with ice, and that special provision would be required at the street crossings,—the ice being especially objectionable at these points. Crossings of streets may be pro-

vided for, by the bridging that is universal in towns which have no sewers, and if the difficulty from ice under such circumstances should prove too serious, the storm-water removal could be effected by the laying of suitable pipes or small sewers at both sides of the streets, only so far below the surface of the ground as may be necessary to prevent freezing. Those who have observed the condition of the gutters, street crossings, and catch-basins during the past winter must recognize the fact that the present system has been as complete a failure as any other could possibly be, and that as much labor has been expended in cutting out the ice of the gutters as would be necessary to keep them and the street crossings free by a lifting of the gratings, and the chopping of channels in the ice. The problem is not a simple one, but the sanitary result to be secured is well worth any effort that its solution may cost. When all sides of the question are examined, it must be seen that it is not a satisfactory solution, either in the matter of storm-water removal or of foul sewerage, simply to get the flow out of sight,—and so out of mind. Whether in sight or out of sight, the water of the rainfall and the filth of the sewerage are most serious elements of a problem of the gravest character. There is no safety in the treatment of either short of absolute control from the moment of their production to the moment of their final and satisfactory disposal.

It is understood, as a matter of course, that these surface-water channels are intended for the removal of water only, or of water with the smallest possible addition of organic matter. The cleaning of the streets of a city like New York by washing its surface filth into adjacent water-courses, has nothing save momentary economy in its favor, and it has everything against it. By the system proposed, the following most important results will be secured:

1. The complete and immediate removal of all rain-fall from the streets, from the house-roofs, and from the interior of the blocks.

2. The drainage of the subsoil to the depth of the present sewers, and the withholding from the soil of all of that volume of foul water, from streets and from house-drains, with which it is now contaminated.

3. The retention below the pavement of the dirt which is now churned up through it to add to the foulness of the streets; the washing of the surface, and especially of the gutters, by every rain that falls, and a very

great cheapening and facilitating of the important work of street-cleaning.

In this arrangement, no provision has been made for the removal of the wastes of houses, manufacturing establishments, stables, etc.,—the foul sewerage of the population and of its industries. This branch of the subject should be treated quite independently of the removal of storm and subsoil water. It is the material so to be treated which constitutes the chief dangerous element of all town sewerage; it is this, mainly, which leads to the contamination of the soil; it is this, largely, that gives the character to the deposits in sewers that makes the gaseous products of their decomposition so dangerous; it is the means by which this is carried to the sewers that now conveys sewer-gas to our houses; it is the material thus added to the sewerage of the city which makes it especially difficult to deal with, and dangerous in its final disposal.

In short, it is this addition to the drainage of a city which makes the whole sewerage question so difficult. There is no safety, and there can be none, in the means for its treatment which are in almost universal use the world over. The simplest requirements of the public health make it imperatively necessary that a radical change of method be adopted.

In this part of the work everything must, perforce, be begun anew and carried out independently and completely to the point of remote and safe disposal. The organic wastes of human life being entirely eliminated, the drainage of roofs and back yards, of a clean soil, and of tightly paved and well-swept streets, is robbed of its dangers, and the resultant outflow may be discharged at the pier-heads without present or future danger. The works suggested above for the accomplishment of this end could have in no wise a detrimental effect on the sanitary condition of the city. While it is a simple matter to suggest this elimination, there are some practical details of the work which cannot be finally determined nor adequately discussed in the preparation of a magazine article. Certain leading principles, however, can be set forth, and an indication of processes can be given, which will afford a sufficient basis for study and experiment.

The system of sewerage, or "pipe-drainage," devised for, and completely carried out in, the city of Memphis is, I am confident, better suited to the purposes in view than any other similar work thus far done. The leading principles of that system are: the restriction of the sizes of the sewers to a capacity

barely sufficient to carry the greatest flow of the day when running half-full; the most complete and thorough ventilation of every part of the sewer; and its thorough washing from end to end at least once in twenty-four hours, by a suddenly discharged volume of clean water sufficient to carry forward, at least to a point where the constant flow is sufficient to keep them in motion, all solid substances delivered to the sewer by its tributary house-drains, so that nothing of a putrescible character shall remain in the sewer long enough for its decomposition even to begin.

In Memphis, the most distant part of the system is about two and one-half miles from the outlet of the main sewer. The sewerage delivered at this point is discharged into the river within less than an hour and a half from the time of its entrance into the public drain. Such matters as may be left stranded near the upper end of the sewer are, by its flush-tank, washed into the constant flow at least once a day. Every connection with the sewer acts as a copious ventilator for it, and fresh air inlets of sufficient frequency supplement the action of these ventilators, effecting a constant renewal of the atmosphere it contains. As a result, what is known as sewer-gas exists nowhere within the whole system of sewers. There may be detected, now and then, during inspections of the work, a fresh fecal odor, or the odor of foul-smelling chemicals passing through the drain, but nothing that suggests decomposition, nothing at all comparable with the atmosphere of the very cleanest of the sewers of New York.

The capacity of small pipes for removing sewerage is very much greater than those would suppose who are familiar only with the large works generally constructed. The sewerage of Lenox, Mass., constructed in 1876, is composed entirely of vitrified pipes six inches in diameter. These deliver the sewerage of the whole village, and remove it to a distant point, and have done so in the most complete manner since they were first laid. These sewers have no flush-tanks, and are, therefore, less completely cleansed than they should be, though no complaint is made of their condition. In the village of Cumberland Mills, Maine, a considerable manufacturing population has its waste matters entirely removed by six-inch pipes, flushed by tanks which are fed with the sewerage of the houses near the heads of the lines.

A six-inch pipe laid with a fall of one foot in three hundred feet, and running but half-full at the time of greatest use, will remove

the sewerage of two hundred and fifty average houses, with a consumption of thirty-three and one-third gallons per head per day. Therefore, a six-inch pipe, having a fall of less than twenty feet from the Fifth Avenue to the Hudson River, would remove completely all of the household waste of all the houses on one side of the street for the whole distance, without being at any time more than half filled,—supposing the consumption of water to be restricted to one hundred gallons per day for each three persons of the population. As the present rate of consumption is very much more than this, the lower portion of a sewer laid on such an inclination would have to be proportionately increased; and in view of the considerable consumption of water in hotels and manufacturing establishments which may in future be constructed on any street, further provision would have to be made for their greater discharge. Full allowance being made for all contingencies, sewers of relatively very small size would be ample for all future needs. And not only ample, and therefore advisable on the score of economy, but really very much better than larger sewers, for the reason that a more perfect sanitary result is secured by the more complete flushing of a small sewer by the discharge of a flush-tank of a given size, or by the flow of a given stream, and the more complete ventilation which given means effect in the case of a limited volume of air.

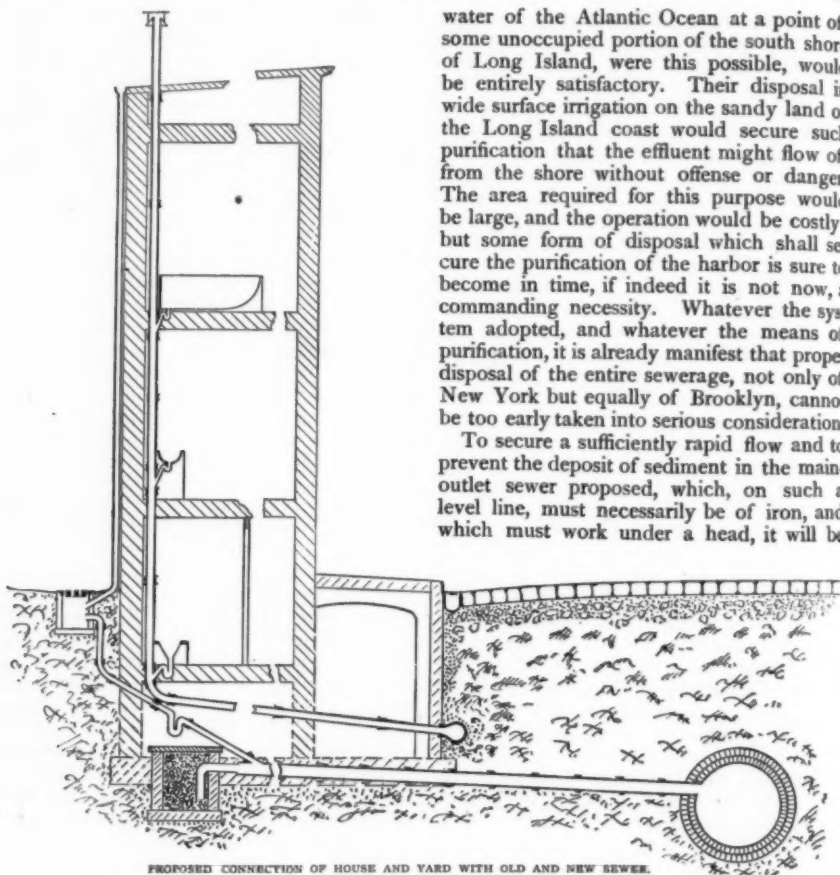
The flush-tank referred to is the invention of Rogers Field, Esq., an eminent civil engineer of England. It has no moving parts, is absolutely automatic in its operation, and is so constructed that, by however small a stream it may be filled, when once filled the continued flow of that stream causes it to discharge its contents at once and with great rapidity. The flush-tanks in Memphis, of which about one hundred and thirty are in use, discharge about one hundred and twelve gallons in from thirty-five to forty seconds.

In the application of this system to the sewerage of that part of New York City which is regularly laid out, a separate house-sewer should be laid at each side of the street, with branches at the ends of the blocks (on the avenues), according to the direction of the slope. A flush-tank should be placed at the head of each sewer and of each branch in the avenues. The sewer should be laid at the edge of the sidewalk, under the gutter, so that it would not interfere with the use of the space under the

sidewalk for engine vaults, for storage purposes, or for any other use desired, and so that access to it might be made by removing the gutter only, without breaking up the permanent covering of the street. As adequate provision is already furnished for the drainage of cellars, a prohibition—important for other reasons—against the location of water-closets, sinks, etc., below the level of the basement floor, the same being not lower than four feet below the level of the gutter, would enable ample fall for the whole house-drainage to be afforded by placing the sewers six feet below the level of the gutters. Opposite each house lot, and for safety's sake even more frequently, the sewers should be provided with branch pieces to receive the house-drainage, and, for permanent security and the insuring of a tight joint when the connection is made, these pieces should be of heavy cast-iron, so that the extension of each soil-pipe may be firmly leaded to the sewer, making an absolutely tight connection without breaking up the street, or interfering in any way with the main construction. Probably it would be best, all things considered, to make the whole sewer of cast-iron, for protection against injury during the construction of public or private works. The diagram on the following page shows the location of the present sewer and of the proposed sewer; the construction of a block pavement laid in gravel and jointed with asphalt; the storm-water gutter with its grating; and the connection of the house-drainage with the new sewer; as also of its roof and yard water and subsoil with the old sewer.

The foul sewerage of the city being thus led to the river front, or to other suitable points, the serious question of disposal remains to be considered. It is hardly necessary to offer arguments in opposition to the present practice of delivering this sewerage into the tide water which is constantly flowing back and forth in front of the city, to be ultimately deposited along the populous shores of the rivers or bay, to be exhaled from the surface of the water, or to settle on the mud flats of Buttermilk Channel, Gowanus Bay, Prince's Bay, or elsewhere. Notwithstanding the provision made for the exclusion of all surface and storm water from this sewerage, its volume will still be enormous,—nearly equal to the whole water supply of the city, which is now about one hundred million gallons per day.

The first idea that suggests itself to all who consider such questions is that, in the



PROPOSED CONNECTION OF HOUSE AND YARD WITH OLD AND NEW SEWER.

interest of the people, the immense amount of fertilizing matter contained in the offscourings of such a population as that of New York, should be turned to profitable account. Experiments in this direction have been made and are being made at London, Berlin, Paris, Dantzic, and elsewhere. Thus far, all that has been proven in its favor is that it offers a good means for the purification of the effluent. The hope of profit, or, indeed, of any important return for the cost of the work, has apparently been abandoned. Possibly at some future time a change of the agricultural conditions of the country may enable us to realize this theoretical profit. At present the only aim that can be pursued with the hope of success is the purification or the inoffensive disposal of the effluent matters. Their discharge into the deep

water of the Atlantic Ocean at a point off some unoccupied portion of the south shore of Long Island, were this possible, would be entirely satisfactory. Their disposal in wide surface irrigation on the sandy land of the Long Island coast would secure such purification that the effluent might flow off from the shore without offense or danger. The area required for this purpose would be large, and the operation would be costly; but some form of disposal which shall secure the purification of the harbor is sure to become in time, if indeed it is not now, a commanding necessity. Whatever the system adopted, and whatever the means of purification, it is already manifest that proper disposal of the entire sewerage, not only of New York but equally of Brooklyn, cannot be too early taken into serious consideration.

To secure a sufficiently rapid flow and to prevent the deposit of sediment in the main-outlet sewer proposed, which, on such a level line, must necessarily be of iron, and which must work under a head, it will be

necessary to resort to artificial pumping, either directly into the mains or into stand-pipes. Considering the long, level shoreline of the city at which most of the lateral sewers must deliver, and the desirability of a sufficient fall in the collecting sewers to render them entirely self-cleansing, the best course would be to establish pumping stations at intervals near both shores, and at low points in the interior, from which the outflow of the collecting sewers should be forced into the great outlet main or into a stand-pipe communicating with it.

The above sketch (and it is intended as a sketch only) of a system of drainage covers every element of the problem that need engage the attention of the sanitarian or the engineer. It secures the complete removal of all household and manufacturing

wastes by an independent system of sewers in which the production of sewer-gas will be impossible; the complete removal of roof and yard water; the equally complete removal of street wash; the drainage of the subsoil and of cellars; the prevention of so much of the street dirt as is due to the working up of the soil in which the present pavements are bedded; and the complete protection of the ground under the streets against infiltration from above; and it suggests an adequate means for ultimate removal. The details by which the sketch is to be filled out can be determined only after careful consideration, checked and corrected by actual experiment. That the system is an entirely sound one, so far as the improvement of the public health is concerned, cannot be questioned. That it is entirely practicable will, it is believed, be shown by study and experiment. That it or its equivalent must, sooner or later, be carried into effect, is a foregone conclusion. Being carried into effect, the only remaining grave fault, so far as the site of the city is concerned, would be the contamination of the soil due to causes now in operation. The causes being removed, this would rapidly cure itself under the constant influence of oxidation and of the infiltration of rain-water, and the site of the city would become, in all its integral parts, as completely healthful as its location and surroundings indicate that it should be.

Much consideration is now being given to the question of water supply, and schemes are on foot looking to the introduction of new floods, brought at enormous expense from great distances. That this may in time become necessary is probably true; that it is the best means of present relief may well be doubted. The population of the city is now supplied with water at the rate of eighty gallons per day *per capita*. But a comparatively small proportion of this supply is used; the remainder is wasted. The tendency to waste increases, and will increase, perhaps, nearly in proportion to the increase of supply. A more abundant provision brought to the city implies a renewal or a supplementing of much of the present apparatus for distribution, and no man can tell where the work and the cost will end. It is worthy of consideration whether or not relief, for at least another generation, may be secured by the very simple process of preventing the waste of what we now have. To this end, it would be necessary to measure the quantity used in each house by meter, and to en-

force the universal adoption of self-closing faucets. Mr. Shedd says that, with the water pressure at Providence, a single kitchen faucet left open for twenty-four hours delivers 22,000 gallons of water, and a constant flow as large as a pipe-stem under the usual pressure of New York City will deliver more than the necessary liberal consumption of any family. To make the meter system effective, and to impose a penalty on waste, a graduated scale of charges might with advantage be adopted. For example: for the first twenty gallons per day used for each member of the household, let there be no charge; for the next ten gallons make a limited charge, doubling this for each succeeding ten gallons, so that the carelessness which now leads to the wasting of at least fifty gallons per day for each member of the population shall bring its prohibitory penalty. As there is a disposition to allow water to run in summer to secure a cool draught, and in winter to prevent the freezing of pipes, the gauging should be taken monthly rather than yearly.

Aside from the very great cost of enlarging the system of distribution-pipes within the city to make available the more abundant supply that is being clamored for, the procuring of that supply involves for works now in contemplation an outlay of about sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars. The relief thereby afforded can, at best, be only temporary. A few decades of growth, and a little further cultivation of the present wasteful tendency, will prove the added supply to be inadequate, and the city will be brought face to face with a problem more serious than the one which now confronts it, and with a still greater disinclination among its people to submit to wholesome restrictions.

It has recently been stated that householders could not bear, and the city could not afford, the outlay necessary to provide every house with a water-meter, to substitute self-closing faucets at every tap, and to protect all supply-pipes against frost. This would, undoubtedly, be a serious matter; but so is the expenditure of sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars and the reconstruction of the interior-distribution system a serious matter. On the first of July last, there were ninety-one thousand three hundred and seventy-five houses in the city; the expenditure of sixteen million five hundred thousand dollars would impose an average charge on those houses of about one hundred and eighty dollars each, with

only the result of postponing an evil, leaving it competent then, as now, for those who live at low levels to cut short the supply of those who live on higher lands. An expenditure of less than one hundred and eighty dollars per house would give each its water-meter, replace all manual faucets with self-closing ones, and properly protect all exposed pipes; the consumption of water, while still liberal, would be reduced to less than half the present amount; the present aqueduct would suffice for a population of two million five hundred thousand people, and when the city shall have grown to five million, its adequate water-supply will be easily secured. The present extravagant system must surely cease, sooner or later. It may be more easily stopped now than hereafter.

It has been a favorite theory with some of those who have given attention to sanitary problems in New York that it would be most unwise to restrict the use of water, its abundant and constant flow securing the thorough flushing of waste-pipes, house-drains, and sewers. This would be important if it were true; but it is not true. Ten gallons of water sent suddenly through a waste-pipe, filling it half-full and making a rapid flush, would have a cleansing effect; but a hundred gallons trickling through in a thread of a stream cuts its little channel through deposits, and winds its course around obstructions, and does no good whatever. Indeed, in the case of many vitrified drains under cellar floors, the little constant stream is pretty nearly all distributed through leaking joints into the ground; while, if delivered in greater volume and in shorter time, nearly all of it would make its way directly to the street sewer, carrying with it matters which are now deposited along the course.

Even if all the improvements above recommended were carried out in their entirety, subduing entirely the foulness of the air of the present sewers, and cutting them off entirely from all communication with the surface, save through the roof-water and yard-water inlets; draining the subsoil of the city thoroughly; giving the streets an impervious covering through which no foul water could pass into the ground; removing the storm-water which falls in the streets completely and inoffensively, and conducting the liquid wastes of houses through impervious pipes and by a constant and rapid movement to a distant point of discharge, there would still be left what is perhaps the most serious element of the whole question.

So far as the health of the individual is concerned, it is probably better that he should live in a perfect house with unhealthy surroundings than in an unhealthy house with perfect surroundings. The nearest source of danger is probably the most effective, and unsanitary conditions within the house are therefore more to be feared than those remoter causes whose action is less direct. Under the present arrangement, however, the foul air of the sewers is, in very many cases, to be regarded rather as an interior than as an exterior influence—houses being frequently in almost unchecked communication with the sewers, and the air of these, as at present arranged, being unquestionably of a most poisonous character.

The more direct and immediate source of injury lies not where it is to be met only by the concurrent action of the community, but where it is under the direct control of the householder, or at least of the house-owner, who may be made amenable to the influence of his tenant. In a great majority of cases, no sufficient amendment of the condition of the house can be secured short of a thorough renovation of its drainage-works, and a very material reformation of its cellar; of its source of heated air; and of the arrangement of its ventilation. In many other cases, where the workmanship is good, and where only an ill-advised arrangement of the works is at fault, the remedy is much easier and less expensive.

As the most important feature of the case, attention will first be given to the drainage of the house—that is, to the manner in which its cellar dampness is to be removed, and its waste discharges regulated. Probably, in nearly every part of the city, the excessive moisture by which foundation walls and cellar bottoms are made damp may be sufficiently controlled without modification of the public sewerage. Sewers being ordinarily sufficiently deep in the ground to afford the necessary outlet, proper arrangements being made for the exclusion of surface water, especially when the back yard is covered with snow and ice, at a time of sudden thaw and heavy rain, the only requisite is to secure a complete drainage of the cellar, which may be effected by digging a trench to the depth of at least a foot below the cellar-bottom, all around and close to the foundation, filling the same with coarse gravel, or finely broken stone, or cinders, properly connected with, and properly disconnected from, the sewer. The communication of this drain with the sewer must

be provided with some effective protection against the admission of sewer air. Simply trapping with water is insufficient for this purpose, for the reason that during long dry seasons the trap is liable to become empty by evaporation or by leaking. As the amount of water to be discharged is not very great, and an open water-way is therefore not needed, a trap such as is shown in the sketch on page 184 will suffice for the outlet, and will be a certain barrier against the return of sewer air, at least to any material extent. The drainage of the cellar being thus effected, its whole bottom should be covered with concrete of a very different character from that ordinarily employed. This may answer for the foundation stratum of the work, but the surface should be finished with pure Portland cement or other more impervious material, such as asphalt. There will be an advantage also in continuing this impervious coating up the face of the foundation walls, at least to a point higher than the level of the ground. The cellar being thus protected, sufficiently ventilated, and so arranged that careless servants may not easily defile it with garbage and rubbish, its condition will be satisfactory for all purposes save one: that is, the supply of air to the heating apparatus of the house. This should, under all circumstances, be taken from outside, preferably not from the street, whose exhalations must be more or less objectionable under the best circumstances, but from the rear, and at a height of from ten to fifteen feet from the surface of the ground.

The subject of house ventilation, although of great importance, will not be considered here; neither will the arrangement of supply-pipes, by which hot and cold water are distributed to different parts of the house, further than may be necessary in connection with the furnishing of flushing water for closets and the arrangement of the main tank in which the general supply is stored.

It is indispensable, under the present system of living, that by far the largest and worst portion of its waste matters should be removed by a self-acting system of discharge-pipes leading to the public sewer. This is a necessary part of the provision for the most comfortable and convenient and healthful living, and a most essential feature of modern civilization. Its convenience and its comparative cleanliness are easily secured, and, so far as these aims are concerned, it is simply a question of good mechanical construction. The average man does not look

beyond these objects, and he fails to realize the necessity for further supervision of the matter than may be given by the average architect or the average plumber. Were there not other aims of paramount importance, there would be no reason for the writing of this article. But those who have, during the past twenty years, given their attention to the influence of these works on the health of the people realize, as the general public does not, the necessity for controlling them with the utmost care and wisdom, and for bringing them into absolute conformity with a few simple requirements which are universally accepted by all who have given thought to the subject. These requirements are:

1. That the least possible amount of foul matter be retained at any time or at any point within the whole drainage system.
2. That every part of that system be as completely as possible separated from the atmosphere of the house, by suitable permanent traps, and by an absolute tightness of every part of the conduit.
3. That, so far as practicable, every part of the system be freely open to the entrance and movement of fresh air.
4. That an absolute separation be secured between the water supply of the house and every part of the drainage system.
5. That the connection between the different parts of the works do not involve a communication of air between different rooms or different floors, or with the spaces between floors and ceilings and in partitions.

These requirements apply not only to the main soil-pipe and its various branches, but equally to every vessel connected therewith. They are susceptible of great variety of treatment, and, being assured, it is a matter of no consequence, so far as the question of health is concerned, what the arrangement of the work may be. They may be assured in the simplest and in the most complicated plumbing; in the house which has only a single kitchen sink and a single water-closet, as well as in a house supplied in every part with closets, baths, wash-basins, and all the various appliances by which the plumber tempts the luxury of the people and adds to the convenience of household work. In proportion, however, as the work becomes multiplied and complicated, the need for great care increases, and simplicity and a restriction of the number of vessels are to be advised. It is possible to make a stationary wash-basin in a bedroom entirely safe; but such basins

rarely are entirely safe, and, however good in original construction, they are always liable, under careless management, to become unsafe. On the whole, their entire abolition is to be recommended, especially as it is practically impossible to keep them in all respects in such cleanly condition as the old-fashioned wash-bowl and pitcher, toward which fashion is happily returning.

The requirements here indicated are absolute, whether the house is to remain connected with the present public sewer or to communicate with the smaller sewer for house drainage only, as above suggested.

The first reform to be made should be an abandonment of the drain lying under the cellar floor, and of the use of earthenware pipes within or near the walls of the house. The main soil-pipe, which is the basis of the work, should never be, for any house of whatever size, not even for the largest apartment-house, more than four inches in diameter, for the reason that the capacity of a pipe of that size to discharge any amount of sewerage that can be produced in a single house, and to remove whatever can gain access to it through the outlets of water-closets, sinks, etc., is more than ample; and that the more closely the size of the pipe is adjusted to the work it has to perform, the more thoroughly it will be cleansed by its ordinary flow, and washed clean, at the times of greatest flow, of foul matters attached to its walls. In like manner every waste-pipe and trap in the house should be restricted as much as possible, the trap being never larger than the pipe, and preferably smaller. For example, the outlet of a kitchen sink should be of one and a quarter inch pipe, having a one-inch trap. With a reasonable and sufficient use, this will keep clean and will remove everything promptly, while a two-inch pipe with a three-inch trap will become choked with grease and filth, and will be a constant seat of foul decomposition. So, also, a three-inch outlet and trap are better for a water-closet than any larger size, and even a set of laundry tubs will have their whole contents carried away by a one and a quarter inch pipe more rapidly than the flow can pass through the strainer of the waste. The soil-pipe should begin at the sewer, enter the house above the cellar bottom, continue with the best slope that can be given it, six inches in one hundred feet being sufficient in case of need, to the point or points where its vertical extensions begin. These extensions should be carried as directly as possible quite up through the

top of the house, without contraction at any point, and should open, full bore, at such a height above the roof as will bring them into a free current of air, without reaching to within two feet of the top of any chimney near them. Their ventilation may be facilitated by the use of the old-fashioned Emerson ventilator; but, so far as present knowledge on the subject goes, with no other. The half-round cap so much used by plumbers, and the bend by which the pipe is often turned to open downward, are both objectionable, as obstructing the channel at all times and as closing it by the accumulation of frost in cold weather. The "Globe" ventilator, while affording a very effective suction when the wind blows, is an obstruction to natural ventilation during calms. The various whirligigs are also an obstruction during calms, and revolving hoods, although effective when the wind blows with considerable force, are very often caught during light breezes with their opening toward the current, and are then worse than no ventilator at all. If the pipe opens directly to the sky,—and the careful experiments at Kew, conducted by Captain Douglas Galton and his associates, indicate that this is the best of all,—it may be sufficiently protected by covering it with wire cloth of three-quarter-inch mesh. A covering of the same wire cloth secures the same effect in the case of the Emerson ventilator.

If the soil-pipe is to be connected with the present foul sewer, then there must be placed between the house and the sewer a deep running trap, and inside of that provision must be given for the admission of fresh air to supply the needed ventilation. If the soil-pipe is to be connected with the small sewer above suggested, the same being thoroughly flushed and having ample provision for the admission of fresh air, then the trap should be omitted, and an unobstructed four-inch opening from the sewer to the top of the house will secure the necessary circulation of fresh air, while the supplying of such a ventilator at every house will provide a more than abundant ventilation for the sewer.

The admission of fresh air to the inside of the trap, or the open connection with a clean sewer, is a recent but most necessary device. A bottle cannot be adequately ventilated by removing its cork, and a coal-mine cannot be ventilated by simply leaving the mouth of its shaft open. Neither can the deep recesses and ramifications of a soil-pipe be ventilated by simply opening

its mouth above the roof. This will serve as a *vent*, and will prevent a pressure of the contained air being brought against the lateral traps. It will also serve for the admission of air during a descending flow, and so lessen the effect of this flow on these traps. But it will not afford that constant and entire change of the atmosphere of the pipes which is needed to prevent a foul and dangerous decomposition within them. So far as we now know, this last effect can be secured only by the opening of the pipe at both ends, so that there shall be a constant movement in one direction or the other, under the varying influences of changes of temperature, flow of water, and action of wind. Practically, it is found sufficient to connect the lower end of the soil-pipe, inside of the trap, with the outer air by carrying a two-inch air-pipe from the top of the horizontal run of the soil-pipe into the light shaft at the front part of the cellar. A large experience in the use of this device has failed to show any annoyance from odor escaping at this point; indeed, there is almost universally a strong inward current, and soil-pipes so ventilated are infinitely less offensive at their upper ends than those not so provided with fresh air, the character of the decomposition taking place within them being entirely changed, and complete oxidation taking the place of foul putrefaction.

Lateral branches of the soil-pipe, such as the wastes from baths, etc., will be sufficiently ventilated for a short distance by the mere opening of their mouths into the same; but if they are more than a few feet in length, and especially if they discharge foul matters, suitable provision should be made for obtaining a separate circulation of air through them, the supply being taken from the soil-pipe, and the exit being by a separate outlet above the roof or into a higher part of the soil-pipe.

The separation between a water-closet and the soil-pipe cannot be efficiently secured by any mechanical device yet invented. There is as yet in this case no substitute for a good deep water-seal; but this is the only opening which cannot be protected by a strainer, and which, therefore, must admit bulky materials. All other outlets may be protected by a suitable self-closing mechanical valve, working on the principle of the check-valve—opening freely toward the outlet and closing absolutely against a reverse current. None of the mechanical traps yet devised are absolutely perfect; but what is known as "Bower's" trap meets the necessary conditions more

completely than any other, and its use is, in all cases, to be recommended, save in connection with the overflow of a tank, or the trap of a safe, or of a refrigerator not constantly used. Here the check-valve is especially to be preferred.

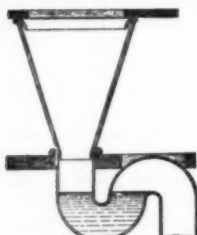
The use of a mechanical trap is not, under all circumstances, a matter of strictly vital importance. Where vessels are used constantly, winter and summer, the common water-seal trap, protected against opening by suction—technically, "siphoning"—by a suitable ventilation of the waste-pipe, or by a suitable connection at its point of discharge, is substantially safe. On the other hand, a water-seal trap not constantly used is subject to opening by evaporation, and to an objectionable permeation by the atmosphere of the waste-pipe to which it delivers.

In the placing of soil-pipes and lateral waste-pipes, the plumber is a veritable house-butcher. So long as he can make a hole through which to pass his pipes, he pays no regard to the channel incidentally provided for the free transmission of odors from one part of the house to another, and for the unobstructed passage of vermin. He knows that every water-closet is to be tightly boxed in with painted or varnished wood-work, and that no inspection is possible of the caverns by which his soil-pipe passes through the floor. A proper regulation of such work would secure the absolute closing of the floor about the soil-pipe or its branches, and would admit of a constant inspection and cleansing of the space which is now confined by ornamental carpentry. While the ventilation of the interior of the soil and waste pipes is of paramount importance, it is also most desirable to afford a complete ventilation at the house-side of every trap. Water-closets, therefore, should never be closed by covers; the water by which they are separated from the soil-pipe should be freely exposed to the atmosphere of the room, securing the immediate and complete dilution and dispersal of whatever exhalations may take place.

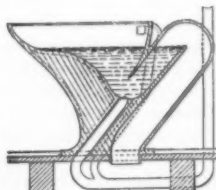
As stated in the previous article, no water-closet above the basement floor should be supplied directly from the main water-pipes, but always from a separate cistern, the contents of which are used for no other purpose. So, also, the overflow of the main tank should either be led to the outside of the house through the wall, or to the eaves-gutter, or it should be separated from the soil-pipe by a self-acting check-valve. The prevailing practice of discharging the over-

flow of the tank into the soil-pipe through a water-seal trap, which may not be supplied for months together, is in every way pernicious.

In the previous article, the different forms of water-closet now most largely used were condemned, and reasons for their condemnation were given. So far as invention and experiment have thus far gone, it seems wise to recommend the use of closets of only two classes, or modifications of these which retain their essential features. The first and cheapest form is the plain hopper-closet, illustrated herewith, supplied with a flush sufficiently abundant entirely to change the contents of its trap at every use. One of the best forms of this closet is that known as "Hellyer's Artisan," which has a perpendicular rear wall, and the flushing discharge of which pours with considerable force



HOPPER-CLOSET.



IMPROVED CALIFORNIA CLOSET.

into the trap. It may be effectively flushed by a cistern of simple construction, placed at a moderate elevation. The other, the invention of William Smith, of San Francisco, is most cleanly and effective. The accompanying illustration shows a modification of the form and arrangement of this closet which seems to meet every requirement. It has no moving parts; its basin stands full, so that dejections are received immediately into water and their odor retained; and its discharge is effected with such force that nothing which ought to gain admission to a water-closet can fail to be carried completely away, in a flood of such abundance as thoroughly to flush the soil-pipe and drain. The supply is taken from a tank standing at a considerable elevation; or, by a more recent device, from a lower elevation through a pipe standing full of water for its whole length. In either case, the main supply is delivered in the form of a forcible jet at the bottom of the trap, flowing with sufficient force to carry with it the contents of the bowl. A branch from the main supply flushes the bowl, and, as the flow ceases, fills it again to the required height.

Either of these closets, made of white earthenware and standing as a white vase in a floor of white tiles, the back and side walls being similarly tiled, there being no mechanism of any kind under the seat, is not only most cleanly and attractive in appearance, but entirely open to inspection and to ventilation. The seat for this closet is simply a well-finished hard-wood board, resting on cleats a little higher than the top of the vase, and hinged so that it may be conveniently turned up, exposing the closet for thorough cleansing, or for use as a urinal or slop-hopper. Such closets ought entirely to do away with the use of urinals in private houses, and if, for convenience or to prevent the possibility of baths being improperly used, separate slop-sinks are desired, these should be constructed like the hopper-closet, the outlet being protected with a movable basket of wire cloth made for the purpose.

There are various improved devices in the form of grease-traps for kitchen sinks, cleanly substitutes for the present filthy outlets of wash-basins, etc., which are not of sufficient sanitary importance to claim description here, but which, for all that, are well worthy of attention. If the five requirements enumerated above are secured in substantial conformity to the directions given, the householder may feel confidently assured that, whatever ills his family is subjected to, bad drainage cannot be one of them. With anything less than this he will, if he be wise, regard his conditions of life as suspicious, and will remove the defects of his own house before clamoring too strongly about defects that lie without his walls.

The foregoing recommendations constitute, it is believed, could they be carried out in their integrity, a complete remedy for all the remediable sanitary evils of the city of New York, so far as they relate to its soil, its streets, its houses, or its water supply. They involve nothing that is impracticable, of improbable value, of uncertain effect, or of undue cost. Their execution implies a modification of some engineering and architectural practices which are the outgrowth of traditions that antedate the beginning of sanitary knowledge; and the regulation of public and private work according to principles which have not yet found a prominent place in professional text-books. They are, however, in strict conformity with the simplest indications of sanitary necessity, and they cannot be disregarded with safety to the community or to the family.

MADAME DELPHINE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Author of "Old Creole Days," and "The Grandissimes."

CHAPTER VII.

MICHÉ VIGNEVIELLE.

MADAME DELPHINE sold one of the corner lots of her property. She had almost no revenue, and now and then a piece had to go. As a consequence of the sale, she had a few large bank-notes sewed up in her petticoat, and one day—may be a fortnight after her tearful interview with Père Jerome—she found it necessary to get one of these changed into small money. She was in the Rue Toulouse, looking from one side to the other for a bank which was not in that street at all, when she noticed a small sign hanging above a door, bearing the name "Vignevielle." She looked in. Père Jerome had told her (when she had gone to him to ask where she should apply for change) that if she could only wait a few days, there would be a new concern opened in Toulouse street,—it really seemed as if Vignevielle was the name, if she could judge; it looked to be, and it was, a private banker's,—“U. L. Vignevielle's,” according to a larger inscription which met her eyes as she ventured in. Behind the counter, exchanging some last words with a busy-mannered man outside, who, in withdrawing, seemed bent on running over Madame Delphine, stood the man in blue cottonade, whom she had met in Père Jerome's door-way. Now, for the first time, she saw his face, its strong, grave, human kindness shining softly on each and every bronzed feature. The recognition was mutual. He took pains to speak first, saying, in a reassuring tone, and in the language he had last heard her use:

“Ow I kin serve you, Madame?”

“Iv you pliz, to mague dad bill change, Miché.”

She pulled from her pocket a wad of dark cotton handkerchief, from which she began to untie the imprisoned note. Madame Delphine had an uncommonly sweet voice, and it seemed so to strike Monsieur Vignevielle. He spoke to her once or twice more, as he waited on her, each time in English, as though he enjoyed the humble

melody of its tone, and presently, as she turned to go, he said:

“Madame Carraze.”

She started a little, but bethought herself instantly that he had heard her name in Père Jerome's parlor. The good father might even have said a few words about her after her first departure; he had such an overflowing heart.

“Madame Carraze,” said Monsieur Vignevielle, “doze kine of note wad you 'an' me juz now is bein' contrefit. You muz tek kyah from doze kine of note. You see —” He drew from his cash-drawer a note resembling the one he had just changed for her, and proceeded to point out certain tests of genuineness. The counterfeit, he said, was so and so.

“Bud,” she exclaimed, with much dismay, “dad was de manner of my bill! Id muz be—led me see dad bill wad I give you,—if you pliz, Miché.”

Monsieur Vignevielle turned to engage in conversation with an employé and a new visitor, and gave no sign of hearing Madame Delphine's voice. She asked a second time, with like result, lingered timidly, and as he turned to give his attention to a third visitor, reiterated:

“Miché Vignevielle, I wizh you pliz led —”

“Madame Carraze,” he said, turning so suddenly as to make the frightened little woman start, but extending his palm with a show of frankness, and assuming a look of benignant patience, “ow I kin fine doze note now, mongs' all de rez? Iv you pliz nod to mague me doze troub'.”

The dimmest shadow of a smile seemed only to give his words a more kindly authoritative import, and as he turned away again with a manner suggestive of finality, Madame Delphine found no choice but to depart. But she went away loving the ground beneath the feet of Monsieur U. L. Vignevielle.

“Oh, Père Jerome!” she exclaimed in the corrupt French of her caste, meeting the little father on the street a few days later, “you told the truth that day in your parlor. *Mo conné li à ç't heure.* I know him now; he is just what you called him.”

"Why do you not make him *your* banker, also, Madame Delphine?"

"I have done so this very day!" she replied, with more happiness in her eyes than Père Jerome had ever before seen there.

"Madame Delphine," he said, his own eyes sparkling, "make *him* your daughter's guardian; for myself, being a priest, it would not be best; but ask him; I believe he will not refuse you."

Madame Delphine's face grew still brighter as he spoke.

"It was in my mind," she said.

Yet to the timorous Madame Delphine many trifles became, one after another, an impediment to the making of this proposal, and many weeks elapsed before further delay was positively without excuse. But at length, one day in May (1822), in a small private office behind Monsieur Vigne-vielle's banking-room,—he sitting beside a table, and she, more timid and demure than ever, having just taken a chair by the door,—she said, trying, with a little bashful laugh, to make the matter seem unimportant, and yet with some tremor of voice:

"Miché Vignevielle, I bin maguing my will." (Having commenced their acquaintance in English, they spoke nothing else.)

"'Tis a good idy," responded the banker.

"I kin mague you de troubl' to kib dad will fo' me, Miché Vignevielle?"

"Yez."

She looked up with grateful re-assurance; but her eyes dropped again as she said:

"Miché Vignevielle —" Here she choked, and began her peculiar motion of laying folds in the skirt of her dress, with trembling fingers. She lifted her eyes, and as they met the look of deep and placid kindness that was in his face, some courage returned, and she said:

"Miché."

"Wad you wand?" asked he, gently.

"If it arrive to me to die —"

"Yez?"

Her words were scarcely audible:

"I wand you teg kyah my lill' girl."

"You 'ave one lill' gal, Madame Car-raze?"

She nodded with her face down.

"An' you godd some mo' chillen?"

"No."

"I nevva know dad, Madame Carraze. She's a lill' small gal?"

Mothers forget their daughters' stature. Madame Delphine said:

"Yez."

For a few moments neither spoke, and then Monsieur Vignevielle said:

"I will do dad."

"Lag she been you' h-own?" asked the mother, suffering from her own boldness.

"She's a good lill' chile, eh?"

"Miché, she's a lill' hangel!" exclaimed Madame Delphine, with a look of distress.

"Yez; I teg kyah 'y'er, lag my h-own. I mague you dad promise."

"But —" There was something still in the way, Madame Delphine seemed to think.

The banker waited in silence.

"I suppose you will want to see my lill' girl?"

He smiled; for she looked at him as if she would implore him to decline.

"Oh, I tek you' word fo' hall dad, Madame Carraze. It mague no differend wad she loog lag; I don' wan' see 'er."

Madame Delphine's parting smile—she went very shortly—was gratitude beyond speech.

Monsieur Vignevielle returned to the seat he had left, and resumed a newspaper,—the "Louisiana Gazette" in all probability,—which he had laid down upon Madame Delphine's entrance. His eyes fell upon a paragraph which had previously escaped his notice. There they rested. Either he read it over and over unwearingly, or he was lost in thought. Jean Thompson entered.

"Now," said Mr. Thompson, in a suppressed tone, bending a little across the table, and laying one palm upon a package of papers which lay in the other, "it is completed. You could retire from your business any day inside of six hours without loss to anybody." (Both here and elsewhere, let it be understood that where good English is given the words were spoken in good French.)

Monsieur Vignevielle raised his eyes and extended the paper to the attorney, who received it and read the paragraph. Its substance was that a certain vessel of the navy had returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico and Straits of Florida, where she had done valuable service against the pirates—having, for instance, destroyed in one fortnight in January last twelve pirate vessels afloat, two on the stocks, and three establishments ashore.

"United States brig *Porpoise*," repeated Jean Thompson. "Do you know her?"

"We are acquainted," said Monsieur Vignevielle.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE.

A QUIET footstep, a grave new presence on financial sidewalks, a neat garb slightly out of date, a gently strong and kindly pensive face, a silent bow, a new sign in the Rue Toulouse, a lone figure with a cane, walking in meditation in the evening light under the willows of Canal Marigny, a long-darkened window relighted in the Rue Conti—these were all; a fall of dew would scarce have been more quiet than was the return of Ursin Lemaitre-Vignevielle to the precincts of his birth and early life.

But we hardly give the event its right name. It was Capitaine Lemaitre who had disappeared; it was Monsieur Vignevielle who had come back. The pleasures, the haunts, the companions, that had once held out their charms to the impetuous youth, offered no enticements to Madame Delphine's banker. There is this to be said even for the pride his grandfather had taught him, that it had always held him above low indulgences; and though he had dallied with kings, queens, and knaves through all the mazes of Faro, Rondeau, and Craps, he had done it loftily; but now he maintained a peaceful estrangement from all. Evariste and Jean, themselves, found him only by seeking.

"It is the right way," he said to Père Jerome, the day we saw him there. "Ursin Lemaitre is dead. I have buried him. He left a will. I am his executor."

"He is crazy," said his lawyer brother-in-law, impatiently.

"On the contr'y," replied the little priest, "'e 'as come ad hisse'f."

Evariste spoke.

"Look at his face, Jean. Men with that kind of face are the last to go crazy."

"You have not proved that," replied Jean, with an attorney's obstinacy. "You should have heard him talk the other day about that newspaper paragraph. 'I have taken Ursin Lemaitre's head; I have it with me; I claim the reward, but I desire to commute it to citizenship.' He is crazy."

Of course Jean Thompson did not believe what he said; but he said it, and, in his vexation, repeated it, on the *banquettes* and at the clubs; and presently it took the shape of a sly rumor, that the returned rover was a trifle snarled in his top-hamper.

This whisper was helped into circulation

by many trivial eccentricities of manner and by the unaccountable oddness of some of his transactions in business.

"My dear sir!" cried his astounded lawyer, one day, "you are not running a charitable institution!"

"How do you know?" said Monsieur Vignevielle. There the conversation ceased.

"Why do you not found hospitals and asylums at once," asked the attorney, at another time, with a vexed laugh, "and get the credit of it?"

"And make the end worse than the beginning," said the banker, with a gentle smile, turning away to a desk of books.

"Bah!" muttered Jean Thompson.

Monsieur Vignevielle betrayed one very bad symptom. Wherever he went he seemed looking for somebody. It may have been perceptible only to those who were sufficiently interested in him to study his movements; but those who saw it once saw it always. He never passed an open door or gate but he glanced in; and often, where it stood but slightly ajar, you might see him give it a gentle push with his hand or cane. It was very singular.

He walked much alone after dark. The *guichinangoes* (garroters, we might say), at those times the city's particular terror by night, never crossed his path. He was one of those men for whom danger appears to stand aside.

One beautiful summer night, when all nature seemed hushed in ecstasy, the last blush gone that told of the sun's parting, Monsieur Vignevielle, in the course of one of those contemplative, unaccompanied walks which it was his habit to take, came slowly along the more open portion of the Rue Royale, with a step which was soft without intention, occasionally touching the end of his stout cane gently to the ground and looking upward among his old acquaintances, the stars.

It was one of those southern nights under whose spell all the sterner energies of the mind cloak themselves and lie down in bivouac, and the fancy and the imagination, that cannot sleep, slip their fetters and escape, beckoned away from behind every flowering bush and sweet-smelling tree, and every stretch of lonely, half-lighted walk, by the genius of poetry. The air stirred softly now and then, and was still again, as if the breezes lifted their expectant pinions and lowered them once more, awaiting the rising of the moon in a silence which fell upon the fields, the roads, the gardens, the walls, and

the suburban and half-suburban streets, like a pause in worship. And anon she rose.

Monsieur Vignevielle's steps were bent toward the more central part of the town, and he was presently passing along a high, close, board-fence, on the right-hand side of the way, when, just within this inclosure, and almost overhead, in the dark boughs of a large orange-tree, a mocking-bird began the first low flute-notes of his all-night song. It may have been only the nearness of the songster that attracted the passer's attention, but he paused and looked up.

And then he remarked something more,—that the air where he had stopped was filled with the overpowering sweetness of the night-jasmine. He looked around; it could only be inside the fence. There was a gate just there. Would he push it, as his wont was? The grass was growing about it in a thick turf, as though the entrance had not been used for years. An iron staple clasped the cross-bar, and was driven deep into the gate-post. But now an eye that had been in the blacksmithing business—an eye which had later received high training as an eye for fastenings—fell upon that staple, and saw at a glance that the wood had shrunk from it, and it had sprung from its hold, though without falling out. The strange habit asserted itself; he laid his large hand upon the cross-bar; the turf at the base yielded, and the tall gate was drawn partly open.

At that moment, as at the moment whenever he drew or pushed a door or gate, or looked in at a window, he was thinking of one, the image of whose face and form had never left his inner vision since the day it had met him in his life's path and turned him face about from the way of destruction.

The bird ceased. The cause of the interruption, standing within the opening, saw before him, much obscured by its own numerous shadows, a broad, ill-kept, many-flowered garden, among whose untrimmed rose-trees and tangled vines, and often, also, in its old walks of pounded shell, the coco-grass, and crab-grass had spread riotously, and sturdy weeds stood up in bloom. He stepped in and drew the gate to after him. There, very near by, was the clump of jasmine, whose ravishing odor had tempted him. It stood just beyond a brightly moonlit path, which turned from him in a curve toward the residence, a little distance to the right, and escaped the view at a point where it seemed more than likely a door of the house might open upon it. While he still

looked, there fell upon his ear, from around that curve, a light footstep on the broken shells,—one only, and then all was for a moment still again. Had he mistaken? No. The same soft click was repeated nearer by, a pale glimpse of robes came through the tangle, and then, plainly to view, appeared an outline—a presence—a form—a spirit—a girl!

From throat to instep she was as white as Cynthia. Something above the medium height, slender, lithe, her abundant hair rolling in dark, rich waves back from her brows and down from her crown, and falling in two heavy plaits beyond her round, broadly girt waist and full to her knees, a few escaping locks eddying lightly on her graceful neck and her temples,—her arms, half hid in a snowy mist of sleeve, let down to guide her spotless skirts free from the dewy touch of the grass,—straight down the path she came!

Will she stop? Will she turn aside? Will she spy the dark form in the deep shade of the orange, and, with one piercing scream, wheel and vanish? She draws near. She approaches the jasmine; she raises her arms, the sleeves falling like a vapor down to the shoulder; rises upon tiptoe, and plucks a spray. O Memory! Can it be? *Can it be?* Is this his quest, or is it lunacy? The ground seems to M. Vignevielle the unsteady sea and he to stand once more on a deck. And she? As she stands now, if she but turn toward the orange, the whole glory of the moon will shine upon her face. His heart stands still; he is waiting for her to do that. She reaches up again; this time a bunch for her mother. That neck and throat! Now she fastens a spray in her hair. The mocking-bird cannot withhold; he breaks into song—she turns—she turns her face—it is she, it is she! Madame Delphine's daughter is the girl he met on the ship.

CHAPTER IX.

OLIVE.

SHE was just passing seventeen—that beautiful year when the heart of the maiden still beats quickly with the surprise of her new dominion, while with gentle dignity her brow accepts the holy coronation of womanhood. The forehead and temples beneath her loosely bound hair were fair without paleness, and meek without languor. She had the soft, lack-luster beauty of the

South; no ruddiness of coral, no waxen white, no pink of shell; no heavenly blue in the glance; but a face that seemed, in all its other beauties, only a tender accompaniment for the large, brown, melting eyes, where the openness of child-nature mingled dreamily with the sweet mysteries of maiden thought. We say no color of shell on face or throat; but this was no deficiency, that which took its place being the warm, transparent tint of sculptured ivory.

This side door-way which led from Madame Delphine's house into her garden was overarched partly by an old remnant of vine-covered lattice, and partly by a crape-myrtle, against whose small, polished trunk leaned a rustic seat. Here Madame Delphine and Olive loved to sit when the twilights were balmy or the moon was bright.

"*Chérie*," said Madame Delphine on one of these evenings, "why do you dream so much?"

She spoke in the *patois* most natural to her, and which her daughter had easily learned.

The girl turned her face to her mother, and smiled, then dropped her glance to the hands in her own lap, which were listlessly handling the end of a ribbon. The mother looked at her with fond solicitude. Her dress was white again; this was but one night since that in which Monsieur Vignevelle had seen her at the bush of night-jasmine. He had not been discovered, but had gone away, shutting the gate, and leaving it as he had found it.

Her head was uncovered. Its plaited masses, quite black in the moonlight, hung down and coiled upon the bench, by her side. Her chaste drapery was of that revived classic order which the world of fashion was again laying aside to re-assume the mediæval bondage of the stay-lace; for New Orleans was behind the fashionable world, and Madame Delphine and her daughter were behind New Orleans. A delicate scarf, pale blue, of lightly netted worsted, fell from either shoulder down beside her hands. The look that was bent upon her changed perforce to one of gentle admiration. She seemed the goddess of the garden.

Olive glanced up. Madame Delphine was not prepared for the movement, and on that account repeated her question:

"What are you thinking about?"

The dreamer took the hand that was laid upon hers between her own palms, bowed her head and gave them a soft kiss.

The mother submitted. Wherefore, in

the silence which followed, a daughter's conscience felt the burden of having withheld an answer, and Olive presently said, as the pair sat looking up into the sky:

"I was thinking of Père Jerome's sermon."

Madame Delphine had feared so. Olive had lived on it ever since the day it was preached. The poor mother was almost ready to repent having ever afforded her the opportunity of hearing it. Meat and drink had become of secondary value to her daughter; she fed upon the sermon.

Olive felt her mother's thought and knew that her mother knew her own; but now that she had confessed, she would ask a question:

"Do you think, *maman*, that Père Jerome knows it was I who gave that missal?"

"No," said Madame Delphine, "I am sure he does not."

Another question came more timidly:

"Do—do you think he knows *him*?"

"Yes, I do. He said in his sermon he did."

Both remained for a long time very still, watching the moon gliding in and through among the small dark-and-white clouds. At last the daughter spoke again.

"I wish I was Père—I wish I was as good as Père Jerome."

"My child," said Madame Delphine, her tone betraying a painful summoning of strength to say what she had lacked the courage to utter,—"*my child*, I pray the good God you will not let your heart go after one whom you may never see in this world!"

The maiden turned her glance, and their eyes met. She cast her arms about her mother's neck, laid her cheek upon it for a moment, and then, feeling the maternal tear, lifted her lips, and, kissing her, said:

"I will not! I will not!"

But the voice was one, not of glad consent, but of desperate resolution.

"It would be useless, anyhow," said the mother, laying her arm around her daughter's waist.

Olive repeated the kiss, prolonging it passionately.

"I have nobody but you," murmured the girl; "I am a poor quadroone!"

She threw back her plaited hair for a third embrace, when a sound in the shrubbery startled them.

"*Qui ci est?*" called Madame Delphine, in a frightened voice, as the two stood up, holding to each other.

No answer.

"It was only the dropping of a twig," she whispered, after a long holding of the breath. But they went into the house and barred it everywhere.

It was no longer pleasant to sit up. They retired, and in course of time, but not soon, they fell asleep, holding each other very tight, and fearing, even in their dreams, to hear another twig fall.

CHAPTER X.

BIRDS.

MONSIEUR VIGNEVIELLE looked in at no more doors or windows; but if the disappearance of this symptom was a favorable sign, others came to notice which were especially bad,—for instance, wakefulness. At well-nigh any hour of the night, the city guard, which itself dared not patrol singly, would meet him on his slow, unmolested, sky-gazing walk.

"Seems to enjoy it," said Jean Thompson; "the worst sort of evidence. If he showed distress of mind, it would not be so bad; but his calmness,—ugly feature."

The attorney had held his ground so long that he began really to believe it was tenable.

By day, it is true, Monsieur Vignevelle was at his post in his quiet "bank." Yet here, day by day, he was the source of more and more vivid astonishment to those who held preconceived notions of a banker's calling. As a banker, at least, he was certainly out of balance; while as a promenader, it seemed to those who watched him that his ruling idea had now veered about, and that of late he was ever on the quiet alert, not to find, but to evade, somebody.

"Olive, my child," whispered Madame Delphine one morning, as the pair were kneeling side by side on the tiled floor of the church, "yonder is Miché Vignevelle! If you will only look at once—he is just passing a little in — Ah, much too slow again; he stepped out by the side door."

The mother thought it a strange providence that Monsieur Vignevelle should always be disappearing whenever Olive was with her.

One early dawn, Madame Delphine, with a small empty basket on her arm, stepped out upon the *banquette* in front of her house, shut and fastened the door very softly, and stole out in the direction whence

you could faintly catch, in the stillness of the daybreak, the songs of the Gascon butchers and the pounding of their meat-axes on the stalls of the market-house. She was going to see if she could find some birds for Olive,—the child's appetite was so poor; and, as she was out, she would drop an early prayer at the cathedral. Faith and works.

"One must venture something, sometimes, in the cause of religion," thought she, as she started timorously on her way. But she had not gone a dozen steps before she repented her temerity. There was some one behind her.

There should not be anything terrible in a footstep merely because it is masculine; but Madame Delphine's mind was not prepared to consider that. A terrible secret was haunting her. Yesterday morning she had found a shoe-track in the garden. She had not disclosed the discovery to Olive, but she had hardly closed her eyes the whole night.

The step behind her now might be the fall of that very shoe. She quickened her pace, but did not leave the sound behind. She hurried forward almost at a run; yet it was still there—no farther, no nearer. Two frights were upon her at once—one for herself, another for Olive, left alone in the house; but she had but the one prayer—"God protect my child!" After a fearful time she reached a place of safety, the cathedral. There, panting, she knelt long enough to know the pursuit was, at least, suspended, and then arose, hoping and praying all the saints that she might find the way clear for her return in all haste to Olive.

She approached a different door from that by which she had entered, her eyes in all directions and her heart in her throat.

"Madame Carraze!"

She started wildly and almost screamed, though the voice was soft and mild. Monsieur Vignevelle came slowly forward from the shade of the wall. They met beside a bench, upon which she dropped her basket.

"Ah, Miché Vignevelle, I thang de good God to mid you!"

"Is dad so, Madame Carraze? Fo' w'y dad is?"

"A man was chase me all dad way since my 'ouse!"

"Yes, Madame, I sawed him."

"You sawed 'im? Oo it was?"

"'Twas only one man wad is a foolzh. De people say he's crezzie. *Mais*, he don't goin' to meg you no 'arm."

"But I was scare' fo' my lill' girl."

"Noboddie don' goin' trouble you' lill' gal, Madame Carraze."

Madame Delphine looked up into the speaker's strangely kind and patient eyes, and drew sweet re-assurance from them.

"Madame," said Monsieur Vignevielle, "wad pud you hout so hearly dis morning?"

She told him her errand. She asked if he thought she would find anything.

"Yez," he said, "it was possible—a few lill' *bécassines-de-mer*, ou somezin' ligue. But fo' w'y you lill' gal lose doze hapetide?"

"Ah, Miché,"—Madame Delphine might have tried a thousand times again without ever succeeding half so well in lifting the curtain upon the whole, sweet, tender, old, old-fashioned truth,—“Ah, Miché, she wone tell me!”

"Bud, anny'ow, Madame, wad you thing?"

"Miché," she replied, looking up again with a tear standing in either eye, and then looking down once more as she began to speak, "I thing—I thing she's lonesome."

"You thing?"

She nodded.

"Ah! Madame Carraze," he said, partly extending his hand, "you see? 'Tis impossible to mague you' owze shud so tighd to priv-en dad. Madame, I med one mizteg."

"Ah, *non*, Miché!"

"Yez. There har nod one poss'bil'ty fo' me to be dad guardian of you' daughteh!"

Madame Delphine started with surprise and alarm.

"There is ondly one wad can be," he continued.

"But oo, Miché?"

"God."

"Ah, Miché Vignevielle ——" She looked at him appealingly.

"I don' goin' to dizzerd you, Madame Carraze," he said.

She lifted her eyes. They filled. She shook her head, a tear fell, she bit her lip, smiled, and suddenly dropped her face into both hands, sat down upon the bench and wept until she shook.

"You dunno wad I mean, Madame Carraze?"

She did not know.

"I mean dad guardian of you' daughteh godd to fine 'er now one 'uzban'; an' noboddie are hable to do dad egceb de good God 'imsev. But, Madame, I tell you wad I do."

She rose up. He continued:

"Go h-open you' owze; I fin' you' daughteh dad 'uzbar'."

Madame Delphine was a helpless, timid thing; but her eyes showed she was about to resent this offer. Monsieur Vignevielle put forth his hand—it touched her shoulder—and said, kindly still, and without eagerness:

"One w'ite man, Madame; 'tis pratty-cabble. I *know* 'tis prattycabble. One w'ite jantleman, Madame. You can truz me. I goin' fedge 'im. H-ondly you go h-open you' owze."

Madame Delphine looked down, twining her handkerchief among her fingers.

He repeated his proposition.

"You will come firz by you'se'f?" she asked.

"Iv you wand."

She lifted up once more her eye of faith. That was her answer.

"Come," he said, gently, "I wan' sen' some bird ad you' lill' gal."

And they went away, Madame Delphine's spirit grown so exaltedly bold that she said as they went, though a violent blush followed her words:

"Miché Vignevielle, I thing Père Jerome mighd be ab'e to tell you someboddie."

CHAPTER XI.

FACE TO FACE.

MADAME DELPHINE found her house neither burned nor rifled.

"Ah! *ma piti sans popa*! Ah! my little fatherless ore!" Her faded bonnet fell back between her shoulders, hanging on by the strings, and her dropped basket, with its "few lill' *bécassines-de-mer*" dangling from the handle, rolled out its okra and soup-joint upon the floor. "*Ma piti*! kiss!—kiss!—kiss!"

"But is it good news you have, or bad?" cried the girl, a fourth or fifth time.

"*Dieu sait, ma d'ère; mo pas conné*! God knows, my darling; I cannot tell!"

The mother dropped into a chair, covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears, then looked up with an effort to smile, and wept afresh.

"What have you been doing?" asked the daughter, in a long-drawn, fondling tone. She leaned forward and unfastened her mother's bonnet-strings. "Why do you cry?"

"For nothing at all, my darling; for nothing—I am such a fool."

The girl's eyes filled. The mother looked up into her face and said:

"No, it is nothing, nothing, only that—" turning her head from side to side with a slow, emotional emphasis, "Miché Vigne-vielle is the best—*best* man on the good Lord's earth!"

Olive drew a chair close to her mother, sat down and took the little yellow hands into her own white lap, and looked tenderly into her eyes. Madame Delphine felt herself yielding; she must make a show of telling something:

"He sent you those birds!"

The girl drew her face back a little. The little woman turned away, trying in vain to hide her tearful smile, and they laughed together, Olive mingling a daughter's fond kiss with her laughter.

"There is something else," she said, "and you shall tell me."

"Yes," replied Madame Delphine, "only let me get composed."

But she did not get so. Later in the morning she came to Olive with the timid yet startling proposal that they would do what they could to brighten up the long-neglected front room. Olive was mystified and troubled, but consented, and thereupon the mother's spirits rose.

The work began, and presently ensued all the thumping, the trundling, the lifting and letting down, the raising and swallowing of dust, and the smells of turpentine, brass, pumice, and woolen rags that go to characterize a housekeeper's *émeute*; and still, as the work progressed, Madame Delphine's heart grew light, and her little black eyes sparkled.

"We like a clean parlor, my daughter, even though no one is ever coming to see us, eh?" she said, as entering the apartment she at last sat down, late in the afternoon. She had put on her best attire.

Olive was not there to reply. The mother called, but got no answer. She rose with an uneasy heart, and met her a few steps beyond the door that opened into the garden, in a path which came up from an old latticed bower. Olive was approaching slowly, her face pale and wild. There was an agony of hostile dismay in the look, and the trembling and appealing tone with which, taking the frightened mother's cheeks between her palms, she said:

"*Ah! ma mère, qui vini 'ci ce soir?* Who is coming here this evening?"

"Why, my dear child, I was just saying, we like a clean —"

But the daughter was desperate:

"Oh, tell me, my mother, *who* is coming?"

"My darling, it is our blessed friend, Miché Vignevielle!"

"To see me?" cried the girl.

"Yes."

"Oh, my mother, what have you done?"

"Why, Olive, my child," exclaimed the little mother, bursting into tears, "do you forget it is Miché Vignevielle who has promised to protect you when I die?"

The daughter had turned away, and entered the door; but she faced around again, and extending her arms toward her mother, cried:

"How can—he is a white man—I am a poor —"

"Ah! *chérie*," replied Madame Delphine, seizing the outstretched hands, "it is there—it is there that he shows himself the best man alive! He sees that difficulty; he proposes to meet it; he says he will find you a suitor!"

Olive freed her hands violently, motioned her mother back, and stood proudly drawn up, flashing an indignation too great for speech; but the next moment she had uttered a cry, and was sobbing on the floor.

The mother knelt beside her and threw an arm about her shoulders.

"Oh, my sweet daughter, you must not cry! I did not want to tell you at all! I did not want to tell you! It isn't fair for you to cry so hard. Miché Vignevielle says you shall have the one you wish, or none at all, Olive, or none at all."

"None at all! none at all! None, none, none!"

"No, no, Olive," said the mother, "none at all. He brings none with him to-night, and shall bring none with him hereafter."

Olive rose suddenly, silently declined her mother's aid, and went alone to their chamber in the half-story.

Madame Delphine wandered drearily from door to window, from window to door, and presently into the newly furnished front room, which now seemed dismal beyond degree. There was a great Argand lamp in one corner. How she had labored that day to prepare it for evening illumination! A little beyond it, on the wall, hung a crucifix. She knelt under it, with her eyes fixed upon it, and thus, silently, remained until its outline was undistinguishable in the deepening shadows of evening.

She arose. A few minutes later, as she was trying to light the lamp, an approaching

step on the sidewalk seemed to pause. Her heart stood still. She softly laid the phosphorus-box out of her hands. A shoe grated softly on the stone step, and Madame Delphine, her heart beating in great thuds, without waiting for a knock, opened the door, bowed low, and exclaimed in a soft, perturbed voice:

"Miché Vignevielle!"

He entered, hat in hand, and with that almost noiseless tread which we have noticed. She gave him a chair and closed the door; then hastened, with words of apology, back to her task of lighting the lamp. But her hands paused in their work again,—Olive's step was on the stairs; then it came off the stairs; then it was in the next room, and then there was the whisper of soft robes, a breath of gentle perfume, and a snowy figure in the door. She was dressed for the evening.

"Maman?"

Madame Delphine was struggling desper-

(To be continued.)

ately with the lamp, and at that moment it responded with a tiny bead of light.

"I am here, my daughter."

She hastened to the door, and Olive, all unaware of a third presence, lifted her white arms, laid them about her mother's neck, and, ignoring her effort to speak, wrested a fervent kiss from her lips. The crystal of the lamp sent out a faint gleam; it grew; it spread on every side; the ceiling, the walls lighted up; the crucifix, the furniture of the room came back into shape.

"Maman!" cried Olive, with a tremor of consternation.

"It is Miché Vignevielle, my daughter —"

The gloom melted swiftly away before the eyes of the startled maiden, a dark form stood out against the farther wall, and the light, expanding to the full, shone clearly upon the unmoving figure and quiet face of Capitaine Lemaitre.

AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT.

In the Department of the Gulf, as it was called, the year 1864 had passed with very few rays of sunshine for the Union cause. The only important military event had been the unfortunate attempt of General Banks to penetrate the Red River country to Shreveport, by the novel tactics of using his baggage-wagons as an advance guard. As a matter of course he was badly whipped, and the unhappy army wearily retraced its steps, while the soldier boys amused themselves with the refrain:

"In 1864

We all skedaddled from Grand Ecore."

The incidents of the advance and of the retreat, especially the latter, are worthy the pen of a "modern Froude or Macaulay," and he will probably yet be found among some of the young, well-trained soldiers from New England, or in some Joaquin Miller or Bret Harte who was with the less-disciplined western men. After the army reached the Mississippi it went into permanent camp, a large portion of the troops were sent north to Sheridan, and affairs in the department became unusually dull and quiet. The only commander who had done

anything worthy of special honor in that department, *at any time*, was Farragut, who had passed the forts below New Orleans, captured the city, and afterward had assisted General Grant to open the Mississippi. The soldiers in the department had endured hard and dangerous service, as difficult and as deadly as that of any army in the field, but, owing to incompetent leadership, they had accomplished little in such results as would count in helping to suppress the rebellion. In important matters, like the taking of New Orleans, they had merely followed in Farragut's wake, and garrisoned the places which the navy had captured. This, however, included nearly every southern sea-port, and, at the time in question, the only important point along the Gulf coast still held by the rebels was Mobile.

It was just after the Red River failure that I was detached from my regiment and ordered on duty with the Signal Corps, and my initiation into active work in this new branch of service was connected with the successful entrance into Mobile Bay.

On the morning of August 3d, a steam-tug left New Orleans, having on board a

dozen or more United States army signal officers and sergeants, with their detachments of two or three men each. They started with sealed orders from him who was lately known as "Old Probabilities," the lamented General Albert J. Myer, then in New Orleans as chief signal officer on the staff of Major-General Canby, commanding the department. The orders, when opened, were found to contain instructions to report to the fleet under Admiral Farragut, then blockading the entrance to Mobile Bay. The command was in charge of Major F. W. Marston, senior officer, by whom assignments were made to special service. On the morning of the 4th, the fleet was reached, the command reported to the Admiral, and was at once distributed among the vessels of the fleet, as follows:—Major Marston and Lieutenant Kinney to the flag-ship *Hartford*, Captain Dencke to the *Brooklyn*, Lieutenant Adams to the *Lackawanna*, Lieutenant Dane to the *Richmond*, Lieutenant Jerome to the *Bienville*. Instructed non-commissioned officers were placed on the monitors and on the lesser wooden vessels.

The situation at that time was as follows: The Union fleet was riding at anchor in the Gulf, the wooden vessels being several miles from the forts at the entrance of the harbor. Mobile Bay is shaped somewhat like a funnel, gradually widening from the city to the Gulf, a distance of some thirty miles. The entrance is protected by a long, narrow arm of sand, extending from the main-land westerly, and having Fort Morgan on the extreme western point. Across the channel from Fort Morgan, and perhaps three miles distant, is Dauphin Island, a narrow strip of sand having Fort Gaines on its eastern end, directly opposite Morgan. A little further to the west is Shell Island, upon which stood little Fort Powell, commanding a narrow channel through which light draught vessels could enter the bay. A short distance out to sea, between Dauphin Island and Fort Morgan, and in front of the main entrance to the bay, is Sand Island, a barren spot, under the lee of which three of our monitors were lying. At the rear of Fort Gaines, General Granger had effected a landing, and had begun the work of laying siege to the fort. The army signal officers were sent on board the fleet, not with any intention of having their services used in passing the forts, but in order to establish communication afterward between the fleet and the army, for the purpose of

co-operating in the capture of the forts. The primary objects of Admiral Farragut in entering the bay were, the moral effect of a victory, the complete closing of Mobile to the outside world, and the capture or destruction of the *Tennessee*; he also wished to cut off all possible means of escape from the garrisons of the forts; and to give his fleet, which had been tossed on the uneasy waters of the Gulf for many months, a safe and quiet anchorage. There was no immediate expectation of capturing the city of Mobile, which was safe by reason of a solid row of piles and torpedoes across the river, three miles from the city. Moreover, the larger vessels of the fleet could not approach within a dozen miles of the city, on account of shallow water. But the lower bay offered a charming resting-place for the fleet, with the additional attraction of plenty of fish and oysters, and an occasional chance to forage on shore.

It was the good fortune of the writer to be assigned to duty on the flag-ship, and his story will necessarily be chiefly of his own personal observations and experiences. On the afternoon of the day of our arrival, Admiral Farragut, with the commanding officers of the different vessels, made a reconnaissance on the steam-tender *Cowslip*, running inside of Sand Island, where the monitors were anchored, and near enough to get a good view of both forts. On the left, some two miles distant, was Fort Gaines, a small brick and earth work, mounting a few heavy guns, but too far away from the ship channel to cause much uneasiness to the fleet. Fort Morgan was on the right, one of the strongest of the old stone forts, and greatly strengthened by immense piles of sand-bags, covering every portion of the exposed front. The fort was well equipped with three tiers of heavy guns, some of them of the best English make, imported by the Confederates. In addition, there was in front a battery of eleven powerful guns, at the water's edge on the beach. All the guns, of both fort and water-battery, were within point-blank range of the only channel through which the fleet could pass. The rebels considered the works impregnable, but they did not depend solely upon them. Just around the point of land, behind Fort Morgan, we could see that afternoon three saucy-looking gun-boats and the famous ram *Tennessee*. The latter was then considered the strongest and most powerful iron-clad ever put afloat; looking like a great turtle, with sloping sides covered

with iron plates six inches in thickness, thoroughly riveted together, and having a formidable iron beak projecting under the water. Her armament consisted of six heavy guns of English make, sending a solid shot weighing one hundred and ten pounds—a small affair compared with the heavy guns of the present time, but irresistible then against everything but the turrets of the monitors. In addition to these means of resistance, the narrow channel in front of the fort had been lined with torpedoes. These were under the water, anchored to the bottom, and were chiefly in the shape of beer-kegs filled with powder, from the sides of which projected numerous little tubes containing fulminate, which it was expected would be exploded by contact with the passing vessels.

Except for what Farragut had already accomplished on the Mississippi, it would have been considered a fool-hardy experiment for wooden vessels to attempt to pass so close to one of the strongest forts on the coast; but when to the forts were added the knowledge of the strength of the ram and the supposed deadly character of the torpedoes, it may be imagined that the coming event impressed the person taking his first glimpse of naval warfare as decidedly hazardous and unpleasant. So daring an attempt was never made in any country but this, and was never successfully made by any commander except Farragut, who, in this, as in his previous exploits in passing the forts of the Mississippi, proved himself the greatest naval commander the world has ever seen. It was the confidence reposed in him, the recollection that he had never failed in any of his attempts, and his manifest faith in the success of the projected movement, that inspired all around him.

The scene on the *Cowslip* that afternoon was a notable one, as she steamed along within range of the rebel forts. The central figure was the grand old Admiral, his plans all completed, affable and jolly with all, evidently not thinking of failure as among the possibilities of the morrow, and filling every one with his enthusiasm. He was sixty-three years old, of medium height, stoutly built, with a finely proportioned head and smoothly shaven face, with an expression combining overflowing kindness with iron will and invincible determination, and with eyes that in repose were full of sweetness and light, but, on emergency, could flash fire and fury.

Next in prominence to the Admiral was

the tall, commanding form of Fleet-Captain Percival Drayton, the man of all men to be Farragut's chief-of-staff; gentlemanly and courteous to all, but thoughtful and reserved, a man of marked intellect and power, in whose death, a few years later, our navy lost one of its very brightest stars, and the cause of liberty and human rights a most devoted friend. When the State of South Carolina comes into full possession of its reason as a member of the Union, as it will some day, it will honor the memory of Percival Drayton as one of its most illustrious sons. While he was always proud of his distinguished ancestry, he was a true patriot, who, in his love for his country, recognized no State lines and was swerved by no ties of kinship.

There were also the fire-proof Alden; Strong, whose name was an index of his character; Marchand, of excellent fighting memory; Stevens, fond of Shakspeare and with a Shaksperian fondness for good things as well as for hard knocks; Mullany, soon to be robbed of an arm; Le Roy, Donaldson, Nicholson, Greene, and the younger but no less impetuous Jouett, Gherardi, McCann, Perkins and Watson.

As we steamed slowly along inside Sand Island, inspecting every hostile point, a rebel transport landed at Fort Gaines, and began discharging cargo. At a signal from the Admiral, one of the monitors, by way of practice, opened fire at long range, and, as the huge fifteen-inch shell dropped uncomfortably near, the work of unloading was stopped, and the transport suddenly left—the last rebel transport that ever crossed the bay.

After completing the reconnaissance, and reviewing the monitors, the party retired to the flag-ship, where the final council of war was held. This was only noteworthy from the fact that it was here that Admiral Farragut was over-persuaded, by the unanimous solicitations of his captains, and gave up his original determination of taking the lead. This was very much against his own judgment, and the events of the next day proved that he was right. The *Brooklyn*, Captain Alden, was selected to lead, she being provided with an extemporized torpedo-catcher, projecting from her bow. The Admiral, in his official report, referred to the decision of the council, which was given because it was thought the flag-ship ought not to be too much exposed. He says:

"This I believe to be an error; for, apart from the fact that exposure is one of the penalties of rank

in the navy, it will always be the aim of the enemy to destroy the flag-ship, and such attempt was very persistently made, but Providence did not permit it to be successful."

After the council, and just before sunset, the *Richmond*, Captain Jenkins, arrived from Pensacola, escorting the ill-fated monitor *Tecumseh*, Captain Craven, arriving last at the field to be the first to die.

At sunset, the last order had been issued. Every commanding officer knew his duty, and unusual quiet prevailed in the fleet. The waters of the Gulf rested, for a time, from their customary tumult, a gentle breeze relieved the midsummer heat, and the evening closed upon us as peacefully as if we had been on board a yachting squadron at Newport. During the early part of the night, the stillness was almost oppressive. The officers of the *Hartford* gathered around the capacious ward-room table, writing what they knew might be their last letters to loved ones far away, or giving to friends messages and instructions in case of death. There were no signs of fear, but, like brave and intelligent men, they recognized the stern possibilities of the morrow and acted accordingly.

But this occupied but little time, and then, business over, there followed an hour of unrestrained jollity. Many an old story was retold and ancient conundrum repeated. Old officers forgot, for the moment, their customary dignity, and it was evident that all were exhilarated and stimulated by the knowledge of the coming struggle. Captain Heywood, of the marines, proposed a final "walk-around"; Tyson solemnly requested information as to "Which would you rather do or go by Fort Morgan?" and all agreed they would prefer to "do." LaRue Adams repeated the benediction with which the French instructor at the naval academy was wont to greet his boys, as they were going into examination: "Vell, fellows, I hope ve vill do as vell as I hope ve vill do." Finally Chief Engineer Williamson suggested an adjournment to the forecabin, for a last smoke, and the smoking club went forward; but, somehow, smoke had lost its customary flavor, and, after a few whiffs, all hands turned in, to enjoy what sleep would come.

The gray glimmer of dawn was just beginning to struggle through a dense fog when we were roused, at three o'clock next morning, and the work of forming line was begun. A hasty lunch of sandwiches and coffee was served, the Admiral proposing

to have breakfast inside the bay at the regular hour. The precautions necessary for maneuvering through the fog made an unavoidable delay, for it was the Admiral's intention to have the fleet close to the fort before sunrise. It was a weird sight as the big ships "balanced to partners," the dim outlines slowly emerging like phantoms in the fog. The vessels were lashed together in pairs, fastened side by side by huge cables; the *Brooklyn* and *Octorara* leading, the flag-ship *Hartford* and the *Metacomb* following. The remaining vessels were paired as follows, the one named first in each instance being on the starboard and most exposed side:—*Richmond* and *Port Royal*; *Lackawanna* and *Seminole*; *Monongahela* and *Kennebec*; *Ossipee* and *Itasca*; *Oncida* and *Galena*.

All the vessels had been stripped for the fight, the top-hammer being left at Pensacola, and the starboard boats being either left behind or towed on the port side. The Admiral's steam launch, the *Loyal*, named after his son, steamed alongside the flag-ship on the port side.

In addition to the seven pairs of wooden vessels, there were four monitors, the *Tecumseh* and *Manhattan*, single turreted, with two fifteen-inch guns each; the *Winnebago* and *Chickasaw*, of lighter draught, with double turrets, and with eleven-inch guns. The monitors, being very slow-gaited, were started in advance, the intention being to have them on the right flank of the line, in front, to partially shield the fleet from fort and ram.

It was fifteen minutes of six o'clock before the whole fleet got under way, and it was just one hour later when the first gun was fired. About sunrise, while the line was being formed, a light breeze sprang up and scattered the fog, leaving us a bright and beautiful day, which on land must have been extremely hot. Indeed, it was found uncomfortably warm at sea before breakfast was served. The fleet presented a magnificent sight as the stately ships moved on, each with the stars and stripes flying from every mast-head, and the men gathered at their guns ready for work.

As the writer only designs giving the story of the fight as witnessed by himself, he has to refer here to an interval of twenty minutes, just as the fight opened, during which he was absent from the deck. On the previous night the Admiral had issued orders that the army signal officers were not to be allowed on deck during the fight,

but were to go into the cock-pit on the lower deck and assist the surgeons. The reason assigned was that these officers would not be needed during the passage of the forts, but would be wanted afterward to open communication with the army, and that therefore it would be a misfortune to have any of them disabled. The two officers on the *Hartford* disrelished this order exceedingly, and, after consulting together, decided that in the confusion of the occasion their presence on deck would probably not be noticed, and that they would evade the command if possible. In this they were successful until shortly before passing Sand Island and coming within range of Fort Morgan. Then the lynx-eyed executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Kimberly, who, as they afterward discovered, never allowed anything to escape his attention, came to them very quietly and politely, and told them the Admiral's order must be obeyed. We were satisfied from his manner that the surgeons had need of us, and, without endeavoring to argue the matter, made our way to the stifling hold, where Surgeon Lansdale and Assistant-Surgeon Commons, with their helpers, were quietly sitting, with their implements, bandages, and other paraphernalia spread out ready for use.

Nearly every man had his watch in his hand and waited for the first shot. To us, ignorant of everything going on above, every minute seemed an hour, and there was a feeling of great relief when the boom of the first gun was heard. This was from the monitor *Tecumseh*, at forty-seven minutes past six o'clock. Presently one or two of our forward guns opened, and we could hear the distant sound of the guns of the fort in reply. Soon the cannon-balls began to crash through the deck above us, and then the thunder of our whole broadside of twelve Dahlgren guns kept the vessel in a quiver. But as yet no wounded were sent down, and we knew we were still at comparatively long range. In the intense excitement of the occasion it seemed that hours had passed, but it was just twenty minutes from the time we went below, when an officer shouted down the hatchway: "Send up an army signal officer immediately: the *Brooklyn* is signaling." In a moment the writer was on deck, where he found the situation as follows: The *Brooklyn*, directly in front of us, had stopped, and was backing and signaling; the tide was with us, setting strongly through the channel, and the stopping of the *Brooklyn* threatened to bring the whole fleet into collision

and confusion; the advance vessels of the line were trying to back to prevent a catastrophe, but were apparently not able to overcome the force of the current, and there was danger not only of collision, but of being drifted on shore.

Meanwhile, the almost stationary fleet made a splendid point-blank target for the fort and for the four rebel vessels, all of which were doing their utmost, giving us a terrible raking, making cruel havoc among the men, and ugly holes in the sides of the ships. Running to the fore-castle, I took the message of Captain Alden of the *Brooklyn*, which was: "The monitors are right ahead; we cannot go on without passing them." Transmitting the message to the Admiral by an aid, he replied at once: "Order the monitors ahead, and go on." As the message was sent, the starboard bow-gun of the *Hartford*—a one-hundred-pound Parrott rifle, in charge of Ensign Whiting—opened fire on the ram *Tennessee*, and the great volume of smoke following each discharge hid the *Brooklyn* from view, and made it impossible to receive or transmit messages from that part of the ship, while the smoke from the other guns made it equally difficult from any other part of the deck. What the writer ought to have done, probably, was to have requested that the forward bow-gun be silenced until the signaling was over, but this did not occur to him at the time. Instead, as the smoke hung low in the air, he thought it best to try and get above it, and accordingly ran up the rigging to the fore-top. But the *Hartford* had a howitzer in her foretop, which was hard at work, under the management of half a dozen sailors, throwing grape and canister into the water-battery in front of the fort, and making it as difficult to signal here as it was on deck. So, not knowing what else to do, the officer kept on up the rigging to the top-gallant cross-trees, where there was just room to sit, holding on with the left arm around the peak of the top-mast. From this point, above all smoke, the scene was indescribably grand and terrific.

The fight was at its hottest. The Union fleet had reached the line, the crossing of which meant victory, and the result depended on the next few minutes. Just at this moment, to the horror of all, the monitor *Tecumseh*, a few hundred yards in the advance, seemed to stagger for a moment, then suddenly careened, and almost instantly disappeared beneath the water, carrying with her her noble commander, Captain

Craven, and one hundred and twenty officers and men, hopelessly imprisoned in their iron coffin. It has always been believed that she was sunk by a torpedo, although the rebels claimed that a shot from one of their heavy guns penetrated her armor at the water's edge and caused the disaster; the suddenness of her disappearance, however, can hardly be accounted for, except as the result of a torpedo explosion. The pilot leaped from the pilot-house, and some half-dozen men in the turret managed to jump through the ports, and were drawn down into the whirlpool made by the sinking ship. They were rescued by a cutter from the *Metacombet*. This boat, flying the Union flag, put out in charge of a little ensign (now Lieutenant-Commander Nields), and, regardless of the missiles flying in deadly showers, rowed up under the guns of the fort, coolly picked up the drowning men, and rowed back to the lee of one of the following ships. It seems, perhaps, an incident of little moment now, but in that day of brave deeds it was not excelled as an act of conspicuous individual bravery in obedience to orders.

During all this time the *Brooklyn* had failed to move ahead, and now she delayed to signal back the fact already too well known: "Our best monitor is sunk." The message was sent to the admiral by an aid, Lieutenant Yates, and the brief answer was returned, "Go on!" But still, for some mysterious reason, perhaps fear of the torpedoes, perhaps misapprehension of orders, the *Brooklyn* halted, and the delay was every instant more threatening and dangerous. It was the decisive moment of the day. Owing to our position, only our few bow-guns could be used, while a deadly rain of shot and shell was falling on us, and our men were being cut down by scores, unable to make reply. The sight on the deck of the *Hartford* was sickening beyond the power of words to portray. Shot after shot came through the side, mowing down the men, deluging the decks with blood, and scattering mangled fragments of humanity so thickly that it was difficult to stand on the deck, so slippery was it. The old expressions of the "scuppers running blood," "the slippery deck," etc., give but the faintest idea of the spectacle on the *Hartford*. The bodies of the dead were placed in a long row on the port side, while the wounded were sent below until the surgeons' quarters would hold no more. A solid shot coming through the bow struck a gunner

on the neck, completely severing head from body. One poor fellow (afterward an object of interest at the great Sanitary Commission fair in New York) lost both legs by a cannon ball; as he fell he threw up both arms, just in time to have them also carried away by another shot. At one gun, all the crew on one side were swept down by a shot which came crashing through the bulwarks. A shell burst between the two forward guns, in charge of Lieutenant Tyson, killing and wounding fifteen men. The mast upon which the writer was perched was twice struck, once slightly, and again just below the foretop by a 120-pound shell, from a Blakely rifle on the rebel gunboat *Selma*. Fortunately the shell, which was about two feet long by eight inches in diameter, came tumbling end over end, and buried itself in the mast butt-end first, leaving the percussion-cap protruding. Had it come point first, or had it struck at any other part of the mast than in the re-enforced portion where the heel of the top-mast laps the top of the lower mast, this contribution to the literature of the war would probably have been lost to the world, as the distance to the deck was some one hundred feet. As it was, the sudden jar would have dislodged any one from the cross-trees had not the shell been visible from the time it left the *Selma*, thus giving time to prepare for it by an extra grip around the top of the mast. Looking out over the water, it was easy to trace the course of every shot, both from the guns of the *Hartford* and from the rebel fleet.

Meanwhile, the men were working the guns that could be used, as though the sight and smell of blood had sharpened their appetites. There was no skulking; in fact, there was no chance to skulk, if there had been such a disposition. They stood to their work, white and black side by side. There was no thought of social differences then; and whenever a shot was believed to have been well placed, the cheers of the men rang out above the roar of the guns. As our poet laureate, the Admiral's secretary, Harry Howard Brownell, of Hartford, sang of the fight, in the most graphic and truthful description ever written of it:

"Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor.
There was bold Kentucky grit,
And the old Virginian valor
And the daring Yankee wit.

* * * * *

"There were blue eyes from the turfy Shannon,

There were black orbs from the palmy Niger,
But there, alongside the cannon,
Each man fought like a tiger.

One only doubt was ours,
Only one fear we knew:
Could the day that dawned so well
Go down for the darker powers?

Would the fleet get through?

"And ever the shot and shell
Came with the howl of hell;
The splinter-clouds rose and fell,
And the long line of corpses grew.
Would the fleet go through?"

Happily for the fleet and for the country, there was a man in command that day equal to the emergency—a man whose eagle eye grasped every detail of the fight, while he possessed the skill to direct and the nerve and ability to execute. There was no time for doubt or delay. Had he hesitated, the fortune of the day must have been against us. The Admiral was standing in the futtock shrouds, under the main-top,—a position above the smoke, from which he could take in the whole situation, and could communicate with the pilot in the main-top, and with the fleet-captain and executive officer on the deck beneath. For several years, there has been a discussion in the papers and magazines of the country as to the Admiral's being "lashed to the rigging." The writer has no light to throw on the subject. Farragut was standing in the shrouds, as described, when the writer went on deck, and he remained there until the *Hartford* had passed beyond the range of the fort; but there were not more than two or three persons on board who knew anything about his being fastened in place. The first heard of it in the fleet was some three or four weeks after the fight, when the New York papers were received. Various rumors have been circulated as to the fact, one of which was that the Admiral took a rope's-end with him when he went aloft, and secured it so as to prevent his falling on deck in case of accident. This is the story which was current on shipboard at that time, and was generally believed. Since the incident has been under discussion in the papers the "real facts" in the case have been made known, and will stand in history on the unquestioned authority of Fleet-Captain Drayton and of Flag-Lieutenant J. Crittenden Watson, of the Admiral's staff. This is to the effect that Captain Drayton, seeing the Admiral in the rigging, and fearing he might be killed by a fall on deck in case he were wounded, ordered an old quartermaster to take a rope's-end and secure it around him, so that he would be prevented from falling. The writer is disposed

to believe that the Admiral was so absorbed in watching the fight that he did not know at the moment the precautions taken for his safety by his fleet-captain. But whatever doubt may attach to this particular incident,—of which so much has since been made, while so little was thought of it at the time,—there is no chance for doubt as to the Admiral's action. Finding that the *Brooklyn* did not start ahead, he hurriedly inquired of pilot Freeman, in the main-top, if there was depth enough for the *Hartford* to pass to the left of the vessels in front. Receiving an affirmative reply, he said, "I will take the lead," and immediately ordered the ship "ahead fast."

On board a war steamer the engines are directed by the tap of a bell, the wires connected with which lead to the quarter-deck. One stroke of the bell means "go ahead"; two, "stop"; three, "back"; and four, "go ahead as fast as possible." Leaning down through the shrouds to the officer on deck at the bell-pull, the Admiral shouted, "Four bells, eight bells, sixteen bells! Give her all the steam you've got." The order was instantly transmitted, and the old ship seemed imbued with the Admiral's spirit, and, running past the *Brooklyn* and the monitors, regardless of fort, ram, gun-boats, and the unseen foe beneath, dashed ahead, all alone, save for her gallant consort, the *Metacomet*.

As we ran clear of the fleet, we became the target for the rebel vessels which were lying across the channel in front. We were moving over what is called the middle ground, with shallow water on each side, so that it was impossible to maneuver the ship from right to left, for fear of running aground. Taking advantage of the situation, the rebel gun-boat *Selma* kept directly in front of us, where, in consequence of our projecting bow and our inability to turn, it was impossible to bring a single gun to bear on her, while she raked us, fore and aft, with terrible effect, doing, in reality, more damage than the rest of the rebel fleet. The two other gun-boats, the *Gaines* and the *Morgan*, were on our starboard bow, fighting in rather a timid manner; while the ram *Tennessee* made for us as though intending to strike us amidships. At the same time, the water-battery and a portion of the guns of the fort had a fine chance at our side. To quote again from Brownell:

"Trust me, our berth was hot!
Ah, wickedly well they shot!

How their death-bolts howled and stung!
 And the water-batteries played,
 With their deadly cannonade,
 Till the air around us rung.
 So the battle raged and roared."

We were now at the second period of the fight, when success seemed trembling in the scales. The *Hartford* and her mate had reached about a mile beyond the fort and the same distance in advance of most of the fleet, which were still under the guns of the fort. Had the ram kept on, it could have hardly failed to sink us, as our shot glanced harmlessly from its side, and we were unable, on account of the narrow channel, to move out of its way. But, for some reason, the rebel admiral changed his course, and made for the fleet at the fort. Perhaps the water between us^a was too shallow, or perhaps he thought us an easy prey for his leisure, and considered it more important to prevent other vessels from getting inside. Whatever the reason, his course was changed, and we were safe. Our greatest annoyance now was from the three rebel gun-boats, particularly from the *Selma*, which was handled with great ability. Three times Captain Jouett, commanding our light-draught consort, the *Metacomet*, the fastest vessel in the fleet, requested permission from the Admiral to leave us and tackle the *Selma*, but the Admiral replied "Wait a little longer." But finally we emerged from the narrow channel into the deep water of the bay, and then the desired order was given. Already men had been stationed with sharp axes, ready to cut the cables which bound the two ships together, and the Admiral had hardly waved his hand to Captain Jouett before the ropes were severed, and, as the crew gave three hearty cheers, the *Metacomet* darted forward after the *Selma*. The latter did not care to wait, but endeavored to escape up the bay. A brisk chase ensued, but the *Metacomet* was too much for her adversary, and, when one of her shots wounded the captain and killed the first lieutenant, a speedy surrender followed, and in half an hour Jouett returned with the saucy little rebel in tow. Meantime, the guns of the *Hartford* had crippled the *Gaines*, and she was run aground near Fort Morgan, deserted, and set on fire. The other gun-boat, the *Morgan*, which had kept at a safe distance during the fight, retreated under the guns of Fort Morgan. And the great ram, after making an unsuccessful effort to sink or injure any of the Union vessels, and after receiving a heavier blow

from the *Monongahela* than it had inflicted, also retired to the fort. The other vessels of the fleet, each with its own special record of bravery, followed the *Hartford* past the fort and joined us in the bay.

The roar of the battle was now over; the fleet came to anchor, and preparations were made to give the hungry men some breakfast. Those of us who had been perched aloft came down on deck, and, as if by a general understanding, the officers of the *Hartford* who could be spared from immediate duty hastened to the ward-room to ascertain how it had fared with their mess-mates. One, Ensign Heginbotham, of the Admiral's staff, was mortally wounded. Lieutenant Adams was slightly wounded; all the rest had escaped unhurt. Of the crew, nineteen mangled bodies were lying in a ghastly row on the port side of the deck, and some thirty wounded were being cared for below. The first thought was of wonder and thankfulness that of the eighteen officers of the ward-room but one was fatally hurt. Each had a story of marvelous escapes to tell, and there was a general and hearty hand-shaking, as after a long separation.

We were just beginning to feel the reaction following such a season of extreme peril and excitement, when we were brought to our senses by the sharp, penetrating voice of executive officer Kimberly calling all hands to quarters, and a messenger-boy hurried down to us with the word, "The ram is coming." Every man hastened to his post, the writer to the quarter-deck, where the Admiral and fleet-captain were standing. The cause of the new excitement was evident at once. The *Tennessee*, as if ashamed of her failure, had left the fort and was making at full speed directly for the *Hartford*, being then perhaps a mile and a half distant. The spectacle was a grand one, and was viewed by the rebel soldiers in both forts, who were now out of range of our guns and lined the walls. Few audiences have ever witnessed so imposing a sight. The great ram came on for a 'single-handed contest with the fleet. She was believed to be invulnerable, and had powerful double engines by which she could be easily handled, while our monitors were so slow-gaited that they were unable to offer any serious obstacle to her approach. Farragut himself seemed to place his chief dependence on his wooden vessels. Doubtless the crowd of Confederate soldiers who watched the fight expected to see the *Tennessee* sink the Yankee vessels in detail, and the chances

seemed all in its favor. The Admiral wished to order the whole fleet to attack the ram, but to do this by the cumbersome naval code of signaling would occupy some moments of valuable time. It would be necessary first to send up to the mizzen-peak a signal-flag calling the attention of the fleet, and when this was answered (by each vessel sending up and hauling down a flag), a set of signals followed, each flag representing an arbitrary number, the meaning of which was ascertained by consulting the signal-book. The army signal service, on the contrary, consists in telegraphing by motions of a flag to the right and left, and is as rapid and instantaneous as sight, or the electric telegraph. So, while the quartermaster was preparing to send up the flags for the general order, the Admiral desired me to use the army code in starting the fastest and most formidable vessels. This hardly required as many seconds as the other method did minutes, with the advantage of saying precisely what was wanted. For example, the Admiral said: "Order Captain Strong, of the *Monongahela*, to run down the ram." The nearest approach to the message by naval signal would have been a special one, prepared and entered in the signal books for this occasion, namely: "Destroy the enemy's principal vessel by running her down"; which would have required precious moments to transmit and translate. The *Monongahela* was lying, with all steam up, on our port quarter, perhaps an eighth of a mile distant. Facing toward her, I made the letter "M," her call, which was instantly responded to by the signal officer on board, for every eye in the fleet was on the flag-ship, waiting for instructions. To send the message: "Capt. S.—Run down ram.—Ad. F.," took less than twenty seconds, and before the signal officer had finished acknowledging the message, we could see the *Monongahela* moving forward, not waiting to raise her anchor, but slipping her cable. The same message followed to Captain Marchand, of the *Lackawanna*, and to the monitor. Meanwhile, the general signal, "Attack the enemy," had gone up to the peak of the *Hartford*, and there followed a general slipping of cables and a friendly rivalry to see which could quickest meet the foe. The *Monongahela*, with her artificial iron prow, was bravely in the lead, and struck the rebel craft amidships at full speed, doing no damage to the ram, but having her own iron prow destroyed and being otherwise injured. Next came

the *Lackawanna*, with a like result. The huge iron frame of the *Tennessee* scarcely felt the shock, while the wooden bow of the Union ship was badly demoralized. For an instant, the two vessels swung head and stern alongside of each other. In his official report, Captain Marchand naively remarks:

"A few of the enemy were seen through their ports, who were using *most opprobrious* language. Our marines opened on them with muskets; even a spittoon and a holystone were thrown at them from our deck, which drove them away."

The *Tennessee* fired two shots through her bow, and then kept on for the *Hartford*. The two flag-ships approached each other bow to bow. The two admirals, Farragut and Buchanan, had entered our navy together as boys, and up to the outbreak of the war had been warm friends.* But now each was hoping for the overthrow of the other, and had Buchanan possessed the grit of Farragut, it is probable that moment would have witnessed the destruction of both vessels. For had the ram struck us square, as it came, bows on, it would have plowed its way half through the *Hartford*, and, as we sank, we should have carried it to the bottom, unable to extricate itself. But the rebel admiral was not desirous of so much glory, and, just as the two vessels were meeting, the course of the *Tennessee* was slightly changed, enough to strike us only a glancing blow on the port bow, which left us uninjured, while the two vessels grated past each other. He tried to sink us with a broadside as he went by, but only one of his guns went off, the primers in all the others failing. That gun sent a

* In a letter to the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, acknowledging the receipt of the official thanks of the Department and of the Government for the success at Mobile Bay, Farragut writes of Buchanan: "He, though a rebel and traitor to the government that had raised and educated him, had always been considered one of its ablest officers, and no one knew him better or appreciated his capacity more highly than myself, and, I may add, felt more proud of overcoming him in such a contest, if for no other reason than to prove to the world that ramming and sinking a helpless frigate at her anchor is a very different affair from ramming steamers when handled by officers of good capacity." It is worth mentioning, that the officer sent in command of the guard for the captured *Tennessee* was Captain Heywood, of the marine corps, who was one of the survivors of the frigate *Cumberland*, sunk by Buchanan in Hampton Roads. Although a modest and unassuming gentleman, Captain Heywood could not resist the opportunity of informing the rebel admiral that they had met before, and that he, at least, was exceedingly glad of the second meeting.

shell through the berth-deck, above the water-line, killing five men and wounding eight,—the last hostile shot which has ever touched the *Hartford*. The muzzle of the gun was so close that the powder blackened the ship's side. The *Hartford* gave the ram a salute from ten heavy guns, each loaded with thirteen pounds of powder and a solid shot, but the balls merely dented her side and bounded into the air. The scene on the *Hartford* during the moment of contact was of intense excitement. The Admiral coolly stood on the port quarter-rail, holding to the mizzen rigging, from which, at one time, he almost could have jumped to the deck of the ram. Flag-Lieutenant Watson, seeing him in this exposed position, secured him to the rigging by a rope's-end with his own hands; so that during the day he was twice "lashed to the rigging." As the ships came together, Captain Drayton ran to the bow of the *Hartford*, and, as the ram sheered off to avoid striking a square blow, he shook his lorgnette at it, and exclaimed, "The cowardly rascal; he's afraid of a wooden ship!"

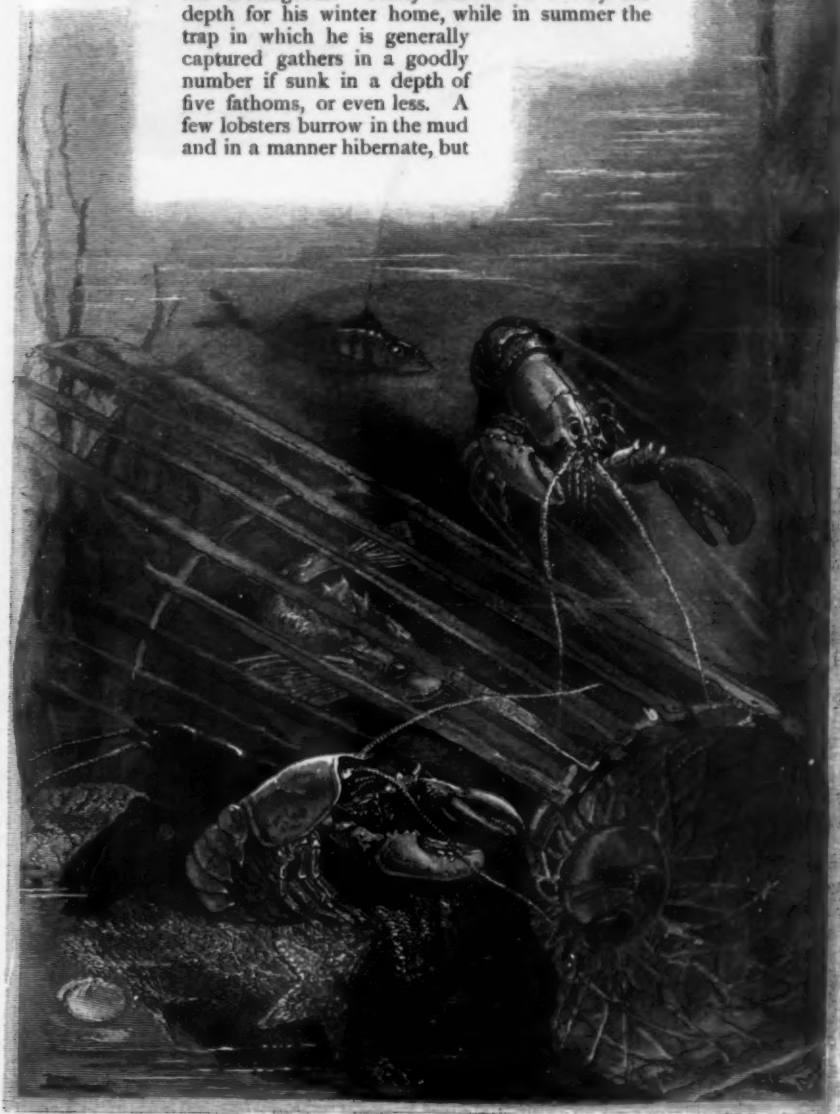
The *Tennessee* now became the target for the whole fleet, all the vessels of which were making toward it, pounding it with shot, and trying to run it down. As the *Hartford* turned to make for it again, we ran in front of the *Lackawanna*, which had already turned and was moving under full headway with the same object. She struck us on our starboard side, amidships, crushing half-way through, knocking two port-holes into one, upsetting two Dahlgren guns, and creating general consternation. For a time it was thought that we must sink, and the cry rang out over the deck: "Save the Admiral! save the Admiral!" The port boats were ordered lowered, and in their haste some of the sailors cut the "falls" and two of the cutters dropped into the water wrong side up, and floated astern. But the Admiral, nearly as cool as ever, sprang into the starboard mizzen-rigging, looked over the side of the ship, and, finding there was still a few inches to spare above the water's edge, instantly ordered the ship ahead again at full speed, after the ram. The unfortunate *Lackawanna*, which had struck the ram a second blow, was making for her once more, and, singularly enough, again came up on our starboard side, and another collision seemed imminent. And now the Admiral became a trifle excited. He had no idea of whipping the rebels to be himself

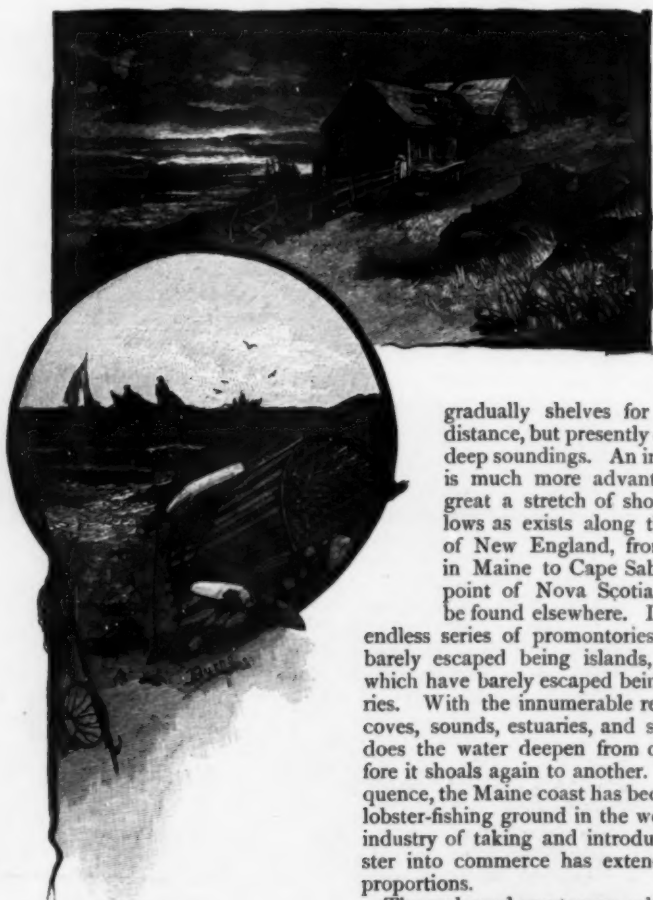
sunk by a friend. "Can you say, 'For God's sake' by signal?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then say to the *Lackawanna*, 'For God's sake get out of our way and anchor!'" In my haste to send the message, I brought the end of my signal flag-staff down with considerable violence upon the head of the Admiral, who was standing nearer than I thought, causing him to wince perceptibly, but I could not apologize until I finished signaling. It was a hasty message, for the fault was as much with the *Hartford* as with the *Lackawanna*, each being too eager to reach the enemy, and it turned out all right, by a fortunate accident, that Captain Marchand never received it. The army signal officer on the *Lackawanna*, Lieutenant Myron Adams (now pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, in Rochester, N. Y.), had taken his station in the foretop, and, just as he received the first five words, the wind flirted the large United States flag at the mast-head around him, so that he was unable to read the remainder of the message. As he had found himself a target for the muskets of the marines on the ram, he concluded that the message was a personal one, directing him to "get out" of the top, and acted accordingly.

The remainder of the story is soon told. The ram was unable to strike a single one of the Union vessels, while the concentration of fire upon it tore away everything except the solid iron. First, the rebel flag-staff fell; then the smoke-stack was shot away, and finally a well-placed shot from the monitor *Chickasaw* broke the rudder-chain, so that the great ram would no longer mind the helm, and she lay like a huge monster at bay. Already a fifteen-inch solid shot from the *Manhattan* had crushed through the iron armor and let the daylight into her, and finally a shell exploded in one of her port-holes, and a fragment seriously wounded the rebel admiral. And then, up through the iron grating of her deck came a staff, bearing a white flag. The firing ceased, and from vessel after vessel of the victorious fleet rang out such cheers as are seldom heard and never forgotten—cheers which meant victory after a hard and very doubtful struggle. And, as the cheering ceased, a dim echo seem to come from below, where the wounded and dying, knowing the day was at last won, joined in the shouts of triumph, rejoiced that their sacrifice would not be in vain. So ended the fight.

THE LOBSTER AT HOME.

IN the spring, the lobster, who has passed the winter months in deep water, returns again inshore. He has found the deep water both tranquil and warm, while the shallower expanses near land have been troubled to the bottom by furious gales and chilled by the drifting ice. Thirty fathoms is a very fair depth for his winter home, while in summer the trap in which he is generally captured gathers in a goodly number if sunk in a depth of five fathoms, or even less. A few lobsters burrow in the mud and in a manner hibernate, but





A LOBSTERMAN'S HOME AND IMPLEMENTS.

the ordinary aspect of those taken in winter shows that their habits at this time differ little from what they are at any other. The migratory impulse seizes upon all about the same moment, and they come in in regular columns, the stronger members in the front, the weaker in the rear; and though there is hardly a more quarrelsome animal, whether at large or in a state of captivity, than the lobster, they postpone, for the time, the manifestation of their habitual temper.

A straight line of sea-coast furnishes but a limited area of feeding-ground for the lobster, even should it contain the desirable kind of food. The bottom in such a coast

gradually shelves for a moderate distance, but presently drops off into deep soundings. An indented coast is much more advantageous. So great a stretch of shoals and shallows as exists along the north-east of New England, from Yarmouth in Maine to Cape Sable, the lower point of Nova Scotia, will hardly be found elsewhere. It presents an endless series of promontories which have barely escaped being islands, and islands which have barely escaped being promontories. With the innumerable resulting bays, coves, sounds, estuaries, and straits, hardly does the water deepen from one shore before it shoals again to another. As a consequence, the Maine coast has become the best lobster-fishing ground in the world, and the industry of taking and introducing the lobster into commerce has extended to great proportions.

The awkward crustacean, when snared, is either sent fresh to market in smacks containing wells, or he is boiled at some central establishment, and sent in open crates, or, finally, he is put up in hermetically sealed cans. The first two processes continue all the year round, but a law of the State of Maine prohibits the canning of lobsters except between the first of March and the first of August. There are various theories about their unsuitableness for this purpose after August first. It does not seem to be quite clear whether the law is for the protection of the purchaser, to whom the flesh is said to be at times poisonous, or of the lobster, to prevent its too rapid destruction by indefatigable pursuit.

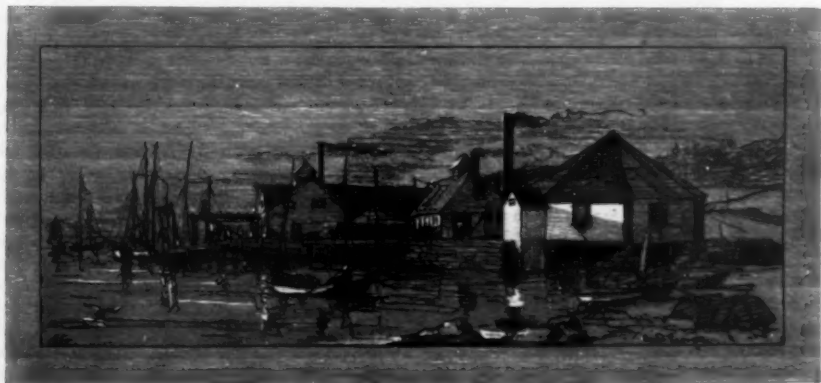
The typical lobsterman lives at the bottom of a charming and remote cove. The



HAULING TRAPS.

shores rise in bold, gray crags, but he has a strip of sand on which to beach his boat. He is a fisherman in other branches and a farmer as well, for lobstering need not take the whole of any one's time. His buildings, seen at the top of a rising ground, are weather-beaten gray and red. At the shore he has fish-houses, a great reel on which nets are wound up, and in a cleft of the rock smokes a large iron kettle, wherein is brewing a decoction of tar and rosin for water-proofing the rope-work of his lobster-traps. The traps themselves have the appearance of a pile of mammoth bird-cages. The structure is four feet long, two feet

wide, and two feet high, with a semicircular section. It is made of slats, with wide intervals between, to afford the proposed victim a clear view of the baits arranged on a perpendicular row of hooks within. A door opens in the circular top, through which access is had for preparing the baits and removing the contents. The trap is sunk to the bottom by a ballast of stones, and a billet of wood at the other end of the rope serves as a buoy. The ends are closed only with tarred rope-netting, and in one there is a circular opening of considerable size. The bait used is a cod's head, or sometimes a row of cunners.



FACTORIES AT SOUTH SAINT GEORGE.

The lobsterman has, perhaps, one hundred and fifty such traps, set in eligible locations. He visits them every morning, and sometimes the circuit of buoys marked with his name is five or six miles in extent. He lays hold of the submerged rope, covered with a green, beard-like weed, lifts the trap, removes what it contains, and drops it again to the bottom. The occupation presents its most picturesque aspect in winter, when the fishing is in deep water. The lobsterman then, with his dory filled with a pile of the

captors. Lobsters have been taken as heavy as twenty-five pounds, in a "line" (twenty-eight fathoms) of water. At South Saint George, below Rockland, hangs the claw of a lobster which in life weighed forty-three pounds. At Friendship, not far distant, there is authentic record of a certain *white* lobster of formidable development. The normal color is black, or greenish-black, turning to vivid scarlet by boiling. The hard shell is incapable of expansion, and, if it were not for a special provision, would prevent all growth. Relief is found in the periodical shedding of the shell. It splits in two along the back, and is sloughed off and replaced in time by a new one formed underneath. This change takes place in many lobsters, though not in all, some time about the first of August, and, undoubt-



LOBSTER-FACTORY AT MOUNT DESERT.

curious cages which he has taken up for repairs or is going to set in new places, ventures far out to sea, often at no little personal risk. Sometimes a particularly violent gale will drive the traps with it, and wreck them in the breakers. One lobsterman on the island of Monhegan lost over fifty in this way in one night.

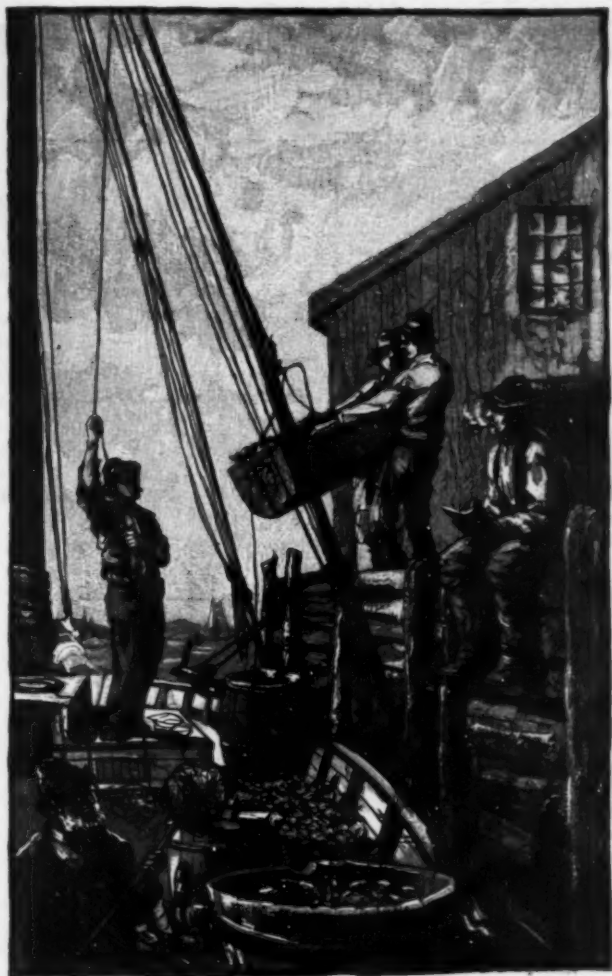
A mature lobster should measure, without the claws, from one to two feet long, and weigh complete from two to fifteen pounds, but smaller sizes are so common that a length of ten and a half inches, without reference to weight, has been made a standard for certain calculations. It is claimed that the average size, as well as the profits of the business, is being steadily diminished by the industry with which the pursuit has been lately followed up. The shores teem with traps, and the competition is so fierce that whereas a lobsterman once made four or five dollars a day, he now regards himself lucky if he makes but one. Occasional prodigies in size turn up to astonish and delight their



LOBSTER-FACTORY AT DEER ISLAND.

edly, one of the objects of the canning-law was the protection of the "shedders"; for without a shell the lobster is defenseless from enemies, and is obliged to take refuge in crevices and under stones to avoid them; by October the new panoply is in good order, and by December his condition is at its best.

If we are to accept the theory of a veteran lobsterman whom we met at Mount Desert, the lobster may attain to the age of man. The first shedding of the shell, he tells us, occurs at the age of five years. After this, he confesses his inability to fix the periods of renewal. The mother is often seen surrounded by baby lobsters a few inches in length, who take refuge under her tail in case of danger, and sometimes the little ones are found stranded in conch-shells, into which they have crawled near the shore. At the end of the third year the young are



UNLOADING THE SMACK.

perhaps four inches long, and at the end of the fourth hardly more than six. At such a rate of progress it appears that something in the neighborhood of five years must elapse before they attain the length of eight or ten inches, at which size they are first found in a soft condition. Our lobsterman's theory of longevity is based upon his observation of this slowness of growth.

Fineness of organization would not seem to be the strong point of the lobster any more than beauty of form, yet he moves about his chosen feeding-grounds with a

very respectable set of endowments for picking up his living. He has his sense of smell at the base of one pair of his numerous feeler-like antennæ and his sense of hearing at another; his eyes are located at the end of flexible peduncles and have an extended range of observation, and two long, fine antennæ meander cautiously over everything in his vicinity with a delicate sense of touch. His principal power resides in the great pair of anterior claws, which have force sufficient to crack a clam. His prey (clams and mussels, and such fish as the



sculpin, flounder, and cunner) is seized and held fast by the sharp teeth between the thumb-and-finger-like grasp of the larger claw, then held in the duller small one while he sucks away the substance at leisure. His locomotion is very rapid and by preference backward, the cunning peduncle eyes no doubt having first taken the requisite bearings. Curving his many-jointed, wide tail inward, he moves with a velocity for which those who have only seen him in the market-stalls would never give him credit.

Thus equipped, the lobster approaches the trap set for his inveiglement. The dull, big eyes of the cod's head in the trap stare sagely out at the bloodless victim. The bead-like optics of the lobster, in the flurry of this cold temptation, peer cunningly in. As to the attractiveness of the morsel there can be no question, and the way to reach and take possession of it through the passage in the net-work seems ample. With a few deft strokes he is within. Why does he not return in the same way? Whoever understands the defective logical processes of the lobster's mind can alone explain. It does not occur to him to turn around, and

as to going out forward, the great claws, now spread out, render it difficult, though the opening is in no way more contracted than before. Nor does the fate of one deter the entrance of others. When the trap is lifted it contains from one to a dozen of all sizes, and with them a few "five-fingers" (star-fish), and perhaps a blundering, large-headed sculpin, who is much

surprised at being brought so suddenly to light. Whether or not a loss of appetite be occasioned by the discovery of his situation, the lobster does not disturb the baits to any considerable extent. A large one will eat a piece hardly larger than one's finger, though he may have been in the trap with the bait for hours.

"It is a cheap-livin' fish," a lobsterman tells us, with an air of confidence, almost of giving away the secret of the business. "Nothin' is ever found inside of him. He kin eat barnacles, sea-weed, mud—anything. He kin live five and six months in the well of a smack on what he finds there, and come out all right,—unless they chaw each other up," he adds. "They're most always a-doin' that. It don't seem as though it hurt 'em no gre't, nuther. You find lots of 'em with their claws broke off in fights, but they

grow out ag'in jest as good. Some think they lose 'em off in thunderstorms, too. I dunno how that is, but they do say that they're pretty considerable frightened."

The grip of a lobster's claw, which can crack a clam easily, is strong enough to take off a man's finger, and there has even been a story of the death of a Maine hotel-keeper from the clutch of a lobster. The experienced are usually cautious in handling them. At Deer Island, a man told us that he had been caught while opening a trap beside his boat, and held in a most painful position for nearly half an hour, supporting the weight of the trap as well as the weight of his tormentor, who, at last, not being interfered with, let go of his own accord. Another lobster-fisher went ashore with a particularly fine specimen slung over his shoulder, and stopped to scare with it a young girl he met on the way. Inadvertently putting back one of his hands, it was savagely gripped by the dangling claws; the other, hastening to its relief, was seized also, presenting the joker to the object of his attentions in a highly unfavorable light. She was obliged to bring assistants with hammers and knives to break the claws.

For lobster-catching on a smaller scale, two kinds of nets, and a hook with a ten-foot handle not unlike a mackerel-gaff, are occasionally used. One is an ordinary dip-net, lowered by ropes and with a bait in the bottom; when the lobster enters, the additional weight is felt and the net pulled up. The other is a circle of wire, playing in equal halves on an axis; a rope is attached to each side, and it is lowered like the other; by pulling the ropes the parts shut together, inclosing whatever rests within.

The first destination of the captives is the lobster-car. This is a great floating box, perhaps twelve feet long by eight wide, by two and a half deep, submerged to the water's edge. Here they are preserved till the arrival of the smack. The Portland or Boston or New York smack comes once a week, to carry off the larger ones fresh in its



CRACKING LOBSTERS.

well; the factory smacks come for the smaller ones, to be canned, every day or two. The smack runs down to the lobster-car and luffs up alongside. The owner stands on its slippery surface, and dips out the contents into the iron-bound scoop of a fine large weighing-tackle, rigged to the throat-halliards. The skipper keeps the tally on a shingle. The large, bold implements, the free attitudes, the strongly characteristic dresses, offer the artist plenty of material.

The arrival of the smack is an important event in the cove. The skipper brings the news of the trade and the personal gossip of his circuit, and executes many small commissions for the household. An ordinarily prosperous factory, as that at Green's Landing, Deer Island, has three such small vessels in its employ, attending upon, perhaps, one hundred and fifty lobstermen in all. The skipper endeavors to attach

to himself his special gang, or *clientèle*, and to make it as large as possible. To insure that they shall fish for him and no other he uses all the arts of a commercial traveler. He makes a slightly more favorable price here, relies upon an exhibition of jolly good-fellowship there, and again appeals to long-established usage and relations. He must be able, too, to fit a client out here and there on credit with the necessary gear for the campaign. By every means in his power

"Do you see yonder light?" our skipper says, as we sail near South Saint George. "Well, there was a feller appointed keeper from somewhere in the State onct, what had never see the water afore, I guess—a regular p'litical job. Well, after he'd been there a little there was complaints ag'in him, and he was hauled up before the board.

"What time do you put your light out?" says the board.

"Nine o'clock," says this here p'litical keeper. "That's when I turns in myself, and I supposed all decent folks was to hum by that time, or ought to be."

The smack nowadays runs alongside the wharf of the lobster-factory. From the land side, the first seen of the skip-

per is a pair of brawny hands on the string-piece. They are followed, as he climbs up the side, by his sou'-wester, his patched woolen round-about, and his cowhide boots covering his trowsers to the knee. The great weighing-scoop is again rigged, a tub, with a rope and stake handle, is lowered from a small crane at the corner of the wharf, the shingle is resumed, and the live freight, clutching and flapping



BOILING-ROOM.

he assures him that he will not do better with any other living skipper, and begs him not to forget it. His own compensation is sometimes a salary, but more often a commission on the amounts brought in. His cabin is six feet by four, by a height sufficient to stand erect in. It has a couple of bunks with squalid calico quilts on them, a rusty iron stove, and a table-leaf letting down from the foot of the mast, at which he sits casting up his accounts on the shingle—that universal record-book—as he cruises in and out of the small harbors, past the reefs with their singular beacons and the little light-houses of the poorer class.

viciously, begins to be as unceremoniously transferred with shovels as though it was only coals.

The lobster-factories are very numerous, and can hardly escape the notice even of the fashionable visitor to Maine. He is confronted by one, for instance, at the landing of Harpswell, the principal island of Casco Bay, another at the historic old town of Castine, another at Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert, besides the one at Green's Landing. Deer Island has factories at Oceanville and Burnt Cove, forming part of a series, twenty-three in number, which belong to one firm, and stretch all the way

down to the Bay of Fundy. They cannot be called intrinsically inviting, owing to their wholly utilitarian character, although they are apt to have redeeming features in an occasional touch of the picturesque.

The factory opens at one end on the wharf, close to the water. Two men bring in the squirming loads on a stretcher and dump the mass into coppers for boiling. At intervals the covers are hoisted by ropes and pulleys, and dense clouds of steam arise, through which we catch vistas of men, women, and children at work. Two men approach the coppers with stretcher and scoops, and they throw rapid scoopfuls, done to a scarlet, backward over their shoulders. The scarlet hue is seen in all quarters—on the steaming stretcher, in the great heaps on the tables, in scattered individuals on the floor, in a large pile of shells and refuse seen through the open door, and in an ox-cart-load of the same refuse, farther off, which is being taken away for use as a fertilizer.

The boiled lobster is separated, on long tables, into his constituent parts. The meat of the many-jointed tail is thrust out with a punch. A functionary called a "cracker" frees that of the claws by a couple of deft cuts with a cleaver, and the connecting arms are passed on to be picked out with a fork by the girls. In another department, the meat is placed in the cans. The first girl puts in roughly a suitable selection of the several parts. The next weighs it, and adds or subtracts enough to complete the exact amount desired (one or two pounds). The next forces down the contents with a stamp invented especially for the purpose. The next puts in a tin cover with blows of a little hammer. Then a tray is rapidly filled with the cans, and they are carried to the solderers, who seal them tight except for minute openings in the covers, and put them in another tray, which, by means of a pulley-tackle, is then plunged in bath caldrons, in order that the cans may be boiled till the air is expelled from their contents through the minute openings. Then they are sealed up and are boiled again for several hours, when the process of cooking is complete.

In the packing-room the cans are cleaned with acid, painted a thin coat of green to keep them from rusting, pasted with labels displaying a highly ornamental scarlet lobster rampant against a blue sea, and placed by the gross in pine boxes to await the arrival of the company's vessel, which cruises regularly from factory to factory,



THE BELLE OF THE LOBSTER-SHOP.

collecting the product. Nine-tenths of the supply at present goes to the foreign market. On "loaf-days," the hands occupy themselves with making the neat cans which it is their ordinary business to fill.

The solderers, each with his little sheet-iron furnace, bristling with tools, on the table beside him, and the white light of one of a long row of small windows playing over him, give the suggestion of alchemists. Over their heads in a prominent place is a placard: "NOTICE! HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH: LET THESE TOOLS ALONE!!!" There must be a little history of mischief-making attached to this. Who could have interfered with the honest solderers' tools? Could it have been yonder pretty girl, certainly the belle of the lobster-shop? She stands at the end of a long table, in a check apron bound with pink, her arms bare, her brown hair with threads of auburn in it hanging down her back in a braid. She is

of the robust Yankee type, about which there is no suspicion of consumption. Near her, by the partition, is a disused dory on a heap of coarse salt, which forms a sort of beach for it, and overhead other dories are sandwiched between the rafters. She is very steady, they tell us, and engaged to a young man who sails in the company's freight-smack; and, indeed, we see him come in, in a linen duster over a suit of ready-made clothes, and shake hands with her and his friends and acquaintances round about. When we ask her if we are at liberty to draw her picture, she says she "don't know as it makes any odds," and is evidently not displeased with the proposition. Still, it appears by a certain nervousness in her manner that it does make "odds," for she inquires presently how check "takes," and after that, inventing a plausible pretext for delay, hurries home and returns with her hair discouragingly smoothed down by wetting, and arranged around the front in crimps.

The solderers are paid from twelve to fifteen dollars a week, ordinary men from seven to ten, and the girls no more than three and a half. Yet even at this price a respectable class of female labor is engaged. Some of the young women have taught school in their time. This is not so remarkable when we say that common report has it that there are towns on this coast where, by the excessive shrewdness of rural committeemen, the wages of school-keeping have been reduced to two dollars a week.

The minor employés are generally gathered from the neighborhood. The more skillful are brought in for the season, and have successive engagements at different points. The solderers are in particularly active demand, owing to the extent to which the business of canning has been extended, and seem to have in their vocation a substantial means of livelihood. The sweet-corn season opens as soon as the lobster season closes, and soon after the first of August the solderers will be found making ready to hurry to the country back of Portland, where corn-canning is an industry of great magnitude.

The corn-factories and lobster-factories are owned to a large extent by the same companies, and one may chance to hear it charged that the lobster-law was procured with special reference to this natural connection of the two crops.

"It aint in the interest of the lobster nor yet of the public, the law aint," said an informant who holds this theory. "They say the meat is p'is'n after such a time, but the smacks keeps on catchin' of 'em up and puttin' in ice all summer—that don't look much like it. The parties wants the sawderers down to Freeport and Gorham for cannin' the corn—that's how it is; and they don't want no one else a-goin' on with lobsters when they aint at it. But what was your object in knowin'?" he interrupts his discourse to ask, not readily conceiving a merely speculative interest in these matters; "was you thinkin' of startin' a lobster-factory?"

"LATITUDE UNKNOWN."

LIKE lonely sailors on a foreign sea,
Without a compass and without a chart,
Unhelped by all their lore of seaman's art,
Souls drift along in the vast mystery
Of Love's companionship. There cannot be
A solitude so pathless as a heart.
No undiscovered isles lie so apart
From him who seeks, as lie the thoughts that we
Forever yearn to read behind dear eyes,—
The dear eyes that we love, and love to kiss.
Ah, well! But one thing matters to our bliss.
So long as Love's sun goes not down, all skies
Are clear: all shores are friendly: treasure lies
On all: we shall not one sweet harbor miss!

PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE.



FIGURE 1. PROPAGATION BY SEEDS.—SEEDLINGS "PRICKED OUT" OR TRANSPLANTED IN BOXES.

THE cultivation of plants for ornamental purposes, both for greenhouse and grounds, has made rapid progress during the past twenty years. It is estimated that there are upward of six hundred commercial florists' establishments within a radius of ten

miles from the City Hall, New York, and that probably ten million dollars are invested in their lands, structures, and stock; and when it is known that the demand for horticulture in New York is hardly the average of that of other cities of the Union, it will be seen that the business is an important industry. Formerly the practical work was entirely in the hands of European gardeners, but for the past fifteen or sixteen years many of our large floral establishments have been employing young Americans as assistants, taking only such as are qualified by education and intelligence to grasp the more intricate and scientific details of the business. The results from this are already shown in the fact that the American system of propagation and culture is perhaps unequaled in the world; and no better evidence can be given of the truth of this assertion than the fact—which any one may verify by a comparison of price-lists—that plants, on an average, are sold at one-third less here than in England, while our rates paid for labor are at least one-half higher. It may be interesting to give briefly in detail some of the leading operations of the business, beginning with propagation by seeds.



FIGURE 2. MAKING AND PLANTING CUTTINGS.



FIGURE 3. LAYERING IN THE AIR, AND LAYERING IN THE SOIL.

Whenever a plant can be increased by seeds, that plan is adopted in preference to cuttings, or any other method, not only because more vigorous plants are thus obtained, but because this method is simpler, cheaper, and quicker, where large quantities are wanted; and to the amateur in floriculture, or the florist living in sections of the country where plants could not conveniently be sent, seeds afford means of procuring varieties that it would be next to impossible to get in any other way. If the following plan is strictly adhered to, the most delicate plants can be raised from seeds in a com-

mon sitting-room or hot-bed just as well as in a fully appointed greenhouse: For the bed an ordinary sized soap-box may be used, cutting it into sections, and making these into boxes two inches deep, leaving the seams at the bottom wide enough to allow the water to pass off quickly. These shallow boxes should be filled with finely sifted soil, level with the top; and this soil should be pressed down with a board, making it as smooth and level as possible; on this surface the seeds should be sown and pressed gently down with the board, so as to sink them into the soil. Then dry



FIGURE 4. PROPAGATING FROM LEAVES.

BRYPHYLLUM CALYGINUM LEAF, SHOWING THE YOUNG PLANTS GROWING ON ITS EDGES.

BEGONIA REX LEAVES, WITH THE YOUNG PLANTS GROWING ON THEM.

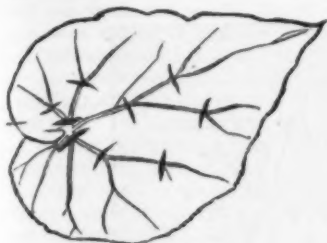


FIGURE 5.
BEGONIA REX LEAF, SHOWING THE MANNER OF CUTTING
THE VEINS TO PREPARE IT FOR PROPAGATING.

sphagnum moss, cocoa-nut fiber, leaf-mold, or any light material, should be rubbed through a mosquito-wire, and sifted on the seeds just enough to cover them. Either of these substances is better to cover seeds with than ordinary soil; owing to their sponge-like character, the proper degree of moisture is obtained, while their lightness offers but little resistance to the feeble germ. After covering, a gentle watering should be given with a fine-rose watering-pot; and if the seeds are placed in a temperature averaging sixty degrees, the young seedlings will begin to show themselves breaking through the covering in from six to twenty days, according to the nature of the plant. But in quite a number of species of plants there is a tendency to "damp off," as it is called,

after germination; this is caused by a species of mildew that finds a congenial condition among the tender seedling plants which come up thickly huddled together. To avert this, as soon as the seedlings have shown the seed-leaf to be fully developed, and before the first rough or true leaf has formed, the tiny plants should be pricked off into boxes filled with soil of the same depth and dimensions as those used for the



FIGURE 6. PEPEROMIA, SHOWING THE MANNER OF
PROPAGATION FROM THE LEAF-STALK.

seeds. The seedlings should be planted with great care with a small dibber, about the size of a pencil, and pointed. After planting they should be gently watered and shaded



FIGURE 7. EXAMPLES OF PLANTING IN RIBBON LINES AND MASSING IN COLOR.

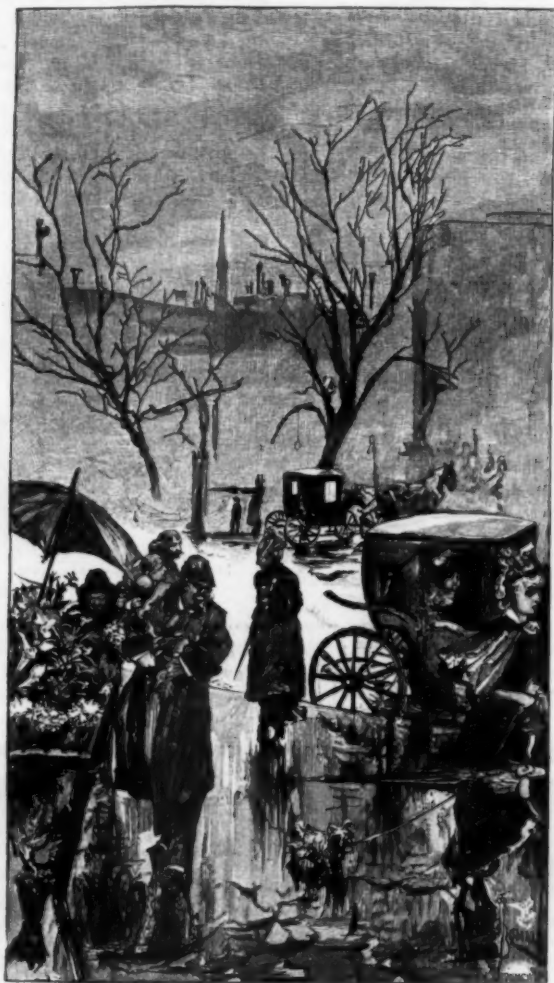


FIGURE 8. A NEW YORK FLOWER-STAND.

with paper for a few days until they take root. Fig. 1 represents two boxes of plants raised in this manner, the larger one filled with *Centaurea candidissima* (Dusty Miller), and the smaller with *Pyrethrum parthenium aureum* (Golden Feather), both of which are plants now largely used in "ribbon-line gardening" or "massing in color."

Propagating by cuttings is always an interesting operation; and, to many, plants grown from slips of their own raising have a value far greater than if purchased when

fully developed. Nearly all European writers on this subject have so befogged it with technical nonsense that few not regular professional florists have ever attempted it, unless on some of the commonest kinds of plants. It is now, however, considered one of our simplest operations, and any one with ordinary intelligence can perform it successfully if the following brief instructions are strictly followed: When plants are wanted in large quantities, elevate a bench above the flue or hot-water pipes to within a foot or so of a

glass at the front, and on this bench place three or four inches of any ordinary clean sand. This bench should be boarded down in front, to confine the heat from the flue or pipes under it, so as to give what is called "bottom heat." The sand on the bench so formed, during the winter season, when the greenhouse is fired, will indicate a temperature of sixty-five to seventy degrees, while the atmosphere of the greenhouse should be ten degrees less. Now if the cuttings or slips are in the right condition, and are inserted an inch or so in the sand, and freely watered, and shaded from the sun from nine or ten A. M. to three or four P. M., ninety-nine out of every hundred will take

usual manner, should be inserted in the sand about close enough to touch each other. The sand should then be watered to bring it to the condition of mud. Thus filled, the saucer is placed in a hot-bed, on the shelf of the greenhouse, or in a window exposed to the sun in the dwelling-house—in each case fully exposed to the sun, and never shaded. But one condition is essential to success: until the cuttings become rooted the sand must be kept continually saturated with water, and always in a condition of mud. Care must be taken in watering to do it gently, so as not to throw down the cutting, as it is essential that the cut part remain always in the mud. If the tempera-



FIGURE 9. GATHERING CARNATIONS.

root in from ten to twenty days. The cutting or slip, however, must be in the right condition; this can be ascertained by a very simple test: if on bending the cutting or slip it snaps off short, it is all right for planting; but if it bends without breaking it is too old, and in this state it roots much more slowly and feebly.

There is another method of propagating by slips, and one which can be used by any one, with or without a greenhouse. It is known as the "saucer system." A saucer or plate should be filled with an inch or so of sand; then the slips, prepared in the

ture of the room or greenhouse averages from sixty-five to eighty-five degrees, and if the cuttings were in the proper condition, success is certain, and finely rooted slips may be expected in from ten to twenty days from the time they were put in the saucers. A higher temperature may be maintained by the saucer system of propagating than by the other, as the slips are in reality placed in water, and will not wilt, provided the mud is not allowed to dry up. Fig. 2 shows the propagators at work making and placing the cuttings in the sand. To the right of the figure is a cutting made ready to be placed



FIGURE 10. CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

in the sand. The popular idea that it is necessary to cut a slip at a joint or an eye is an error; it makes no difference whatever in the formation of roots, unless in such plants as have tuberous roots, like the dahlia, where a joint or eye is necessary, that the roots may develop eyes the next season.

Propagation of plants by leaves is another method employed, and one that is a never-ceasing source of wonder. When we examine a leaf of *Begonia rex*, chased and shaded like frosted or burnished silver, nothing indicates that there is anything about it any more than about any other leaf—that it has the germs of a score of lives dotted all over its beautiful surface. Yet we know that if one of these leaves, the veins being first cut across, as in Fig. 5, is thrown down in any moist place, at a temperature of seventy or eighty degrees, in a month its surface becomes dotted all over with tiny plants, facsimiles, so to speak, of the “mother” leaf, which gives up her life for her offspring. In Fig. 4, to the right, is a representation of *Begonia rex*, showing the manner in which the young plants start from the leaf; but no

drawing in black-and-white can convey an adequate suggestion of the original. To the left, in the same figure, is a leaf of *Bryophyllum calycinum*, another singular plant, which emits young plants from the serrated edge of the leaf. Single leaves, three by six inches in size, sometimes have as many as thirty young plants attached. The leaves of this plant are dropped on the ground while growing in the open air, and every one, large or small, at once develops its tiny progeny from the margins of the leaves; or, if a leaf is taken off the plant and pinned against a moist wall, in a few weeks young plants are formed. Another family of plants, known as *Peperomia*, develop plants from the footstalk. (See Fig. 6.)

Propagation of plants by layering is another method often practiced by amateurs who require only a few plants, but is now very little used by the professional florist. Fig. 3 shows the manner of cutting and pegging down in the soil the shoot of a rose-bush, so as to obtain a layered plant. The plant in the flower-pot (Fig. 3) is a variegated-leaved geranium, with some of the

shoots cut so as to hang only by a portion of the bark. This plan of propagating is what is termed "layering in the air," and I believe I was the first to originate it, about twelve years ago. This method has been found to be very useful in increasing variegated-leaved plants of such kinds as are liable to rot off when put in as ordinary slips or cuttings. After being allowed to hang on the plant for ten or twelve days, the wound heals over, and, if the atmosphere is moist, roots will be emitted as the slip hangs on the plant; but, even if not, the healing over, or "callus," as it is technically termed, is the condition preparatory to rooting; and when these slips are detached and potted, nearly every slip will quickly form a rooted plant. Besides, it is a great advantage to the health of the old plant on which the slips have been "layered" not to detach them at once, as all propagators of plants know that, when many slips are taken off the plant at once, it lessens its vigor to such a degree as often to destroy it. "Layering in the air," however, is not only more certain in rooting the slips, but does little or no injury to the mother-plant.

The potting of plants is first begun by taking the rooted slips or cuttings from the cutting-bench or saucer, or the young seedlings from the boxes, as shown in Fig. 2, and "potting" or planting them (in finely sifted soil) in small flower-pots, usually two inches wide and deep. After the slips have



FIGURE 11. CALLA LILY.

been thus potted in small pots, they should be freely watered and shaded for two or three days, until the roots begin to strike into the soil. According to the nature of the plant



FIGURE 12. GROUP OF PALMS.



FIGURE 13. GROUP OF CROTONS.

and the temperature which it is growing in, the young plants, in from four to eight weeks, will have matted the "ball" of earth on the outside, so that it shows a net-work of roots when knocked out of the pot. It is then in the condition to be placed in a larger flower-pot, or to be "shifted," as it is technically called. If the slip has been in a pot two inches in diameter—and at first it should never be placed in one much larger—it should be shifted into one three inches in diameter; if in a three-inch, to a four-inch, and so on until the size runs to six inches in diameter, when a somewhat larger shift may be given; if the pot is too large the plants will get water-logged. In the opera-

tion of shifting into the smaller sizes, a layer of swamp moss (*Sphagnum*), from half an inch to two inches in thickness, in proportion to size, should first be placed in the pot; over this a layer of soil should be placed, in quantity sufficient to raise the "ball" of the plant to be shifted to the proper height—say from half an inch to an inch below the level of the rim of the flower-pot; then, in the space left between the roots of the plant to be shifted and the side of the flower-pot, the soil should be packed moderately firm. Crocks or drainage, other than the *sphagnum*, in flower-pots is not necessary except the larger sizes—say six or seven inches in diameter and upward; in



FIGURE 14. GROUP OF DRACENAS.

these, in plants impatient of water at the roots, such as roses that are being grown for flowers in winter, a layer of an inch or so of broken charcoal or broken pots should be placed in the bottom of the pots, and over this a layer of *sphagnum*. But there is another matter of far more importance for drainage than the drainage of the flower-pot, and which is almost always lost sight of, namely, to have the plants placed on some rough material on the shelf or bench, such as gravel or cinders—anything, in fact, which, when the plants are placed on it, will allow the water to pass freely off, and at the same time admit air under the flower-pot. In cases where this would not be practicable—with very large pots, as when plants are grown in rooms in the dwelling-house—chips of wood, a quarter of an inch or so in thickness,

but by compressing them into the limits of a mail package they are more or less crushed, and rarely arrive in as good order.

There is no flower-market in New York similar to that of the flower-market in Covent Garden, London. The plants sold as market plants are mixed up with other products, sold on street corners, in stores, from wagons, peddled in baskets, and in every other conceivable way, to the great disadvantage of the buyer, who in this way has no chance to select a variety from any one place. Fig. 8 shows a street flower-stand where the plants are getting chilled and drenched by rain. The flower-market of Covent Garden is one of the great attractions of London, and there is no reason why such a market in New York would not be equally successful. It is doubtful if



FIGURE 15. A GROUP OF PALMS.

placed under the flower-pot, would answer the same purpose. This means of draining and admission of air to the roots is, of course, much more of a necessity during winter than summer, as, particularly in the greenhouse, the air is often surcharged with moisture, while in summer there is usually too dry an atmosphere.

Plants are shipped by mail and express mainly, and the methods of packing are now so complete that, though the most tender plants are sent to every State and Territory in the Union, often being eight days in transit, it is rare that they fail to arrive in good condition. To any place where they can be sent by express they should never be mailed; for not only are the plants always smaller that can be sent by post,

there is any large city, either here or in Europe, where everything relating to horticulture is allowed to go in such a slipshod manner as in the city of New York. Central Park is now a disgrace to the city as far as its floral attractions are concerned; and it is doubtful if there is any city in the Union which makes any pretensions to a park that cannot give more attractions to its people. The parks of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, and Cleveland are all filled with gay colors and redolent of fragrant odors during the summer months; and the Lincoln Park and South Park at Chicago are such as that great city may well be proud of. Fifteen years ago the site of the Chicago parks was the open prairie, and only four years ago the floral



FIGURE 16. A GROUP OF FERNS.

department assumed form; and yet to-day it is doubtful if any park of its size, either here or in Europe, surpasses the Lincoln Park of Chicago in the beauty of its floral attractions during the summer.

This want of official interest in the subject is to be regretted, as the floral attractions of public parks soon find their reflex in grounds of private individuals, thus adding greatly to the interest and beauty of a city. So we find that the grounds surrounding the stone and marble palaces of New York City are meager indeed compared with the less pretentious mansions in Wabash and Prairie avenues, Chicago, in Euclid avenue, Cleveland, or in the Germantown suburb of Philadelphia.

One modern style of flower-garden decoration is what is termed "ribbon-line" planting, or "massing in colors," which is found to be far more strikingly effective than that of the mixed border of twenty years ago. Fig. 7 shows a star-shaped and a circular bed so planted, the materials being plants with contrasting colors of leaves—yellow, scarlet, white, carmine, bronze, crimson, etc. It is not unusual in some of the public parks, in the cities before named, to have ten thousand of such plants planted in one bed. Another style of this mode of planting is what is known as the "carpet pattern," or

"mosaic system," which is done by using low, compact-growing, succulent plants, such as the different species of *Echeveria*, *Sedum*, *Sempervivum*, etc., from which the different shades of color are obtained, so as to get by the use of living plants an effect similar to carpet or mosaic work; and as the plants used grow only a few inches high, and are kept at a uniform height, the effect of such planting, framed in a green lawn, is very striking. Although we have no representation of this work in any of our public parks in the vicinity of New York, yet tens of thousands of the visitors at Long Branch, N. J., during the summer months, will recall the grounds of Mr. John Hoey, at Hollywood, where a quarter of a million succulent plants last season were used in the carpet-pattern work, and upward of a million other plants were required to form the "ribbon-line" and "massing-in-color" beds. To grow the plants for this purpose, thirteen immense greenhouses are in use, some of them eight hundred feet in length. About one thousand tons of coal are used to heat these greenhouses in winter. Few professional horticulturists are better versed in such matters than Mr. Hoey, who, however, does this solely at his private expense, to gratify his scientific taste for botanical knowledge. His grounds and greenhouses

are thrown open to the public, and hundreds of carriages and thousands of pedestrians are daily seen in the grounds at Hollywood, to which they are as welcome as if it were a public park.

The cut-flower business, another phase of horticulture, is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world. Certainly the use of cut-flowers in New York, for bouquets, baskets, and other designs, is far greater than in either London or Paris, and the taste shown in their arrangement here is vastly superior. It is estimated that three millions of dollars were paid for cut-flowers in New York in 1880, one-third of which was for rose-buds. Immense glass structures are erected in the suburbs for the special purpose of growing cut-flowers to supply the bouquet-makers of the city. Not less than twenty acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone, during the winter months. At some seasons the prices paid for these forced rose-buds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, New Jersey, took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as "General Jacqueminot," for which he received, at wholesale, three hundred dollars, and which, no doubt, were retailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two dollars each. A flower-dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only four of this same variety of rose that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold.

Roses are now in great vogue, and the skill of the grower is taxed to the utmost to produce novelties, or the older varieties cut of their regular seasons. The Camellia Japonica, which was so popular twenty years ago, is but little used, while the Carnation Pink, of which there are now many beautiful colors, is grown nearly as largely as the rose. At the holiday seasons of Christmas, New-Year's, and Easter, the prices range with the demand, which is always three or four times greater than at ordinary times. Fig. 11 is the Calla Lily, now so largely grown for Easter decoration, and for which nothing could be more appropriate.

The use of plants for decoration is much more common in European cities, in churches, dining-halls, or ball-rooms, than with us; probably, in part, for the reason that in our severer winter weather it is often exceedingly difficult to transport large tropical plants from the suburbs without injury from frost; for the plants used for table decoration are nearly all of the most tender sorts, and are natives of warm latitudes.

These plants, when used for decoration, are either placed singly or in groups, as the requirements of the place to be decorated demand. The kinds used are mainly plants valued for the grace and beauty of their foliage, and such produce a better effect than plants with flowers, especially in gas-light. Fig. 12 is a group of palms of small size, averaging two or three feet in height. When used singly, large specimens ten feet in height are sometimes employed. Fig. 13 is a group of Crotons. These plants are graceful in form, and the coloring of the leaves is most exquisite, running through all the shades of orange, scarlet, purple, yellow, etc. Fig. 14 is a group of *Dracenas* (Dragon-tree). The green kinds have great symmetry of form, while those having the leaves colored present a gorgeousness which few flowers possess, their broad tropical foliage being carmine, white, crimson, and yellow intermingled in the different species. Fig. 15 shows a mixed group of palms, marantas, and pandanus, conspicuous among which is the rare fern-like palm known as *Cocos Weddelliana*. Fig. 16 is a fern group. All of these species give beautiful decorative effects.

The plants for decorative purposes are mostly supplied by florists making a specialty of growing plants for that purpose. The class of plants fitted for this purpose are often difficult of increase and slow of growth, and are, therefore, relatively more valuable than the more common plants. They are rarely bought when used at public dinners, or even private receptions, but are hired from the growers, the price paid, however, being about half their value, even for one night, as the chances of injury from gas, or in transportation, must be taken into consideration.

BASTIEN LEPAGE.



BAS-RELIEF PORTRAIT OF BASTIEN LEPAGE, BY AUGUSTUS SAINT GAUDENS.

BASTIEN LEPAGE'S "Joan of Arc," exhibited in the *Paris Salon* of 1880 and in the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists, New York, is, in many ways, an interesting picture.* The present writer saw it first in the painter's rather cramped

little studio in the Impasse du Maine, near the Gare Montparnasse. (Lepage has since moved into new quarters near Parc Monceaux.) We remember stepping into the room and passing by the end of the big canvas, and then turning and finding ourselves close to the figure of Joan. The impression was most vivid. We had a sudden sense of intrusion, so real and intense was the look of devotion in the face and attitude.

* This picture was secured last summer by the artist J. Alden Weir, for the private collection of a gentleman of Connecticut.





JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES. (FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN LEPAGE.)

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The picture is interesting in its historical aspect, because it tells so well the story of the young enthusiast "listening to the voices"—voices personified by the painter in the two floating female figures who plead with her and the warrior who offers her a sword,—St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret, we suppose. She has abandoned her reel, and is standing in an attitude of rapt and devout attention. No French artist is without motive or inclination to present his own view of the Maid of Orleans, but doubtless Lepage undertook the task with a peculiar ardor and sense of fitness, owing to the fact that he himself is of peasant stock, and from the same part of France as that in which Joan was born. He has, in this most sincere picture, painted his own country, his own flesh and blood. There is a sort of archaeology of the heart in Lepage's Joan—he has not looked up historical costumes or backgrounds, but has felt that he was close not only to the historical facts, but to the true spirit of the event, in placing the scene in the yard of a peasant's cottage in his own native town.

The picture is interesting not merely because its moving story is so well told, but because it is a notable instance of the new movement in French art. Lepage is a striking example of an artist trained in the French orthodox academical traditions, but also strongly influenced by the doctrine and example of the protestants of Barbizon.

But let us here take up the story of his life, following almost literally the account by Paul Hourie, published in "*L'Estafette*" for March 22, 1880:

"Jules-Bastien Lepage was born at Damvillers, in the department of the Meuse, the 1st of November, 1850. His father imparted to him his own liking for drawing, and sought to develop his natural bent in this direction. When a child, little Bastien copied from the drawings of Bellanger and from other prints bought for his use. He became so fond of this study that it was difficult to induce him to do anything else, and he acquired an extraordinary dexterity for his age.

"At nine years old he was sent to the Verdun Seminary, where, for seven successive years, he easily carried off all the prizes for drawing. For a while, however, his career was undecided. His father, knowing the great sacrifices necessary to an artistic education, thought at first of sending him to St. Cyr, or the '*École Centrale*.' But his vocation was too strong, and one morning the young collegian awoke, crying, 'I, too, will be a painter.' Soon after, the father yielded to his son's desire and allowed him to go to Paris.

"Bastien Lepage arrived in the capital at the age of sixteen. Having for sole support the sum of twenty dollars a month sent him by his family, who had to bleed themselves to raise it, he decided to gain

a livelihood as quickly as possible and relieve his people of this burden. Gifted with an unusual energy and power of continuous work, he entered, as soon as he reached Paris, the postal service. He was obliged to be on foot at three in the morning to see to the going out of the letters. For eight months he lived this galley-slave existence. Finding that he was becoming perfectly exhausted, and that the postal service made him neglect the fine arts, he was obliged to retire.

"He did not despair, but went back to Damvillers, where he spent his holidays in study. Returning to Paris, he entered the studio of Cabanel. After a few months, he presented himself at the same time for competition at the Beaux Arts and at the municipal course of drawing in the Rue de l'École de Médecine. In both he was passed first. Until the middle of 1870 he remained in the studio of Cabanel, who did not fail to give him all the encouragement and advice in his power. He had hardly been a few months in the studio when he made his *début* at the *Salon* with the portrait of a friend.

"The war interrupted his studies. Our young painter shouldered a musket and enlisted in a company of *francs-tireurs*. He did his duty bravely, and as soon as the armistice was declared went to Damvillers to see the family, who were impatiently awaiting him. The Commune found him there, chained to his easel, trying to make up for lost time, painting portrait after portrait. The whole village sat for him. He made forty portraits that year, and, among others, one of his mother, of which he is justly proud.

"His fixed desire, when he got back to Paris, was to put an end, as soon as possible, to the sacrifices which his family were making for him. The friendship of an employé of a fashion journal brought him some drawings to do. Between whiles our artist knocks about Paris to find something interesting to sketch. Some of these sketches are little marvels, and show a real artistic temperament, full of feeling and originality.

"He went to each of the principal illustrated periodicals, the '*Monde Illustré*,' and '*L'Illustration*,' but he was rebuffed, and, after several fruitless attempts, he gave up trying to be understood by people who could not speak his language, and, after this, he did not aspire beyond the little work given him by the fashion journal. By a curious sarcasm of destiny, these very papers now smile upon the successful artist. They would doubtless accept with delight the very sketches which they formerly despised.

"During the winter of 1872, our young artist, who could not afford the luxury of models, painted from inspiration a picture in the Watteau style, representing women in the woods attacked by a cloud of little 'Loves.' The quality of this small canvas struck Cabanel, who defended it strongly against the attacks of the jury. The work was well received by the public, and among the critics Gonzague Privat saluted with real enthusiasm the *début* of an artist who was destined to make his mark. This picture came into the possession of a restaurant-keeper in the Rue Saint-Benoit, where Lepage had his meals. A whole year of food was its price. Painting began to be of some use to him; besides, the philanthropic tradesman had not made a bad bargain.

"Returning to Damvillers in the summer of 1873, Bastien Lepage profited by his holiday to paint his '*Grandfather's Portrait*.' He began, besides, a picture in the manner of Watteau. A peasant woman, seated by the road-side, having picked flow-

ers in a field, has stopped, weary; 'Loves' with harps and pipes fly around her, and she seems to hear a delicious melody which fills her with enchantment. This picture and the 'Grandfather's Portrait' were exhibited at the same time. The latter was one of the successes of the *Salon* of 1874. Every one remembers this old face with a mocking expression and eyes full of fun. This year the jury gave Lepage a third-class medal, and the State bought his picture for the Museum of Verdun. At this time he received his first important order, the portrait of M. Hayem. The time of sacrifices was now over, and one of the greatest joys of this excellent son was to carry himself the good news to his father. The months he spent at Damvillers were devoted to the portraits of his father and mother. At the same time he finished his "First Communion." In the winter he did his portrait of M. Hayem. These

traditions of these competitions. This injustice was later in part repaired by the same picture taking a third-class medal at the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

"In the summer we find Lepage again at Damvillers, making a study of a girl in the open air, and giving the finishing touches to the portraits of his father and mother. In the winter he received an order for the portrait of M. Wallon, then Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts—a difficult task, for it is no secret that the person called 'the father of the constitution' is unfortunate as regards appearance. * * * The artist, who is sincerity itself, painted M. Wallon as he saw him and as all knew him to be. This is enough to explain how Edmond About, in his "*Salon*" of 1878, seized the opportunity to gratify the dislike which he felt toward the public man by cleverly 'running' the painter,



OUTLINE DRAWING FROM LEPAGE'S PAINTING OF "JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE VOICES."

two works gained for him a second-class medal at the *Salon* of 1875.

"The 'First Communion' is a symphony in white. The face, dull and placid, shows at once thoughtfulness and surprise, and expresses well the feelings in the soul of the child.* As to the portrait of M. Hayem, he is very much alive, with a look of self-satisfaction, a smile, a natural pose. He is an easy-going bourgeois, as you might see him any day in the year. After this success, Lepage competed for the 'Grand Prix de Rome.' The subject was 'The Shepherds.' When the exhibition of the competing pictures was opened, all artistic Paris proclaimed Lepage the winner. But the prize was given to another. Doubtless, the jury could not forgive the artist for breaking with the conventional

who was, indeed, helpless. Marshal MacMahon, stopping before the portrait of his minister, judged the work with more justice. 'It is an astonishing likeness, but why did he want himself painted?'

"After the *Salon*, Bastien Lepage finished the portraits of his parents and began that of Lady L—. They were all exhibited in 1877, and won for the young master a frank recognition. In 1878, he exhibited at the Saint Armand Club a remarkable portrait of Madame Klotz.

"In the same year he sent to the *Salon* 'The Wheat-field,' a country scene of the most extreme fidelity, and a portrait of his friend André Theuriot, which was praised for its charming tones and exquisite delicacy.

"To the Universal Exhibition he sent the 'Grandfather,' 'The First Communion,' 'M. Hayem,' and the 'Shepherds.' This last won a third-class medal. Toward the end of 1878 he went to London, and

* This famous little picture is being engraved for a subsequent number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

was well received by the English artists. The Prince of Wales, to whom he was presented, ordered a portrait. . . . 'October,' and the portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, exhibited in 1879, sealed the reputation of the young master, and won for him the only recompense still open to him, 'The Cross of the Legion of Honor.' The delight of the public in the portrait of the great *comédienne* has never been forgotten. The same year he showed at the Saint Armand Club the portrait of his brother, who was then competing for the 'Prix de Rome,'—architectural division. Talent appears to run in the family. With his 'Joan of Arc' he sent to the *Salon* of 1880 a very fine portrait of M. Andrieux, *prefet de police*."

One point in the above sketch should be amplified. A reference was made to the circumstance in Henry Bacon's paper in *SCRIBNER* for March ("Glimpses of Parisian Art, III."). J. Alden Weir's account of it is that, when the prize of Rome was given to another student against the judgment of nearly all the artists and students in Paris, and the painting of the successful rival was found decorated with a painted laurel-wreath, one of the students, with a genuine laurel-wreath in his hands, was borne aloft on the shoulders of the crowd, and the wreath was hung by him on Lepage's picture, amid loud applause and cries of "The real laurel for Bastien!"

It was, as we have heard him say, during Lepage's studentship in the Latin Quarter that he was first attracted to Jean-François Millet, by means of the little prints exhibited in the shop windows. That he was strongly impressed by these and Millet's other work no one need be told who has watched his career, but if he were ever in danger of a tendency toward mere imitation, this danger is now past. We see in his work, besides the influence of Millet and the "Beaux Arts," a careful study of the manner of Holbein, as exemplified, for instance, in his portrait of the Prince of Wales. But in the "Joan of Arc," Lepage has not only fully discovered his own individuality, but he has reached a power of expression of a high order.

Those who, while according Lepage an exalted place among contemporary artists, still do not refuse to criticise his work, find in much of his painting a lack of sensitiveness with regard to beauty which is an element of weakness in his art. Such critics declare that Velasquez, in his "Æsop" and even in his dwarfs, does not afflict you with a sense of ugliness. We are glad to look at the presentment by Van Eyck or Holbein of the ugliest and most grotesque human beings. The early Italians, too, painted thoroughly ugly people, but always with a saving clause. But Lepage spares no one,

not even his own father and mother. All the ugliness of these good people is painfully detailed, and the beauty that must have existed in their countenances is not preserved on the canvas. The "Joan," if it has little or none of the fault referred to above, is still, perhaps, not quite impeccable. Seeing the picture, as we have, in four different rooms, under various circumstances and in different lights, we still cannot defend it against the charge of spottiness. It is for artists to explain why its effect is not as single and simple as it should be; with all the knowledge displayed in its execution, there seems to be a confusion that should not exist. A fully satisfactory picture is a unit in its impression upon the retina and upon the memory, but in looking at the Joan, the eye is troubled until it rests upon the main figure. Yet how satisfactory, how spiritual, how restrained and exquisite in expression is this! Different in many ways, we should imagine, from the austere Millet, is the gay young Parisian who has painted the "Joan of Arc." And yet, broadly speaking, he is of the same stock as Millet—as Joan herself; and he has put into this work all the devotion to home and kindred, all the romance, all the religious passion, of the class from which he springs.

Along with whatever technical defects the picture may possess, are so many technical as well as other excellences that its presence in America will doubtless not be without good effect upon the large and earnest body of youthful artists and art-students. Though we have few "old masters" in our galleries, we have a number of the best examples of modern contemporary art. But here is the vigorous work of a man of the very age of the new generation of painters; a classmate and associate of many; the very latest product of what is perhaps the best contemporary school of art—using the word *school* not only for the "Beaux Arts," but for the sound and serious part of Parisian influence. The appeal of such a picture to our younger painters must be especially close, intimate, and provocative of emulation. Some of them may learn from it that, while actual drawing and painting, and the laborious drilling and cultivated observation that lead to proficiency, are the first things for an artist to consider, they are not the last and only things; that a work of art, to live at all, must take hold of the intellect; while to be still surer of lasting, it must go farther and reach through the intellect the human heart.

POEMS FROM A SCRAP-BOOK.*

NATURE.

GREAT Nature holds no fellowship with grief.
 Think not the wind is sighing through the sheaf
 For sorrow that the summer's race is run;
 Think not the falling rain and shrouded sun,
 Or the white scourge of frost laid on the ground,
 Are tokens that her pleasures are disowned
 From their brave empires in the earth and sky.
 No voice of naïad, when the stream is dry,
 Laments her pearly fish and cool-leaved cresses;
 No dryad waileth when the goodly tresses
 Of the green forest-tree are shorn with fire—
 Ye poets lean to her with strong desire,
 And are beloved! Yet though ye all should die,
 That live now in the favors of her eye,
 For praising her with affluent, golden speech,
 The best of you once gone, she would not reach
 One sunbeam lower than the daisied mold,
 Nor heed at all that ye were dark and cold!
 And well 'tis known she gives her birds to sing
 Jubilant things, when down on broken wing
 Ye waver from your happy morning skies,
 Moans on your lips and clouds before your eyes.
 Yet while ye live and are not hurt at heart,
 She is your fellow-reveler and will part
 Her mantle with you, pour out nectar drink,
 And lead you, wondering, to the very brink
 Of gulfy mysteries, that delight you trembling!
 Or when her giant tempests are assembling,
 Uptake you in her chariot and drive
 A breathless course where red-armed lightnings
 strive;
 And show the forge where thunder-bolts are cast
 And Cyclops toiling—when the smoke blows past!
 Or she will read those scrolls gray trees have
 shed,
 Divining what shall chance when they are dead,
 Or out of rocks, with runic seal inscribed,
 Draw strains of music—every wind is bribed
 To tell you what their silver trumpets say,
 Blown at red evening of an autumn day!

POVERTY.

O POVERTY, if thou and I must wed,
 I'll surely try to sing thee into fame;
 I'll call thee many a high-descended name,
 To shed a luster on thy dowerless head;
 Say thou'rt a royal maiden, Spartan bred,
 Early bound out to a harsh foster dame,
 My keen-eyed Hardihood! A worthy shame
 I'll have of all those cates on which I fed
 Before I found a zest for thy plain food.
 I laugh to think how we shall entertain
 Our friends from Sybaris, with all their train,
 On nuts and berries from the underwood:
 We'll have our floor with rushes daily strewed,
 And patch the roof with boughs against the rain.

FROST.

How small a tooth hath mined the season's heart;
 How cold a touch hath set the wood on fire,
 Until it blazes like a costly pyre

Built for some Ganges emperor, old and swart,
 Soul-sped on clouds of incense! Whose the art
 That webs the streams, each morn, with silver
 wire,

Delicate as the tension of a lyre?
 Whose falchion pries the chestnut-bur apart?
 It is the Frost; a rude and Gothic sprite,
 Who doth unbuild the summer's palaced wealth,
 And puts her dear loves all to sword or flight;
 Yet in the hushed, unmindful winter's night,
 The spoiler builds again with jealous stealth,
 And sets a mimic garden, cold and bright.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

SHUTTLE of the sunburnt grass,
 Fifer in the dun cuirass,
 Fifing shrilly in the morn,
 Shrilly still, at eve unworn;
 Now to rear, now in the van,
 Gayest of the elfin clan:—
 Though I watch their rustling flight,
 I can never guess aright
 Where their lodging-places are;
 'Mid some daisy's golden star,
 Or beneath a roofing leaf,
 Or in fringes of a sheaf,
 Tenanted as soon as bound!
 Loud thy reveille doth sound;
 When the earth is laid asleep,
 And her dreams are passing deep,
 On mid-August afternoons;
 And through all the harvest moons—
 Nights brimmed up with honeyed peace,
 Thy gainsaying doth not cease!
 When the frost comes, thou art dead—
 We along the stubble tread,
 On blue, frozen morns, and note
 No least marmur as afloat;
 Wondrous still our fields are then,
 Fifer of the elfin men!

TO SLEEP.

LIGHT Vanisher, all weary as I am,
 Uplift me now, and let us be away!
 Find out those regions where our angels stay
 When they attend not here; meadows of calm,
 With lilies bloomed, and bee-contenting balm,—
 The stream-side violet, and the dancing fay!
 Or, dost thou show me a fair, courtly fray,
 Plumed knights, gay steeds, and waving oriflamme?
 Sometimes thou leav'st us laughing on the night,
 In wondrous vacant mirth, sometimes in tears,
 Wide-eyed, and groping for the window light;
 And often with strange music in our ears,
 Born of the sky on some old, fabled height,
 Voices of spirits, or the morning spheres.

A SONNET ON THE SONNET.

GRANT me twice seven splendid words, O Muse
 (Like jewel pauses on a rosary chain,
 To tell us where the *aves* start again);

* By permission of the author,—a writer whose work is not yet familiar to magazine readers,—these poems are reprinted from the Cleveland "Leader" and "Herald" and the Geneva (O.) "Times," for which they were written. Miss Thomas has also contributed occasionally to the New York "Graphic," the Cincinnati "Commercial," and the Indianapolis "Herald."

Of these, in each verse, one I mean to use—
 Like Theseus in the labyrinth—for clues
 To help lost Fancy striving in the brain;
 And, Muse, if thou wilt still so kindly deign,
 Make my rhymes move by courtly twos and twos!
 Oh, pardon, shades of Avon and Vaulcuse,
 This rush-light burning where your lamps yet
 shine;
 A sonnet should be like the cygnet's cruise
 On polished waters; or like smooth old wine,
 Or earliest honey, garnered in May dews—
 And all be laid before some fair love's shrine!

EXILES.

THEY both are exiles: he who sailed
 Great circles of the day and night,
 Until the vapory bank unveiled
 A land of palm-trees fair to sight.

They both are exiles; she who still
 Seems to herself to watch, ashore,
 The wind, too fain, his canvas fill,
 The sunset burning close before.

He has no sight of Saxon face,
 He hears a language harsh and strange;
 She has not left her native place,
 Yet all has undergone a change.

They both are exiles; nor have they
 The same stars shining in their skies;
 His night-fall is her dawn of day,
 His day springs westward from her eyes!

Each says apart,—There is no land
 So far, so vastly desolate,
 But, had we sought it hand in hand,
 We both had blessed the driving fate.

EQUINOX.

"The night of time far exceedeth the day; who knows when
 was the equinox?"

FIRST, winds of March must blow, and rains must
 beat,
 Thick airs blend wood and field and distant hill,
 Before the heavy sky has wept its fill;
 And, like a creeping sloth, the chill must eat
 Down close to Nature's core; in dull repeat
 The days move on with scant light, until,
 Far shining from his western window-sill,
 Some evening sun full face to face we meet!
 And then we say the line is crossed: the feud
 Between Old Night and Day adjusted stands,
 As in a balance swung by airy hands
 Above the clouds. Our fancies are but crude,
 And lightly gossip of infinitude:
 None knows how wide the arch of Night expands!

A REVENGE.

LO! I will hate my enemy, yet breathe
 No curse to bring the lightning on his head,
 Or break the earth in pitfalls; I will tread
 Anear his sleep and keep my wrong in sheath;
 So David bent o'er Saul, couched on the heath
 In woody Ziph, and there he might have sped
 The dreaming soul to greet the unjust dead,
 But left him to that fate he stooped beneath.
 O Heaven, there is but one revenge full sweet—
 That thou shouldst slay him in my memory,
 Whose bitter words and ways abide with me;
 Then, for all surety that we shall not meet
 In the overworld, make thou my spirit's feet
 Move trackless through the blessed nebulae!

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

THE Westminster play is usually given on three nights, a week or so before Christmas. These separate performances are not more than two or three days apart. On the first night the play is given alone; on the last two nights it is given with a prologue and epilogue. Not long ago, I was present on the second night. It is rather difficult to get tickets, but, through the kindness of one of the masters, I obtained an invitation and a good seat. The play is given in the great dormitory of the school, the boys sleeping about anywhere during the six weeks of its preparation,—some, I believe, under the flight of steps which forms the seats of the audience. The floor just in front of the stage is occupied by ladies, old scholars, and invited persons. Among these last are often diplomates, it having been long the custom to send invitations to foreign ministers. The raised seats behind are also

devoted to invited guests. The boys are in the extreme rear, and occupy what may be called the loft, where they act as a claque. There is but one piece of scenery, which is a beautiful representation of Athens. Elaborate house scenery is unnecessary, the incidents of the ancient Greek play being always supposed to take place in the street.

On the occasion of my seeing the play, after the entrance of the head-master and distinguished guests, the captain of the school, dressed in the academic costume,—a gown, knee-breeches, stockings, etc.,—stepped forward and repeated a Latin prologue. This was, to my notion, as interesting as any part of the performance. The black scholastic dress became this young gentleman very well; he was tall, slight, and pale, and looked quite an ideal college prizeman. The topics of the prologue are usually the interesting events of

the past year, whether public or pertaining to the affairs of the school. There had been no prologue the year before, the play having been suspended on account of the death of the Princess Alice. Westminster, being a royal foundation, is, of course, bound to pay especial respect to these events; the prologue on the present occasion referred, therefore, to the changes and leading events of the two previous years. The topics were the death of the Princess Alice, the death of W. Ritchie—a town boy in the school—from a bicycle accident, the Afghan war, the South African war, Mr. Parnell and the Irish agitation, and the defects and merits of Plautus. The poet had his little jokes, which, although in Latin, were heartily laughed at,—perhaps were laughed at all the more on that account. I must say I love these scholastic jokes, when I understand them, or, indeed, when I do not: they are so simple and pleasant, and suit so well the academic atmosphere and the academic countenance. The jokes on this occasion were on the wet season and on Mr. Parnell. The following lines pertain to this subject:

"Quippe arvis coeli nocuit inclementia;
Nocent et turbæ terris ut in Hibernicis
Novus iste Gracchus saevit, ac spreta fide
Leges pro libito ferre vult agrarias,
Dum rapere properat quæ sacrum quæ publicum,"—

which, I believe, means that the rain has spoilt the crops, and that in Ireland Mr. Parnell has been acting the part of a new Gracchus. The following lines refer to the death of the Hon. S. W. P. Vereker, in South Africa. It would seem that this young man, but lately one of their own number, had, in a Zulu fight, unselfishly given up his horse to another, and yielded himself to certain death.

"Non sine sanguine Africa;
Unus ibi e nostris, nuper hinc missus puer,
Discrimine in supremo non sui memor,
Equum jam nactus, spem salutis unicam,
Commilitoni mox petenti tradidit
Moriturus ipse, jaculis et vitam dedit."

After the prologue came the play, which was on this occasion the "Trinummus" of Plautus. The comedies of Plautus and Terence are the only works represented at Westminster. These comedies are translations, more or less close, of Greek comic writers, such as Menander and Philemon. The "Trinummus" is the only one of the plays of Plautus suited to be acted before a modern audience. The plot of the play is as follows: *Charmides*, a rich Athe-

nian, who has lost a great deal of money through the misconduct of a spendthrift son, sails for foreign parts. This son, whose name is *Lesbonicus*, consumes the money left with him by his father and then puts up his father's house for sale. *Charmides*, at his departure, has intrusted to an old friend, *Callicles*, the care of his interests, and has requested him to look after his son and daughter; he informs him at the same time that he has buried in his house a treasure, to be used in case of need. Of the existence of this treasure *Lesbonicus*, of course, is not aware, and *Callicles*, in order to save it, buys the house from him. The fellow-citizens of *Callicles* charge him with a violation of the trust reposed in him by *Charmides*, and one *Megarionides* expostulates with him concerning his bad faith. To him *Callicles* imparts the reason of his action, and the existence of the treasure. In the meanwhile, the daughter of *Charmides* has been asked in marriage by *Lysiteles*, a very eligible young man, and the son of a wealthy person named *Philo*. But her brother *Lesbonicus* refuses to sanction the match without giving his sister a portion, and insists as a condition that *Lysiteles* shall receive a piece of land near the city, which is the last remnant of his fortune. This, however, *Lysiteles* refuses to accept. *Callicles*, at the suggestion of *Megarionides*, determines to give the young woman a dowry out of the treasure, but he does not wish *Lesbonicus* to know where the money comes from. Accordingly, he hires a sharper, who is instructed to bring him a thousand gold pieces from *Charmides* as a marriage portion for his daughter. *Charmides* unexpectedly returns to Athens, and finds the sharper on his pretended errand to the house of *Callicles*. The sharper explains his errand and attempts to impose upon *Charmides*, who at last discovers himself. *Charmides* then meets his slave *Stasimus*, who informs him of the sale of his house to *Callicles*. *Charmides* thence infers that *Callicles* has been false to him, and on meeting him upbraids him with his conduct. He afterward learns the truth and applauds the fidelity of his friend. He then bestows his daughter on *Lysiteles*, with a portion of a thousand gold pieces, forgives his son *Lesbonicus*, and marries him to the daughter of *Callicles*.

The prologue, written by Plautus, is called "Luxury and Poverty." They are represented as two females in classical dress. The parts were acted by two young men.

Luxury seemed an extremely tall young woman, with a blooming cheek and a deep voice. She had a wreath upon her head, and a very smart dress. They appear before the house of *Charmides*. *Luxury* says to the audience that *Poverty* is her daughter, and that she has given her to live with *Lesbonicus* all his life. One scene serves through the entire piece, which is a street in Athens, with the house of *Charmides* on one side, and of *Philo* on the other.

With regard to the play itself, I am bound to say that, if placed on the London boards and compelled to rely upon its intrinsic attraction to a modern audience, it could not well hold its own against "*Pinafore*" or "*Madame Favart*." It was followed by old scholars with their Plautuses. I suppose the cleverest of them found it hardly as pleasant as sitting in the stalls and looking at Miss Ellen Terry or Miss Kate Vaughan. But the play is for the school-boys a capital exercise and is for the spectator "a thing to do"; it gives the unlearned an idea of what a Roman play was, which he would not be apt to get from reading the authors. The young gentlemen knew their parts remarkably well, and brought out the strong points with great emphasis. *Stasimus*, the slave of *Lesbonicus*, was particularly spirited, though he did appear to treat his master with too much familiarity.

The achievements of Dr. Schliemann appear to have suggested the subject of the epilogue. *Callicles* re-appears as a great antiquary. To him enters *Charmides*, to whom he exhibits the results of his excavations upon the site of ancient Troy. *Callicles* thus expresses his preference for the pursuits of the excavator (it will be seen that he is not afraid of slang—*superas artes* is to be translated into "high art"):

"Sectetur superas quivis excelsior artes
Sed mavult mea mens inferiora sequi."

Among the treasures exhibited is a golden cup. There enters a sycophant, who picks up the cup, admires it, and finally runs away with it. *Callicles* calls loudly for the police—"Custodes urbis adeste!" *Charmides* observes that they are never to be found, excepting in the areas flirting with the maids.

"Nusquam sunt? ut mos, deseruere vias!
Area subtus habet!"

Lysiteles arrives from Pompeii with some spoils of his own. *Callicles* and *Lysiteles* express their contempt each for the other's

discoveries there. Then appear four ghosts, who applaud the classical enthusiasm of *Callicles* and commend to his guardianship Busby's "Thesaurus" and the Westminster play.

Apart from the veneration which would be naturally felt for the antiquity of the play and the affection of the old scholars of Westminster for its associations, it is believed to be really useful. It is thought to help the scholars to be good speakers. Dr. Hautrey, when provost of Eton, said: "I wish I could get Eton boys to speak as well as Westminster boys do." Some of the young actors have at various times earned a considerable reputation for themselves. In 1730, one George Lewis performed the character of *Ignoramus* so well that he afterward was distinguished by the name of Ignoramus Lewis. Garrick was present at the "*Andria*" in 1765, and was so delighted with the acting of one young gentleman in the part of the comic slave, *Davus*, that he presented him with a free admission to his theater. But the play also educated certain scholars to make their mark as actors or as authors in the real English drama. Barton Booth, a member of an old Lancashire family, who had been intended for the church, left Westminster for the stage and became one of the most distinguished tragedians of his time. His performance, at fourteen years of age, of the part of *Pamphilus*, in the "*Andria*," was, we are told, the "delight of Busby's declining years." At seventeen he ran away from school and joined some strolling players in Dublin; the mortification of his father was intense, who said that "old Busby had poisoned the boy with his dying breath." There is no doubt that Booth's early triumphs on the little Westminster stage had determined his career for him; Westminster was very proud of him. The Colemans, elder and younger, were Westminster boys. Among authors for the stage was Ben Jonson. It is not known of him, however, whether he exhibited his dramatic abilities while at school. But Cowley, when twelve years of age, wrote a play called "*Constantia and Phileton*," which he dedicated to the then head-master, Osbaldiston.

It is to Nowell, who was head-master in the reign of Henry VIII., that the performance of the plays of Terence and Plautus is to be ascribed. Previous to that time the work of mediæval dramatists had been played in English public schools. Little is known of the early performance of the Latin comedy at Westminster. Queen Eliz-

abeth is said to have been present on one occasion. Great pains have always been taken with the play. The scenery has been improved from time to time. Until within a half-century, the dress of the actors has been the dress of the time—the dress with which we are familiar in the illustrations to "Esmond" and "The Virginians." But during the head-mastership of Dr. Williamson, the present classical costumes were introduced; these have been improved in richness and elegance by the wives of succeeding head-masters.

The best talent of the school, both among masters and scholars, has always been given to the preparation of the epilogue. Many of the epilogues have been much admired. These have been gathered together into the pages of "*Lusus Alteri Westmonasteriensis*." Mr. Lucas Collins, to whose excellent work on the English public schools the writer is indebted for much information, cites some amusing specimens. In 1779, a Mr. Adam, a member of Parliament, challenged Mr. Fox because the latter had made some remarks in the House concerning the knavery of government contractors. Fox was struck, but the bullet did not penetrate beneath his waistcoat. When Mr. Adam hoped he "was not much hurt," Fox said: "Oh, no, there's no harm done; it's only government powder." "*Phormis*" was played that year at Westminster. In the epilogue, *Phormio* appeared in the character of a contractor. His boast of the innocence of his gunpowder drew shouts of laughter both from the Whigs and Tories of Westminster. When the "*Trinummus*" was played in 1863, the ghost of *Busby* was introduced into the epilogue. *Busby* expresses the horror with which he has heard of the proposal to sell the old place and remove into the country. He tells them that he has buried a treasure underneath; on digging for it, they discover a gigantic rod. A very large part of the wit of the scholastic and even of general English literature relates to this implement. Queen Elizabeth, when on a visit to Westminster, asked one of the scholars whether he had had any practical knowledge of the famous rod of that institution, which was of a peculiar construction. The boy replied readily by a quotation from Virgil:

"Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem,"

which Dryden has translated:

"Great Queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate."

The present college of St. Peter's, Westminster, dates from the time of Henry VIII. It has had a long course of success, enjoying great reputation and producing many famous men. But it is said to have been, for years past, on the decline, owing, mainly, to its position. The growth of London leaves it now very nearly in the heart of the City. The list of its famous scholars is imposing. It includes Ben Jonson, Cowley, South, John Locke, Lord Halifax, Atterbury, Prior, Rowe, Lord Mansfield, Warren Hastings, and Cowper. It will be observed in this list that the poets far outnumber the legislators. This, perhaps, was not to be expected. If you go to the speaker's gallery in the House of Commons you may see two or three boys in cap and gown walk in and take their seats as if by right, though the rest of the world must get in by an order; the usher will tell you that tradition gives Westminster boys the privilege of witnessing the debates in Parliament. One would expect, therefore, that Westminster would have produced debaters. But this has not been the case. The garden prepared for the production of politicians has turned out a nursery of poets.

The Westminster boys have also a right to a place at coronations, which, of course, take place in the abbey. It appears to be their duty to raise a clamor in honor of the new monarch. There are many who remember the hearty shout raised at the last coronation, of "*Vivat Victoria Regina!*" Westminster, by the way, has always been a very loyal school. Both masters and scholars were strongly on the royal side during the civil war, and Charles I. was prayed for in the school on the morning of his execution. Dean Stanley, in his book on Westminster Abbey, refers to Dr. South's recollection of this striking incident: "On that very day" (says South in one of his sermons), "that black and eternally infamous day of the King's murder, I myself heard, and am now a witness, that the King was publicly prayed for in the school but an hour or two, at most, before his sacred head was struck off." "The school," says the old preacher, rousing himself with the recollection of those stirring days of his boyhood, "made good its claim to that glorious motto of its royal foundress—*Semper Eadem*—the temper and genius of it being neither to be tempted with promises nor controlled with threats." * * * Busby, who was head-master during this period, was a staunch loyalist. At the coronation

of Charles II., he had the honor to carry the ampulla. He had also the honor of escorting the King over his school; it was on this occasion that he is said to have kept his hat on in the King's presence, explaining that it would never do to let the boys believe that there was a greater man in the world than himself. Busby was head-master at Westminster for fifty-seven years. He entered on the office in 1638, and held it till his death, at the age of nearly ninety. His name has become a synonym for severity. There is no doubt, however, that he was a great and successful school-master.

We have seen the shade of Busby evoked with which to rebuke the profane proposal to remove the school into the country. On every ground of sentiment and association

the removal is naturally resisted. It is advocated by some on the ground that the school has gone down very much of late years; it is said that there has been a great diminution in numbers; that the families which formerly supported it now send their boys to Eton and Harrow; that Westminster boys no longer carry off the great prizes at the universities. It is also said that the neighborhood is bad both for the health and the morals of the boys. Should the removal of the school be decided upon, it is certain, at any rate, that the play will not be allowed to die. The college, if compelled to leave behind it a portion of its ancient glories, will cling with all the more tenacity to this most unique and famous feature of its history.

A RAINY DAY WITH UNCLE REMUS.

I.

MR. FOX AND MISS GOOSE.

It was raining so that Uncle Remus found it impossible to go out. The storm had begun, the old man declared, just as the chickens were crowing for day, and it had continued almost without intermission. The dark, gray clouds had blotted out the sun, and the leafless limbs of the tall oaks surrendered themselves drearily to the fantastic gusts that drove the drizzle fitfully before them. Mrs. Huntingdon, to whom Uncle Remus professes to owe allegiance, had been thoughtful of the old man, and Tildy, the house-girl, had been commissioned to carry him his breakfast. This arrangement came to the knowledge of Mrs. Huntingdon's little boy, and he lost no time in obtaining permission to accompany Tildy.

Uncle Remus made a great demonstration over the thoughtful kindness of his "Miss Sally."

"Ef she aint one blessid w'ite 'oman," he said, in his simple, fervent way, "den dey aint none un um 'roun' in deze parts."

With that, he addressed himself to the breakfast, while the little boy sat by and eyed him with that familiar curiosity common to children. Finally, the youngster disturbed the old man with an inquiry:

"Uncle Remus, do geese stand on one leg all night, or do they sit down to sleep?"

"Tooby sho' dey does, honey; dey sets

down same ez you does. Co'se, dey don't cross der legs," he added, cautiously, "kaze dey sets down right flat-footed."

"Well, I saw one the other day, and he was standing on one foot, and I watched him and watched him, and he kept on standing there."

"Ez ter dat," responded Uncle Remus, "dey mout stan' on one foot an drap off ter sleep en fergit derse'f. Deze yer geeses," he continued, wiping the crumbs from his beard with his coat-tail, "is mighty cu'us fowls; deyer mighty cu'us. In ole times, dey wuz 'mong de big-bugs, en in dem days, w'en ole Miss Goose gun a dinin', all de quality wuz dere. Likewise, en needer wuz dey stuck-up, kaze wid all der kyar'n's on, Miss Goose wer'n't too proud fer ter take in washin' fer de neighborhoods, en she make money, en git slick en fat like ole Aunt Ferraby."

"Dis de way marters stan' w'en one day, Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit, dey wuz settin' up at de cotton-patch, one on one side er de fence, en t'er one on t'er side, gwine on wid wunner n'er, w'en fus' news dey know, dey year sump'n—*blim, blim, blim!*"

"Brer Fox, he ax w'at dat fuss is, en Brer Rabbit, he up'n 'spon' dat it's ole Miss Goose down at de spring. Den Brer Fox, he up'n ax w'at she doin', en Brer Rabbit, he say, sezee, dat she battlin' cloze."

"Battling clothes, Uncle Remus?" said the little boy.

"Dat w'at dey call it dem days, honey."

Deze times, dey rubs cloze on deze yer bodes w'at's got furrers in um, but dem days dey des tuck'n tuck de cloze en lay um out on a bench, en ketch holt er de battlin'-stick en natally paddle de fillin' outen um.

"W'en Brer Fox year dat ole Miss Goose wuz down dar dabblin' in soapsuds en washin' cloze, he sorter lick his chops, en 'low dat some er deze odd-come-shorts he gwineter call en pay his 'specks. De minnit he say dat, Brer Rabbit, he know sump'n 'uz up, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he 'speck he better whirl in en have some fun w'iles it gwine on. Bimeby, Brer Fox up'n say ter Brer Rabbit, dat he bleedzd ter be movin' 'long todes home, en wid dat dey bofe say good-bye.

"Brer Fox, he put out ter whar his fambly wuz, but Brer Rabbit, he slip 'roun', he did, en call on ole Miss Goose. Ole Miss Goose she wuz down at de spring, washin', en b'ilin', en battlin' cloze, but Brer Rabbit he march up en ax her howdy, en den she tuck'n ax Brer Rabbit howdy.

"'I'd shake han's 'long wid you, Brer Rabbit,' sez she, 'but dey er all full er suds,' sez she.

"'No marter 'bout dat, Miss Goose,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'so long ez yo' will's good,' sezee.

"A goose with hands, Uncle Remus!" the little boy exclaimed.

"How you know goose aint got han's?" Uncle Remus inquired, with a frown. "Is you bin sleepin' longer ole man Know-All? Little mo' en you'll up'n stan' me down dat snakes aint got no footses, and yit you take en lay a snake down yer 'fo' de fier, en his footses 'll come out right 'fo' yo' eyes."

Uncle Remus paused here, but presently continued:

"Atter ole Miss Goose en Brer Rabbit done pass de time er day wid wunner n'er, Brer Rabbit, he ax 'er, he did, how she come on deze days, en Miss Goose say mighty po'ly.

"'I'm gittin' stiff en I'm gittin' clumpy,' sez she, 'en mo'n dat I'm gittin' bline,' sez she. 'Des 'fo' you happen 'long, Brer Rabbit, I drap my specks in de tub yer, en ef you'd 'a' come 'long 'bout dat time,' says ole Miss Goose, sez she, 'I lay I'd er tuck you fer dat nasty, owdashus Brer Fox, en it ud er bin a born blessin' ef I hadn't er scald you wid er pan er b'ilin' suds,' sez she. 'I'm dat glad I foun' my specks I dunner w'at ter do,' sez ole Miss Goose, sez she.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he up'n say dat bein's how Sis Goose done fotch up Brer Fox

name, he got sump'n fer ter tell 'er, en den he let out 'bout Brer Fox gwine ter call on 'er.

"'He comin',' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'he comin' sho, en w'en he come hit'll be des 'fo' day,' sezee.

"Wid dat, ole Miss Goose wipe 'er han's on 'er apun, en put 'er specks up on 'er forrerd, en look like she done got trouble in 'er mine.

"'Laws-a-massy!' sez she, 'spozen he come, Brer Rabbit! W'at I gwine do? En dey aint a man 'bout de house,' sez she.

"Den Brer Rabbit, he shot one eye, en he say, sezee:

"'Sis Goose, de time done come w'en you bleedzd ter roos' high. You look like you got de dropsy,' sezee, 'but don't mine dat, kaze ef you don't roos' high, your goner,' sezee.

"Den ole Miss Goose ax Brer Rabbit w'at she gwine do, en Brer Rabbit, he up en tell Miss Goose dat she mus' go home en tie up a bundle er de w'ite folks' cloze, en put um on de bed, en den she mus' clime up on a rafter, en let Brer Fox grab de cloze en run off wid um.

"Ole Miss Goose say she much 'bleege, en she tuck'n tuck her things en waddle off home, en dat night she do like Brer Rabbit say wid de bundle er cloze, en den she sont wud ter Mr. Dog, en Mr. Dog he come down, en say he'd sorter set up wid 'er.

"Des 'fo' day, yer come Brer Fox creepin' up, en he went en push on de do' easy, en de do' open, en he see sump'n w'ite on de bed w'ich he tuck fer Miss Goose, en he grab it en run. 'Bout dat time, Mr. Dog sail out from under de house, he did, en ef Brer Fox hadn't er drapt de cloze, he'd er got kotch. Fum dat, wud went 'roun' dat Brer Fox bin tryin' ter steal Miss Goose cloze, en he come mighty nigh losin' his stannin' at Miss Meadows. Down ter dis day," Uncle Remus continued, preparing to fill his pipe, "Brer Fox b'leeve dat Brer Rabbit wuz de 'casion er Mr. Dog bein' in de neighborhoods at dat time er night, en Brer Rabbit aint 'spute it. De bad feelin' 'twix' Brer Fox en Mr. Dog start right dar, en hit's bin agwine on twel now dey aint git in smellin' distuns er wunner n'er widout ders a row."

II.

MR. FOX CATCHES MR. HORSE.

THERE was a pause after the story of old Miss Goose. The culmination was hardly

sensational enough to win the hearty applause of the little boy, and this fact appeared to have a depressing influence upon Uncle Remus. As he leaned slightly forward, gazing into the depths of the great fireplace, his attitude was one of pensiveness.

"I 'speck I done wo' out my welcome up at de house," he said, after a while. "I mos' knows I is," he continued, settling himself resignedly in his deep-bottomed chair. "Kaze dat las' night, w'iles you wuz sick, en I went 'n' sot up wid you, I had my eye on Miss Sally mighty nigh de whole blessid time, en w'en you see Miss Sally rustlin' 'roun' makin' like she fixin' things up dar on de mantle-shelf, en bouncin' de cheers 'roun', en breshin' dus' where dey aint no dus', en flyin' 'roun' singin' sorter louder dan common, den I des knows sumpin' done gone en rile 'er."

"Why, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy; "mamma was just glad because I was getting well."

"Mout er bin," the old man remarked, in a tone that was far from implying conviction. "Ef 'twa'n't dat, den she wuz gittin' tired er seein' me lounjun' 'roun', up dar night atter night, en ef 'twa'n't dat, den she wuz watchin' a chance fer ter preach ter yo' pa. Oh, I done bin know Miss Sally long fo' yo' pa is!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, in response to the astonishment depicted upon the child's face. "I bin knowin' 'er sence she wuz so high, en endurin' er all dat time I aint seed no mo' up'n spoken 'oman dan w'at Miss Sally is."

"But dat aint needer yer ner dar. You done got yo' strenk back, en now youk'n rush down yer des like you useter, en we kin set yer en smoke, en tell tales, en study up 'musement same like we wuz gwine on 'fo' dem doctor mens got der claspers on you. Ef dey wuz Brer Fox," the old man continued, "w'ich dey er mighty nigh it, en I wuz ole Brer Rabbit, w'ich I aint 'sputin' dat I got some er de symptoms, I lay I'd gin dem doctor mens one settin' up—I sho'ly would."

"I mines me er one time"—with an infectious laugh—"w'en ole Brer Rabbit got Brer Fox in de wuss trouble w'at a man wuz mos' ever got in yit, an' dat 'uz w'en he fool 'im 'bout de hoss. Aint I never tell you 'bout dat? But no marter ef I is. Hoe-cake aint cook done twel hit's turnt over a couple er times."

"Well, atter Brer Fox done git rested fum keepin' out er de way er Mr. Dog, en sorter ketch up wid his rations, he say ter

hisse'f dat he be dog his cats ef he don't slorate ole Brer Rabbit ef it take 'im a mont'; en dat, too, on top er all de 'spe'unce w'at he done bin had wid um. Brer Rabbit he sorter git win' er dis, en one day, w'iles he gwine 'long de road studyin' how he gwineter hol' his hand wid Brer Fox, he see a great big hoss layin' stretch out flat on his side in de pastur'; en he tuck'n crope up, he did, fer ter see ef dish yer hoss done gone en die. He crope up en he crope 'roun', en bimeby he see de hoss switch his tail, en den Brer Rabbit know he aint dead. Wid dat, Brer Rabbit lope back ter de big road, en mos' de fus' man w'at he see gwine on by wuz Brer Fox, en Brer Rabbit he tuck atter 'im, en holler:

"Brer Fox! Oh, Brer Fox! Come back! I got some good news fer you. Come back, Brer Fox,' sezee."

"Brer Fox, he tu'n 'roun', he did, en w'en he see who callin' 'im, he come gallopin' back, kaze it seem like dat des ez gooder time ez any fer ter nab Brer Rabbit; but 'fo' he git in nabbin' distance, Brer Rabbit he up'n say, sezee:

"Come on, Brer Fox! I done fine de place whar you kin lay in fresh meat 'nuff fer ter las' you plum twel de middle er nex' year,' sezee."

"Brer Fox, he ax wharabouts, en Brer Rabbit, he say, right over dar in de pastur', en Brer Fox ax w'at is it, en Brer Rabbit, he say w'ich 'twuz a whole hoss layin' down on de groun' whar dey could ketch 'im en tie 'im. Wid dat, Brer Fox, he say come on, en off dey put."

"W'en dey got dar, sho' nuff, dar lay de hoss all stretch out in de sun, fas' 'sleep, en den Brer Fox en Brer Rabbit, dey had a 'spute 'bout how dey gwineter fix de hoss so he can't git loose. One say one way en de yuther say n'er way, en dar dey had it, twel atter w'ile Brer Rabbit, he say, sezee:

"De onliest plan w'at I knows un, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'is fer you ter git down dar en lemme tie you ter de hoss' tail, en den, w'en he try ter git up, you kin hol' 'im down,' sezee. 'Ef I wuz big man like w'at you is,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'you mout tie me ter dat hoss' tail, en ef I didn't hol' 'im down, den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. I des knows you kin hol' 'im down,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but yit, ef you 'feared, we des better drap dad idee en study out some yuther plan,' sezee."

"Brer Fox sorter jubus 'bout dis, but he bleedzd ter play biggity 'fo' Brer Rabbit, en he tuck'n 'gree ter de progance, en den

Brer Rabbit, he tuck'n tie Brer Fox ter de hoss' tail, en atter he git 'im tie dar hard en fas', he sorter step back, he did, en put his han's 'kimbo, en grin, en den he say, sezee:

"Ef ever dey wuz a hoss kotch, we done kotch dis un. Look sorter like we done put de bridle on de wrong een', sezee, 'but I lay Brer Fox is got de strenk fer ter hol 'im, sezee.

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit cut 'im a long switch en trim it up, en w'en he get it fix, up he step en hit de hoss a rap—*pow!* De hoss 'uz dat s'prise at dat kinder doin's dat he make one jump, en lan' on his footses. W'en he do dat, dar wuz Brer Fox danglin' in de a'r, en Brer Rabbit, he dart out de way en holler:

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! Hol' 'im down! I'll stan' out yer en see fa'r play. Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox!' sezee.

"Co'se, w'en de hoss feel Brer Fox hangin' dar onter his tail, he thunk sump'n cu'us wuz de marter, en dis make 'im jump en r'ar wusser en wusser, en he shake up Brer Fox same like he wuz rag in de win', en Brer Rabbit, he jump en holler:

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! Hol' 'im down! You got 'im now, sho'. Hol' yo' grip, en hol' 'im down, sezee.

"De hoss, he jump en he hump, en he rip en he r'ar, en he snort en he t'ar. But yit Brer Fox hung on, en still Brer Rabbit skip 'roun' en holler:

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! You got 'im whar he can't needer back ner squall. Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox,' sezee.

"Bimeby, w'en Brer Fox git chance, he holler back, he did:

"'How in de name er goodness I gwine-ter hol' de hoss down 'less I git my claw in de groun'?"

"Den Brer Rabbit, he stan' back little fudder en holler little louder:

"Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox! Hol' 'im down! You got 'im now, sho'! Hol' 'im down!'

"Bimeby de hoss 'gun ter kick wid his behime legs, en de fus' news you know, he fetch Brer Fox a lick in de stomach dat fa'rly make 'im squall, en den he kick 'im ag'in, en dis time he break Brer Fox loose, en sont 'im a-whirlin'; en Brer Rabbit, he keep on a-jumpin' 'roun' en hollerin':

"'Hol' 'im down, Brer Fox!'

"Did the fox get killed, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"He wa'n't 'zackly kilt, honey," replied the old man, "but he wuz de nex' do' ter't. He 'uz all broke up, en w'iles he 'uz gittin'

well, hit sorter come 'cross his min' dat Brer Rabbit done play n'er game on 'im."

III.

MR. RABBIT AND THE LITTLE GIRL.

"WHAT did the Rabbit do after that?" the little boy asked, presently.

"Now, den, you don't wanten push ole Brer Rabbit too close," replied Uncle Remus, significantly. "He mighty tender-footed creetur, en de mo' w'at you push 'im, de fudder he lef' you."

There was prolonged silence in the old man's cabin, until, seeing that the little boy was growing restless enough to cast several curious glances in the direction of the tool-chest in the corner, Uncle Remus lifted one leg over the other, scratched his head reflectively, and began:

"One time, atter Brer Rabbit done bin trompin' 'roun' huntin' up some sallid fer ter make out his dinner wid, he fine hisse'f in de neighborhoods er Mr. Man house, en he pass 'long twel he come ter de gyardin-gate, en nigh de gyardin-gate he see Little Gal playin' 'roun' in de san'. W'en Brer Rabbit look 'twix' de gyardin-palin's en see de colluds, en de sparrer-grass, en de yuther gyardin truck growin' dar, hit make he mouf water. Den he take en walk up ter de Little Gal, Brer Rabbit did, en pull his roach,* en bow, en scrape his foot, en talk mighty nice en slick.

"'Howdy, Little Gal,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee; 'how you come on?' sezee.

"Den de Little Gal, she 'spon' howdy, she did, en she ax Brer Rabbit how he come on, en Brer Rabbit, he 'low he mighty po'ly, en den he ax ef dis de Little Gal w'at 'er pa live up dar in de big w'ite house, w'ich de Little Gal, she up'n say twer'. Brer Rabbit, he say he mighty glad, kaze he des bin up dar fer to see 'er pa, en he say dat 'er pa, he sont 'im out dar fer ter tell de Little Gal dat she mus' open de gyardin-gate so Brer Rabbit kin go in en git some truck. Den de Little Gal, she jump 'roun' she did, en she open de gate, en wid dat, Brer Rabbit, he hop in, he did, en got 'im a mess er greens, en hop out ag'in, en w'en he gwine off he make his bow, he did, en tell de Little Gal dat he much 'bleege, en den atter dat he put out fer home.

"Nex' day, Brer Rabbit, he hide out, he did, twel he see de Little Gal come out ter

* Top-knot, foretop.

play, en den he put up de same tale, en walk off wid a n'er mess er truck, en hit keep on dis away, twel bimeby Mr. Man, he 'gun ter miss his greens, en he keep on a-missin' un um, twel he gotter excusin' eve'ybody on de place er 'stroyin' un um, en w'en dat come ter pas', de Little Gal, she up'n say:

"My goodness, pa! sez she, 'you done tole Mr. Rabbit fer ter come en make me let 'im in de gyardin atter some greens, en aint he done come en ax me, en aint I done gone en let 'im in?' sez she.

"Mr. Man aint hatter study long 'fo' he see how de lan' lay, en den he laff, en tell de Little Gal dat he done gone en disremember all 'bout Mr. Rabbit, en den he up'n say, sezee:

"Nex' time Mr. Rabbit come, you tak'n tu'n 'im in, en den you run des ez fas' ez you kin en come en tell me, kaze I got some bizness wid dat young chap dat's 'bleeged ter be 'tend ter,' sezee.

"Sho nuff, nex' mawnin' dar wuz de Little Gal playin' 'roun', en yer come Brer Rabbit atter his 'lowance er greens. He wuz ready wid de same tale, en den de Little Gal, she tu'n 'im in, she did, en den she run up ter de house en holler:

"Oh, pa! Oh, pa! Oh, pa! Yer Brer Rabbit in de gyardin now! Yer he is, pa!

"Den Mr. Man, he rush out, en grab up a fishin'-line w'at was hangin' in de back po'ch, en make fer de gyardin, en w'en he git dar, dar wuz Brer Rabbit tromplin' 'roun' on de strawbe'y-bed en mashin' down de termartusses. W'en Brer Rabbit see Mr. Man, he squat behimè a collud leaf, but 'twa'n't no use. Mr. Man done seed him, en 'fo' you kin count 'leven, he done got ole Brer Rabbit tie hard en fas' wid de fishin'-line. Atter he done got 'im tie good, Mr. Man step back, he did, en say, sezee:

"You done bin fool me lots er time, but dis time youer mine. I'm gwineter take you en gin you a larrupin', sezee, 'en den I'm gwineter skin you en nail yo' hide on de stable do,' sezee; 'en den ter make sho dat you git de right kinder larrupin', I'll des step up ter de house,' sezee, 'en fetch de little red cowhide, en den I'll take en gin you brinjer,' sezee.

"Den Mr. Man call ter de Little Gal ter watch Brer Rabbit w'iles he gone.

"Brer Rabbit aint sayin' nothin', but Mr. Man aint mo'n out de gate 'fo' he 'gun ter sing; en in dem days Brer Rabbit wuz a singer, mon," continued Uncle Remus, with unusual emphasis, "en w'en he chuned up

fer ter sing he make dem yuther creeturs hol' der bref."

"What did he sing, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Ef I aint fergit dat song off'n my min'," said Uncle Remus, looking over his spectacles at the fire, with a curious air of attempting to remember something, "hit run sorter dish yer way:

"De jay-bird hunt de sparrer-nes',
De bee-martin sail all 'roun';
De squir'l, he holler from de top er de tree,
Mr. Mole he stay in de groun';
He hide en he stay twel de dark drap down—
Mr. Mole, he hide in de groun'."

"W'en de Little Gal year dat, she laugh, she did, en she up'n ax Brer Rabbit fer ter sing some mo', but Brer Rabbit, he sorter cough, he did, en low dat he got a mighty bad ho'sness down inter his win'pipe som'ers. De Little Gal, she swade* en swade, en bimeby Brer Rabbit, he up'n 'low dat he kin dance mo' samer dan w'at he kin sing. Den de Little Gal, she ax 'im wont he dance, en Brer Rabbit, he 'spon' how in de name er goodness kin a man dance w'iles he all tie up dis away, en den de Little Gal, she say she kin ontie 'im, en Brer Rabbit, he say he aint keerin' ef she do. Wid dat de Little Gal, she retch down en onloose de fish-line, en Brer Rabbit, he sorter stretch hisse'f en look 'roun'."

Here Uncle Remus paused and sighed, as though he had relieved his mind of a great burden. The little boy waited a few minutes for the old man to resume, and finally he asked:

"Did the Rabbit dance, Uncle Remus?"

"Who? Him?" exclaimed the old man, with a queer affectation of elation. "Bless yo' soul, honey! Brer Rabbit gedder up his footses und' 'im, en he dance outer dat gyardin, en he dance home. He did dat! Sho'ly you don't speck dat a ole-timer w'at done had 'spe'unce like Brer Rabbit gwine ter stay dar en let dat ar Mr. Man sacky-fice 'im? *Shoo!* Brer Rabbit dance, but he dance home. You year me!"

IV.

HOW MR. FOX WAS A LITTLE TOO SMART.

UNCLE REMUS chuckled a moment over the escape of Brother Rabbit, and then turned his gaze upward toward the cob-

* Persuaded.

webbed gloom that seemed to lie just beyond the rafters. He sat thus silent and serious a little while, but finally squared himself around in his chair and looked the little boy full in the face. The old man's countenance expressed a curious mixture of sorrow and bewilderment. Catching the child by the coat-sleeve, Uncle Remus pulled him gently to attract his attention.

"Hit look like ter me," he said, presently, in the tone of one approaching an unpleasant subject, "dat no longer'n yistiddy I see wunner dem ar Favers chillun clim'in' dat ar big red-oak out yan', en den it seem like dat a little chap 'bout yo' size, he tuck'n start up fer ter see ef he can't play smarty like de Favers's yearlin's. I dunner w'at in de name er goodness you wanten be a copyin' atter dem ar Favers fer. Ef youer gwineter copy atter yuther folks, copy atter dem w'at's some 'count. Yo' pa, he got de idee dat some folks is good ez yuther folks, but Miss Sally, she know better. She know dat dey aint no Favers 'pon de top side er de yeth w'at kin hol' der han' wid de Abercrombies in p'int er breedin' en raisin'. Dat w'at Miss Sally know. I bin keepin' track er dem Favers sence way back yan' long fo' Miss Sally was born'd. Old Cajj Favers, he went ter de po'house, en ez ter dat ar Jim Favers, I boun' you he know de inside er all de jails in dish yer State er Jawjy. Dey allers did hate niggers kaze dey aint had none, en dey hates um down ter dis day.

"Endurin' er de war," Uncle Remus continued, "I year yo' Unk Jeems Abercrombie tell dat same Jim Favers dat ef he lay de weight er his han' on wunner his niggers, he'd slap a load er buck-shot in 'im; en, bless yo' soul, honey, yo' Unk Jeems wuz des de man ter do it. But dey er monst'us perlite unter me, dem Favers is," pursued the old man, allowing his indignation, which had risen to a white heat, to cool off, "en dey better be," he added, spitefully, "kaze I knows der pedigree fum de fus' ter de las', en w'en I gits my Affikin up, dey aint nobody, less'n it's Miss Sally 'ersef, w'at kin keep me down.

"But dat aint needer yer ner dar," said Uncle Remus, renewing his attack upon the little boy. "W'at you wanten go copyin' atter dem Favers chillun fer? Youer settin' back dar, right dis minnit, bettin' longer yo'se'f dat I aint gwineter tell Miss Sally, en dar whar youer lettin' yo' foot slip, kaze I'm gwineter let it pass dis time, but de ve'y nex' time w'at I ketches you in hol-

lerin' distuns er dem Favers, right den en dar I'm gwineter take my foot in my han' en go en tell Miss Sally, en ef she don't natally skin you 'live, den she aint de same 'oman w'at she useter be.

"All dish yer copyin' atter deze yer Favers put me in min' er de time w'en Brer Fox gotter copyin' atter Brer Rabbit. I done tole you 'bout de time w'en Brer Rabbit git de game fum Brer Fox by makin' like he dead?"*

The little boy remembered it very distinctly, and said as much.

"Well, den, old Brer Fox, w'en he see how slick de trick wuk wid him, he say ter hisse'f dat he b'leeve he'll up'n' try de same kinder game on some yuther man, en he keep on watchin' fer his chance, twel bimeby, one day, he year Mr. Man comin' down de big road in his one-hoss waggin, kyar'n some chickens, en some eggs, en some butter ter market. Brer Fox year 'im comin', he did, en w'at do he do but go en lay down in de road front er de waggin? Mr. Man, he druv 'long, he did, cluckin' ter de hoss en hummin' ter hisse'f, en w'en dey git mos' up ter Brer Fox, de hoss, he shy, he did, en Mr. Man, he tuck'n holler Wo! en de hoss, he tuck'n wo'd. Den Mr. Man, he look down, en he see Brer Fox layin' out dar on de groun' des like he cole en stiff, en w'en Mr. Man see dis, he holler out:

"'Heyo! Dar de chap w'at bin nabbin' up my chickens, en somebody done gone en shot off a gun at 'im, w'ich I wish she'd er bin two guns—dat I does!'

"Wid dat, Mr. Man, he druv on en lef' Brer Fox layin' dar. Den Brer Fox, he git up en run' 'roun' thoo de woods en lay down front er Mr. Man ag'in, en Mr. Man come drivin' 'long, en he see Brer Fox, en he say, sezee:

"'Heyo! Yer de ve'y chap w'at bin 'stroyin' my pigs. Somebody done gone en kilt 'im, en I wish dey'd er kilt 'im long time ago.'

"Den Mr. Man, he druv on, en de waggin-w'eel come mighty nigh mashin' Brer Fox nose; yit, all de same, Brer Fox 'lipt up en run' 'roun' 'head er Mr. Man, en lay down in de road, en w'en Mr. Man come 'long, dar he wuz all stretch out like he big 'nuff fer ter fill a two-bushel basket, en he look like he dead 'nuff fer ter skin. Mr. Man druv up, he did, en stop. He look down pun Brer Fox, en den he look all 'roun' fer

* Uncle Remus: His Songs and his Sayings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. P. 70.

ter see w'at de 'casion er all deze yer dead Fox is. Mr. Man look all 'roun', he did, but he don't see nothin', en needer do he year nothin'. Den he set dar en study, en bimeby he 'low ter hisse'f, he did, dat he better 'zamin' w'at kinder cu'us zeeze* done bin got inter Brer Fox fambly, en wid dat he lit down outer de waggin, en feel er Brer Fox year; Brer Fox year feel right wom. Den he feel er Brer Fox neck; Brer Fox neck right wom. Den he feel er Brer Fox in de short ribs; Brer Fox all soun' in de short ribs. Den he feel er Brer Fox lim's; Brer Fox all soun' in de lim's. Den he tu'n Brer Fox over, en, lo en beholes, Brer Fox right limber. W'en Mr. Man see dis, he say ter hisse'f, seze: "

"Heyo, yer! how come dis? Dish yer chicken-nabber look like he dead, but dey aint no bones broked, en I aint see no blood, en needer does I feel no bruise; en mo'n dat he wom en he limber,' seze. 'Sump'n' wrong yer, sho'! Dish yer pig-grabber *mout* be dead en den ag'in he moutent,' seze; 'but ter make sho' dat he is, I'll des gin 'im a whack wid my w'ip-han'le,' seze; en wid dat, Mr. Man draw back en fotch Brer Fox a clip behime de years—*pow!*—en de lick come so hard en it come so quick dat Brer Fox thunk sho he's a goner; but 'fo' Mr. Man kin draw back fer ter fetch 'im a n'er wipe, Brer Fox, he scramble ter his feet, he did, en des make tracks 'way fum dar."

Uncle Remus paused and shook the cold ashes from his pipe, and then applied the moral:

"Dat w'at Brer Fox git fer playin' Mr. Smarty en copyin' atter yuther folks, en dat des de way de whole Smarty fambly gwineter come out."

V.

MR. RABBIT'S ASTONISHING PRANK.

"I 'SPECK dat 'uz de reas'n w'at make ole Brer Rabbit git 'long so well, kaze he ain't copy atter none er de yuther creeturs," Uncle Remus continued, after a while. "W'en he make his disappearance 'fo' um, bit 'uz allers in some bran new place. Dey aint know wharbouts fer ter watch out fer 'im. He wuz de funniest creetur er de whole gang. Some folks mouter call him lucky, en yit, w'en he git in bad luck, hit look like he mos' allers come out on top. Hit look mighty cu'us now, but 'twa'n't cu'us in dem days, kaze hit 'uz done gun up dat, strike

'im w'en you might en whar you would, Brer Rabbit wuz de soopless creetur gwine.

"One time, he sorter tuck a notion, ole Brer Rabbit did, dat he'd pay Brer B'ar a call, en no sooner do de notion strike 'im dan he pick hisse'f up en put out fer Brer B'ar house."

"Why, I thought they were mad with each other," the little boy exclaimed.

"Brer Rabbit pay his call w'en Brer B'ar en his fambly wuz off fum home," Uncle Remus explained, with a chuckle which was in the nature of a hearty tribute to the crafty judgment of Brother Rabbit.

"He sot down by de road, en he see um go by—ole Brer B'ar en ole Miss B'ar, en der two twin-chilluns, w'ich one un um wuz name Kubs en de t'er one wuz name Klips."

The little boy laughed, but the severe seriousness of Uncle Remus would have served for a study, as he continued:

"Ole Brer B'ar en Miss B'ar, dey went 'long ahead, en Kubs en Klips, dey come shufflin' en scramblin' 'long behime. W'en Brer Rabbit see dis, he say ter hisse'f dat he 'speck he better go see how Brer B'ar gittin' on, en off he put. En 'twa'n't long n'er 'fo' he 'uz ransackin' de premmuses same like he 'uz sho' 'nuff patter-roller. W'iles he wuz gwine 'roun' peepin' in yer en pokin' in dar, he gotter foolin' 'mong de shelves, en a bucket er honey w'at Brer B'ar got hid in de cubbud fall down en spill on top er Brer Rabbit, en little mo'n he'd er bin drown. Fum head ter heels dat creetur wuz kiver'd wid honey; he wa'n't des only bedobble wid it, he wuz des kiver'd. He hatter set dar en let de natal sweetness drip outen his eyeballs 'fo' he kin see his han' befo' 'im, en den, atter he look 'roun' little, he say to hisse'f, seze: "

"Heyo, yer! W'at I gwine do now? Ef I go out in de sunshine, de bumly-bees en de flies dey'll swom up'n' take me, en ef I stay yer, Brer B'ar'll come back en ketch me, en I dunner w'at in de name er gracious I gwine do."

"Ennyhow, bimeby a notion strike Brer Rabbit, en he tip 'long twel he git in de woods, en w'en he git out dar, w'at do he do but roll in de leafs en trash en try ter rub de honey off'n 'im dat away. He roll, he did, en de leafs dey stick; Brer Rabbit roll, en de leafs dey stick, en he keep on rollin' en de leafs keep on stickin', twel atter w'ile Brer Rabbit wuz de mos' outlannish-lookin' creetur' dat you ever sot eyes on. En ef Miss Meadows en de gals could er seed 'im den en dar, dey wouldn't er bin no mo'

* Disease.

Brer Rabbit call at der house; 'deed, en dat dey wouldn't.

"Brer Rabbit, he jump 'roun', he did, en try ter shake de leafs off'n 'im, but de leafs, dey aint gwineter be shuck off. Brer Rabbit, he shake en he shiver, but de leafs dey stick; en de capers dat creetur cut up out dar in de woods by he own-alone se'f wuz scan'lous—dey wuz dat; dey wuz scan'lous.

"Brer Rabbit see dis wa'n't gwineter do, en he 'low ter hisse'f dat he better be gittin' on todes home, en off he put. I 'speck you done year talk er deze yer booggers w'at gits atter bad chilluns," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone so seriously confidential as to be altogether depressing; "well, den, des 'zackly dat away Brer Rabbit look, en ef you'd er seed 'im you'd er made sho' he de gran'-daddy er all de booggers. Brer Rabbit pace 'long, he did, en ev'y motion he make, de leafs dey'd go *swishy-swushy*, *splushy-splishy*, en, fum de fuss he make en de way he look, you'd er tuk 'im ter be de mos' suv'vigus varment w'at disappear fum de face er de yeth sence ole man Noah let down de draw-bars er de ark en tu'n de creeturs loose; en I boun' ef you'd er struck up long wid 'im, you'd er been mighty good en glad ef you'd er got off wid dat.

"De fus'n w'at Brer Rabbit come up wid wuz ole Sis Cow, en no sooner is she lay eyes on 'im dan she h'ist up 'er tail in de elements, en put out like a pack er dogs wuz atter 'er. Dis make Brer Rabbit laff, kaze he know dat w'en a ole settle' 'oman like Sis Cow run 'stracted in de broad open day-time, dat dey mus' be sump'n' mighty cu'us 'bout dem leafs en dat honey, en he keep on a-rackin' down de road. De nex' man w'at he meet is a black gal tollin' a whole passel er plantation shotes, en w'en de gal see Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long, she fling down 'er basket er corn en des fa'ry fly, en de shotes, dey tuck thoo de woods, en sech n'er racket ez dey kick up wid der runnin', en der snortin', en der squealin' aint never bin year in dat settlement needer before ner sence. Hit keep on dis away long ez Brer Rabbit meet anybody—dey des broke en run like de Ole Boy wuz atter um.

"Co'se, dis make Brer Rabbit feel mon-st'us biggity, en he 'low to hisse'f dat he 'speck he better drap 'roun' en skummish in de neighborhoods er Brer Fox house. En w'iles he wuz stannin' dar runnin' dis 'roun' in his min', yer come ole Brer B'ar en all er his fambly. Brer Rabbit, he git cross-ways de road, he did, en he sorter sidle

todes um. Ole Brer B'ar, he stop en look, but Brer Rabbit, he keep on sidlin' todes um. Ole Miss B'ar, she stan' it long ez she kin, en den she fling down 'er parry-sol en tuck a tree. Brer B'ar look like he gwineter stan' his groun', but Brer Rabbit he jump straight up in de a'r en gin hisse'f a shake, en, bless yo' soul, honey! ole Brer B'ar make a break, en dey tells me he to' down a whole panel er fence gittin' 'way fum dar. En ez ter Kubs en Klibs, dey tuck der hats in der, han's, en dey went skaddlin' thoo de bushes des same ez a drove er hosses."

"And then what?" the little boy asked.

"Brer Rabbit p'raded on down de road," continued Uncle Remus, "en bimeby yer come Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, fixin' up a plan fer ter nab Brer Rabbit, en dey wuz so intents on der confab dat dey got right on Brer Rabbit 'fo' dey seed 'im; but, gentermens! w'en dey did ketch a glimpse un 'im, dey gun 'im all de room he want. Brer Wolf, he try ter show off, he did, kaze he wanter play big 'fo' Brer Fox, en he stop en ax Brer Rabbit who is he. Brer Rabbit, he jump up en down in de middle er de road, en holler out:

"'I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust.* I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust, en youer de man I'm atter!'

"Den Brer Fox, he stan' off en ax Brer Rabbit who is he, en Brer Rabbit 'spon' back:

"'I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust, en likewise youer de man I'm atter!'

"Den Brer Rabbit jump up en down en make like he gwine atter Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en de way dem creeturs lit out fum dar wuz a caution.

"Long time atter dat," continued Uncle Remus, folding his hands placidly in his lap with the air of one who has performed a pleasant duty,—“long time atter dat, Brer Rabbit come up wid Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, en he git behime a stump, Brer Rabbit did, en holler out:

"'I'm de Wull-er-de-Wust, en youer de mens I'm atter!'

"Brer Fox en Brer Wolf, dey broke, but 'fo' dey got outer sight en outer year'n', Brer Rabbit show hisse'f, he did, en laugh fit ter kill hisse'f. Atterwuds, Miss Meadows she year 'bout it, en de nex' time Brer Fox call, de gals dey up en giggle, en ax 'im ef he aint feard de Wull-er-de-Wust mout drap in."

* Or Wull-er-de-Wuts. Probably a fantastic corruption of "will-o'-the-wisp," though this is not by any means certain.

PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.* VIII.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WAR IN LITHUANIA.—1708.

AFTER the declaration of the interregnum in Poland, the disasters and confusion in that unfortunate country increased. Some of the nobles declared themselves for Stanislas; others waited for the election of a new king. As is frequently the case in civil wars, families were divided and had members in both camps. Prince Yanusz Wisniowiecki, the Voievode of Cracow, was one of the leaders of the confederation of Lemberg; while his brother, the Grand Hetman of Lithuania, after some hesitation, went over to King Stanislas, and took with him the Lithuanian army. General Sienicki, by a secret arrangement with Michael Wisniowiecki, captured the forty thousand rubles that arrived from Moscow, and, in spite of his oath, declared himself on the side of the Swedes, and established himself in the fortress of Bykhof. Although his garrison was small, yet it required a considerable force to dislodge him. Lieutenant-General Bauer failed at the first storm. Prince Répnin and General Hallart were sent to reinforce him, and engineers were demanded from St. Petersburg to construct mines. After four weeks' siege and several assaults, Bykhof was taken and razed to the ground. Sienicki was carried in chains to Moscow, where he ended his life in prison, and the garrison, about three thousand men, was sent to Azof.

The Russians were hated by the Poles, and murders were not infrequent. A petty nobleman, Wiezicki, living in Dub, invited to his house a party of officers and soldiers of the Seménofsky regiment, thirteen in all, who were going to Pinsk, and murdered them during their sleep. "I am very sad," Peter wrote to Captain Izma of the guard, "over such good officers and soldiers, with whom I had grown up from boyhood," and he ordered Sheremétief to hunt out the murderers, who had taken refuge in the forests. Wiezicki and nine of his peasants were caught and executed.

In the spring of 1707, four months before Charles actually left Saxony, there was a rumor that he was about to march

through Poland and invade Russia. Peter immediately sent detachments into Great Poland, toward the Silesian frontier, in order to devastate the country, and thus render the Swedish march more difficult. Towns like Rawicz and Lissa were burned and destroyed, bridges were broken down, and wells filled up. Colonel Schultz, with his band of Tartars and Kalmuks, was most active in this kind of work.

The danger seemed so pressing that the engineer Iván Kortchmin was sent to Moscow, to put the fortifications of that city, and especially of the Kremlin, into thorough repair. He arrived there in the middle of June, and in ten days the work began. But, even before his arrival, the report of Charles's march had reached Moscow, and, according to Pleyer, "the Muscovites were greatly terrified. Nobody spoke of anything except of flight or death. Many of the merchants, under pretext of going to the fair, took their wives and children to Archangel, where they had usually gone alone. The great foreign merchants and capitalists hastened to go to Hamburg with their families and their properties, while the mechanics and artisans went into their service." The foreigners, not only of Moscow, but of all the neighboring towns, applied to their ministers for protection, "as they feared not only the harshness and rapacity of the Swedes, but, even more, a general rising and massacre in Moscow, where people were already embittered by the immeasurable increase of the taxes." "The terror here has still more increased," he wrote, in a subsequent dispatch, "since the order has arrived to repair all the walls around the town and fortify the Kremlin. An engineer has come here who studied fortifications for two years in Berlin, and has drawn up a plan of the works. The beautiful old church of Jerusalem, or the Trinity, is to be pulled down. The Hospital row of shops, famous from old times, the Foundry Court, the Red and White walls, with all the churches, houses, monasteries,—all he proposes to pull down, otherwise it will be impossible to shoot. Five thousand men are at work every day. The people are so enraged that the

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engineer does not dare to show himself without a guard." The Jerusalem Church referred to by Pleyer is just outside of the Kremlin, and is that commonly known by the name of the Church of St. Basil the Beatified, with its eleven domes, each of different color and design.* Fortunately for the beauty of Moscow, this plan of wholesale destruction was not carried out, and this church, the towers and walls of the Kremlin, and the other antiquities, were preserved. The news of the disorders at Moscow reached the army, and an official proclamation was sent back, deriding the fears of the Muscovites when the enemy was not as near as he had been previously, but saying that precaution was better than negligence, and quoting the old Roman proverb: "A wild beast cannot harm a cautious horse." Meanwhile, two men were taken from every house, to work on the fortifications, or three rubles had to be paid every month; and so strict were the demands that children were taken from the houses as pledges for the appearance of the workmen. In November, the fortifications were inspected by the Tsarévitch Alexis, who had just returned from the army, and Pleyer writes: "In the last six months the fortifications have made great progress. Guns will soon be placed on many of them, and fire can be opened. The engineer demands 10,000 cannon." The Tróitsa Monastery and the towns of Mozháisk, Sérpukhóf, Tver, and others, were fortified in the same way.

Peter had already, in January, 1707, given Apráxin orders for the protection of the frontier, and had recommended that, from the beginning of spring, no grain nor hay should be allowed to remain in the granaries or barns, but that all should be concealed in the woods or buried in the ground, and that the cattle should also be hidden in the woods and swamps, in places agreed upon beforehand by the villagers, to which they could flee on the approach of the enemy. The army was strengthened with fresh recruits; and in the same way that Peter had taken into his service agents for finding out new sources of revenue, so he soon had agents, paid and volunteer, informing him where recruits could be obtained. The nobleman Bezobrázof, for instance, reported that in the district of Briansk there had been lately a vast in-

crease in the number of church servitors, who were unnecessary for religious purposes, but would make excellent dragoons or soldiers. Peter replied with a decree to enroll all who were fit for military service. Instructions had also been given to Mazeppa for the defense of Kíef and the Ukraine.

The Swedes, by remaining in Saxony, gave Peter time for preparation. It was not until August, 1707, that Charles began to move. He had with him the best army he had yet commanded, composed, with those that joined him at Slupce, of 44,000 men, in excellent condition, well clothed and well armed, of whom 24,000 were cavalry. They were not all Swedes, for his recruiting agents had been very busy in Saxony, Silesia, and other German countries. Some of his best officers, however, such as Arvid Horn and Magnus Stenbock, had, for unknown reasons, gone back to Sweden. Not every one in Europe felt as sure of the Swedish success as did Charles. Huyssen wrote from Vienna, in September, that "the Swedes marched unwillingly, and admitted that they had become quite unaccustomed to war after their long repose and luxurious life in Saxony." "Some even predict a Russian victory, while others say that there would be less glory, but also far less danger, if the Tsar should withdraw his troops from Poland, and diminish the forces of the enemy by petty skirmishes and by sudden attacks by the Cossacks."

Peter himself had long ago decided that this was necessary. A council of war had resolved not to risk a battle in Poland, and even not on the frontier, unless it were absolutely necessary; but to resist at the river crossings, harass the rear-guard, and lay waste the country in the line of march. On hearing of the project of the Swedes, Menshikóf withdrew from Poland, established a strong outpost line along the Bug, from Pultusk to Brescz-Litewski, and took a position at Dezentsoli, between Wilna and Grodno, while Sheremétief, with the cavalry, was at Minsk. Another council of war at Meretch confirmed what had been decided upon months before at Zolkiew.

Peter again experienced the excitement, the anxiety, and the dejection which overcame him during the winter, when his troops were shut up in Grodno, and he noticed in himself a greater irritability than at any time since the events of 1698 and 1699. In a fit of anger against Apráxin, who had not punished those governors who had sent him

* An engraving of this church was given on page 905 of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April, 1880.

recruits in a number less than was incumbent upon them, he wrote, sharply: "That you have done nothing to those Voievodes who have not brought men as was ordered, that you throw the blame of this on the departments of Moscow, which is not to your credit, is due only to one of two causes—either to laziness, or that you did not wish to quarrel with them." Apráxin felt deeply hurt, and Peter hastened to retract his bitter words, and wrote: "You feel aggrieved at what I wrote to you about the Voievodes. But, for God's sake, have no grief about it, for really I bear no malice to you; but since I have been here the slightest thing which thwarts me puts me into a passion."

There was reason enough for this, for while the Swedes were threatening invasion, rebellions broke out among the Bashkirs and among the Cossacks of the Don—rebellions that were so threatening that Peter had resolved to go to the Don in person. Fortunately, the Tsar received news of the quelling of these insurrections in time to bend all his energies to the war with Sweden. We will go on with the history of the campaign, leaving for the present the account of these disturbances, to understand which it is necessary to set forth with some detail the internal situation of the empire since the battle of Narva.

Although Charles left Silesia in September, he did not continue his march, but remained encamped for four months at Slupce, on the banks of the Vistula. The cause of this delay is unknown. As on previous occasions, Charles may have preferred a winter campaign simply on account of its difficulties, or he may have feared the bad roads of the Russian autumn. Some delay, at least, was caused by waiting for the river to freeze. Bridges could not be built on account of the rapid current and the ice, and finally, his impatience was such that he made roads over the thin ice with straw and snow, and passed in comparative safety on the 9th of January. This long stay was very hard for the unfortunate Poles. Stanislas complained bitterly, and said the Swedes were as unmerciful to his poor subjects as were the Russians; but his complaints were unheeded. "The Swedes," wrote the French minister, "hold the Poles in contempt, and do not consider them worthy of attention, and even the king is so angry over their weak and wretched behavior that he has no compassion for them individually or collectively." On the other side of the Vistula there seemed to be plenty of pro-

visions and forage, and Quarter-master-General Gyllenkrok urged the King to go into winter quarters there. But this did not enter into his plans, and leaving behind General Krassow, with eight thousand men, to support the tottering throne of Stanislas, he set out for Lithuania. Instead of taking the usual road through Pultusk, Ostrolenka, and Lomza, along the Bug and the Nareva, even though it was occupied by Russians, he chose the seldom-traveled route farther to the north, along the Prussian boundaries, through the forests and swamps of Masuria, as many thought, simply to have the pleasure of marching where no army had been before. The King and all were obliged to bivouac in the snow without tents, and in spite of the blazing fires and the military music which Charles kept up all night to inspirit the men, many lives were lost from the cold and fatigue. Horses died in such numbers that a great part of the baggage had to be abandoned. Worse than all for the Swedes was the hostility of the population—a wild race, habituated by their contests with bears and wolves to the use of fire-arms, and scarcely acknowledging the authority of their own king. They hid behind trees and bushes, and shot down the Swedish soldiers. Charles himself narrowly escaped a bullet. To stop this partisan warfare, the angry King gave orders to hang the peasants as fast as they were caught, and burn their houses. On one day General Creutz captured a band of fifty men, and compelled them to hang one another, the last man being butchered by the soldiers. Even women and children were not spared. At last a large band collected, and offered the Swedes free passage on the condition of the payment of ten thalers for every horse. Otherwise, they said, no man should depart alive. The King himself came to the conference, and the leader of the peasants, standing behind the barricade, said: "These lands belong to the peasants, and they are not willing to let any one through unless the money be paid down, and some officers left as surety." "When the peasant leader," says Hultmann, the King's butler, in his diary, "had spoken thus audaciously, the King had his old body-servant, Mans Lenk, slyly put a ball through him, so that he sank down on the spot."

Another Swedish account confirms this with the words: "In this way his majesty taught the peasants something else than to presume to treat with a king."

Peter had passed the summer in Poland,

suffering from fever the whole of the two months he was in Warsaw, and coming up slowly through Lithuania, inspecting the military positions as he passed, arrived in St. Petersburg at the beginning of November. It is in such hasty visits as this that the all-embracing energy of Peter seems most apparent. He inspected the fortifications at St. Petersburg, Schlüsselburg, and Cronstadt; was constant in attendance at the Admiralty, and besides the numerous orders he gave for recruiting, for supplying and clothing his troops, for the defense of the frontier, he found time to send a word of condolence to the father of Prince Iván Troekúrof; to write to the Princess Menshikóv a friendly note, in which he begged her to take better care of her husband, and "feed him up so that he should not look as thin as when at Meretch"; to send two Latin books to Apráxin to be translated into Russian; and to give orders for training the pups of his favorite dog. More than all this, he accomplished an act about which he had long been troubled in mind:—he was privately married to his beloved Catherine, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, some time in the month of November. The Feast of St. Alexander Nefsky he celebrated in the house of Menshikóv, and wrote to him: "On your name's-day we were merrier than I have ever been since the death of Lefort." A week later there was a similar feast on St. Andrew's Day, and in sending the account of it to Menshikóv, Peter added a new cheese made from the milk of his Dutch cows. The same day he set out for Moscow, to pass the Christmas holidays. There he found work for his hands in providing for the sufferers by a recent conflagration; in enlarging and supplying his new apothecary's establishment, and in sending medicines throughout the country, especially to the field hospitals; in studying the question of regulating the proof of silver; in supplying his printing-office with the new-fashioned type of his invention which had just arrived from Holland; in regulating the salaries of his ambassadors and providing for their regular payment; in arranging to send ten young Russians abroad; in providing for the education of the sons of the clergy; and, to insure the proper style, in ordering all clothes and hats to be made after the German pattern and to be stamped at Moscow.

On hearing of the approach of the Swedes, Peter hastened to the army, and arrived in Grodno on the 1st of February. Four days

afterward he wrote to Apráxin to hasten to Wilna, but, "if you have already come to Wilna, go no farther, for the enemy is already with us." The enemy turned out to be Charles, who, hearing that Peter was in Grodno, and wishing to celebrate his name's-day, rode hastily forward with nine hundred cavalry, drove back Mühlenfeld, who, with two thousand cavalry, was guarding the bridge, and entered the town only two hours after Peter had left. When the Tsar the next day discovered that the whole Swedish army had not advanced, and to what a small number of men his troops had yielded, he sent three thousand men back to Grodno to surprise the Swedes. They reached the town at midnight, overpowered the small guard, and came within an ace of capturing Charles, who, together with Renskjöld and the Prince of Würtemberg, had rushed into the street, and had got involved in the throng. With the help of the inhabitants, who took their part, the Swedes after a long struggle drove the Russians out of the town. Mühlenfeld was arrested on a charge of treason, but escaped to the Swedes, to whom he communicated all he knew about the Russians. He was subsequently taken prisoner at Poltáva, tried, and shot.

From Meretch, Peter ordered Menshikóv to cut and barricade the roads in every direction, and intrust the rear-guard to faithful and capable officers. On the 8th of February he was at Wilna, still uncertain which way Charles intended to march, though he had before felt sure that the purpose of the King was to occupy Livonia, and thence advance upon Pskof and Nóvgorod. Charles at first moved from Grodno north-eastward to Smorgone, famous for its dancing bears, and, it seemed, intended to march directly to Pskof, but, after waiting there a time, he turned south-eastward to Radóshkovitchi (Radoszkowicz), where he staid until June. In order to protect the northern frontier, Peter, while still at Grodno, had written to Cyril Narýshkin, the commander of Pskof, ordering him to provide for the active defense of Pskof and Dorpat, by strengthening the fortifications, and digging mines, though not putting powder in them; and further commanded him to send to Vologda all the inhabitants of Dorpat, allowing them to take their money with them, but registering and taking possession of their other property. The object of the Tsar was to render the country easier to defend, by removing those inhabitants who might sympathize with the Swedes,

and, at the same time, in case Livonia were re-occupied, to provide Russia with colonies of useful and hard-working artisans. What the inhabitants of Livonia were again called upon to suffer, we can see from what took place at Dorpat:

"On the 19th of February, the pastors were obliged to give out from their pulpits the order that the inhabitants should sell their houses within a week, and be ready to go to the interior of Russia, with all their property laden on one, or at most two, sledges. On the reading of this command, the poor citizens became so confounded that their weeping and groaning had no end. All prayers for mercy were vain. People were obliged to comply with the orders, and make their sad and hasty preparations. Every one, indeed, was allowed to turn his property into money. But who could buy the houses that were offered for sale, when everybody had to emigrate? Russian soldiers, and people from the country, now could get furniture for the tenth, or even for the hundredth, part of its value, and were soon unwilling to offer anything, as they hoped to get everything for nothing as soon as the inhabitants had gone. On the 16th of February, the greater part of the citizens went to the Lord's Supper. It was a heart-rending separation from one another, from the city and church of their fathers, and perhaps, also, from their faith, for the poor people went as if into a Babylonian imprisonment. They would be separated from each other, scattered over a far land, and settled among strange people, of other manners, other speech, and other faith. The day of departure was set for the 29th of February. The cold was terrible, but all had to go— young and old, well and sick, even the dying; every one with the best of his goods packed on carts and sledges, the poorest on wretched sledges fastened to the train, and all this amidst weeping, wailing, and moaning. The departure took place after a summons and in a certain order. The start was early in the morning, and only at ten o'clock in the forenoon did the last sledge leave the town, whereupon the Russians fired off the cannon on the walls, as though they had gained a victory. The following day, the church bells, the great chandeliers, and the copper roofs, were taken for the account of the Tsar, and what remained besides was sold at a nominal price. Finally, the fortifications were blown up, and the houses of the whole town burnt to ashes."

Other towns were treated in a similar way, and from Narva and Ingria alone seventy-one families were sent to Vologda and seventy-seven to Kazan. These harsh proceedings, however, were useless, for Charles had made up his mind to turn to the Ukraine, but none knew it except his most intimate advisers, much less the Russians.

While the Swedes were at Radóshkovitchi, Peter, who was ill with fever and excitement, took advantage of the lull in the campaign to go back to St. Petersburg, where he arrived on the last day of March. A fortnight later, he writes to Golófskin: "People say that where God has built a church the devil has put an altar. Although

hitherto I have always been as well here as in Paradise, now I do not know how I brought my fever with me from Poland, although I took good care of myself in the sledge, and was well clad, for I have been tormented with it during the whole of Passion week, and even at Easter I could hear nothing except the beginning of the Vespers and the Gospel, on account of illness. Now, thank God! I am getting better, but still do not go out of the house. The holidays have not been celebrated at all as they should be; for, as far as my memory serves me, we were always in red, whereas now we are forced to stay in gray. The fever was accompanied by pains in my throat and chest, and ended in a cough, which is now very severe." Two days afterward he wrote again: "I beg you to do everything that can possibly be done without me. When I was well I let nothing pass, but now God sees what I am after this illness, which this place and Poland have caused me, and if in these next weeks I have no time for taking medicine and for resting, God knows what will happen." On receiving news from Menshikóv that the Swedes were preparing two or three bridges over the rivers, Peter answered on the 25th of April, begging him not to summon him to the army any sooner than was absolutely necessary, as he greatly needed rest and further treatment. "You yourself know that I am not accustomed to write in this way, but God sees how little strength I have, and without health and strength it is impossible to be of service. But if for five or six weeks from this time I can stay here and take medicine, I then hope, with God's aid, to come to you well. If it is absolutely necessary for me to come, be good enough to have relays placed, for you can judge of the proper time better than I can here."

In the midst of his weakness from fever and medicine, in the midst of his anxieties about the conduct of the war and the suppression of the revolt on the Don, Peter was cheered by the presence of his family. His sister Natalia, his half-sisters Mary and Theodosia, his sister-in-law, the widowed Tsaritsa Prascovia, for whom he had always a sincere affection, with her three daughters, all came to visit him at St. Petersburg. He was able to meet them at Schlüsselburg in April, and had the pleasure of showing them his new town, his fleet, and his conquests, for they remained for more than two months in St. Petersburg; they went to Cronstadt and were entertained on board

ship, and they accompanied him to Koporie, Yamburg, and Narva, where they celebrated his name's-day. That feast was clouded by the death of his little daughter Catherine; but a great object had been attained—his sisters had made the official acquaintance of Catherine as his wife. Their visit at this time showed the confidence of the Tsar in the safety of St. Petersburg. Meanwhile, the Tsarévitch Alexis was at Moscow, in charge of the fortifications, and, by his indifference and his lack of energy, was causing anxiety to his father. To his confessor he had even expressed doubts as to the utility of these fortifications, and had said that "if the Tsar's army could not hold back the Swedes, Moscow would not stop them." The intercession of Catherine was necessary to avert Peter's anger, which the secret interviews of Alexis with his mother had greatly increased.

On the 17th of June, Charles finally broke up his quarters at Radóshkovitchi, and on the 29th was on the banks of the river Berezhina. A part of the Russian army was drawn up at Borísóf;* but Charles, leaving a few regiments under Colonel Sparre to make a feint, marched through the woods and morasses, and crossed with safety considerably lower down. Sheremétief and Menshikóf resolved to dispute the passage of the Swedes over the little river of Bibitch (Wabis), at the little town of Golóftchin (Holowczyn), known in old Russian history for the victory of Prince Yaropolk over Prince Vselav of Polotsk, where marshes and ponds gave them a strong position. Unfortunately, they posted their left wing, commanded by Prince Répnin, at a considerable distance from the rest of the army, in such a way that their own communications were exceedingly difficult, on account of the marshes. Charles, having placed his cannon in a commanding position the night before, on the morning of the 15th, covered by the artillery fire and a fog, crossed the river and the swamp in the face of the enemy, attacked the wing commanded by Prince Répnin, and after a severe contest of several hours, in which the Swedes used chiefly their bayonets, as their powder was wet, compelled the Russians gradually to retire into the forests. The cavalry under Goltz, which supported Répnin, had also a sharp fight with the King's Brabants and body-guard; but the main body, under Sheremé-

tief, was unable to reach them in time, and the whole army retreated to the Dnieper, and took positions at Mohiléf, Sklof, and Kopos. The Swedish loss amounted to two hundred and sixty dead (including General von Wrangel), and one thousand two hundred and twenty wounded; the Russian to one hundred and nineteen killed, and six hundred and seventeen wounded.

It was a Swedish victory, but, although the Russians had retired, they had gained one of their ends—that of weakening the Swedish forces, and when Peter, who was already on his way to the army, received the first news of the battle, and believed that a third of his troops had supported for some time the Swedish onset and had retired in good order, he was well satisfied. When he came to learn the details, he was angry over the bad conduct of some of Répnin's troops, especially of a new regiment, and, in spite of Répnin's protest, ordered a strict investigation, and the punishment of all offenders against good discipline. The Swedes, on the contrary, spoke well of the behavior of Répnin's men, and the greatest fault of the Russians lay in the bad disposition of their troops. Charles considered this battle one of the best of his exploits, but it was the last. Here his star began to pale.

Four days after the battle of Golóftchin, it was decided at a council of war not to attempt to defend Mohiléf, but to abandon it to the enemy, and to concentrate at Gorki, north-east of Mohiléf, on the other side of the Dnieper, thus protecting the road to Smolensk and Moscow. Charles occupied Mohiléf, and found there a sufficient amount of provisions to keep his troops for some time, while waiting the arrival of Lewenhaupt with eleven thousand troops and a train of necessary stores, provisions, and artillery. He also waited for the breaking out of the insurrection in the Ukraine. He was, however, too impatient to wait long, and crossed the Dnieper on the 16th of August and marched toward Tchirikof, on the river Sozh. The light Russian cavalry hovered about the Swedish advance, capturing and killing stragglers and destroying the roads and bridges. The summer was unusually rainy, and the Swedes suffered much from the want of tents, and the provisions ran short, so that the soldiers were obliged to collect the grain from the fields and bruise it between stones. Disease was the consequence of the bad food and the bad weather, and there were no medicines. The Swedish soldiers said: "We have only

* Where Napoleon crossed, on November 17, 1812.

three physicians—Doctor Brandy, Doctor Garlic, and Doctor Death." Peter and the main body of the Russian troops moved from Gorki to Mstislavl, and Charles, getting tired of skirmishes, turned northward toward Mstislavl, and met the Russians at Dobry on the 9th of September.

This time the Russians, under Prince Michael Galitsyn and General Pflug, began the attack, and, after a two hours' hard fight, when the Swedes were reinforced, they retired in good order, having captured six Swedish standards. The Swedish loss in this sharply contested fight was two hundred and sixty-one killed and seven hundred and fifty wounded. The Russians lost two hundred and ten killed and about twelve hundred wounded.* Galitsyn received the Order of St. Andrew for his bravery, and Peter wrote to Apráxin: "I solemnly assure you that since I began to serve I have never seen such fire or such orderly conduct on the part of our soldiers (God grant it so in future as well!), and the Swedish king himself has not seen such an action in the course of this war. O God, do not take away thy mercy from us for the future!"

After the affair of Dobry, the Russians retreated northward, burning, as they passed, the town of Mstislavl. Charles followed them as far as the Russian frontier at Tatarsk, but did not cross it, though he marched along it for some distance. On one occasion he ran great danger, in a sharp skirmish with the Russian cavalry. Charles had not believed that the same system of defense by devastating the country would be pursued in the Russian provinces, and had thought that, however he might treat Poland, the Tsar would not be indifferent to the sufferings and loss of his own subjects. But the Swedes now saw nothing but the flames and smoke of burning Russian villages, and news came that a whole forest had been hewn down, to obstruct the roads leading to Smolensk. Charles did what for him was unusual, and asked for advice. In a council of war, Piper urged the imperative necessity of the junction with Lewenhaupt, who might be attacked and beaten by the Russians and lose his provisions. But considerations of prudence yielded to the hopes Charles had of his being joined by twenty thousand Cossacks under Ma-

zeppa; and, refusing to go back or to wait, he burned his superfluous baggage, and, on the 26th of September, began his march southward, thus sacrificing Lewenhaupt, who was then on the Dnieper, near Sklof, only sixty miles away in a direct line, and who could have been met by a march of three days.

The idea of marching into the Ukraine had long been in the mind of Charles. He had let the proper time for a favorable peace go by. He had refused, from arrogance, to take the northern road to Livonia; he now found the eastern one to Smolensk and Moscow difficult, if not impracticable; the southern road remained. He felt the need of allies, and he counted on rebellions and insurrections. He expected, too, a strong diversion to be made on the northern frontier by General Lybecker.

When Lewenhaupt left the King's headquarters, early in May, he had instructions to get ready all the men he could muster,—about eleven thousand,—a train of artillery and ammunition, stores and provisions enough to last them for twelve weeks, and the whole army for six weeks. The further order of the King, that he should start at the beginning of June and march to the Berezina, reached him so late that with all his diligence it was impossible for him to set out before July. The constant rains made the roads bad, the great train of wagons impeded him, and he arrived at Sklof on the 28th of September, just in time to receive a courier who had left the King's army only twenty-four hours before, with orders (which, however, had been kept back for two days before being sent) to cross the Dnieper and the Sozh and march to Starodúb in the Ukraine. Lewenhaupt felt as though these orders were his death-blow, for between the Dnieper and the Sozh stood the whole Russian army. He would have preferred to keep on the western bank of the Dnieper, thus protected against the Russians, until a favorable opportunity came for joining the main army. He suspected ill-will or treachery at head-quarters in the delay attending his orders. Crossing the Dnieper at Sklof, keeping as far as he could from the Russians, and disseminating false reports of his whereabouts, after a march of seven days, impeded by bad roads and broken bridges, he arrived at Liesna, a few miles from Propoisk, and in one day more would have crossed the Sozh and have been comparatively safe. But on the 9th of October he was attacked by the Russians, who had fol-

* This battle is also called that of Malaitcha (Malatycha) or Tchernaya Napa, from a little stream flowing through the moor where it was fought.

lowed him for several days, and on the previous afternoon had succeeded in outflanking him. All he could do was to send the greater part of the train on to Propoisk with a guard, and to prepare to fight. A fierce battle ensued, which lasted the whole afternoon, with no actual result, for both sides maintained their ground. When night came on, Lewenhaupt buried his artillery, burned the wagons which were still with him, used the horses for mounting his infantry, and pressed on to Propoisk. The trains sent there had got into confusion, and as it was impossible to get them over the Sozh, on account of the destruction of the bridges, they also were burned, and Lewenhaupt was obliged, with the remains of his army, to follow the river until he found a ford. He finally succeeded in joining a portion of Charles's army, on the 21st of October. The Russians, who had fourteen thousand men engaged, lost one thousand one hundred killed and two thousand eight hundred and fifty-six wounded, while Lewenhaupt succeeded in bringing to Charles only about six thousand men, out of the eleven thousand with which he started from Riga. Over three thousand had been taken prisoners; the remainder had died or had deserted; the stores, medicine, and ammunition, of which the Swedes had so much need, had been lost, and forty-four standards and seventeen guns had been captured. Charles had never appreciated rightly the military qualities of Lewenhaupt, and although he received him well on his arrival, he soon manifested a coolness toward him, gave him no command, and did not again during the campaign make use of his great experience. Perhaps the greatest effect of this battle was that it dispirited the Swedes and destroyed their self-confidence, and raised the hopes of the Russians, who believed that Lewenhaupt had a force superior in numbers to their own. Peter wrote: "This victory may be called our first, for we have never had such a one over regular troops. In very truth, it was the cause of all the subsequent good fortune of Russia, for it was the first proof of our soldiers, and it put hearts into our men, and was the mother of the battle of Poltava."

To add to their misfortunes, the Swedes met with a great disaster in the north. Charles had relied on his great fleet to destroy that of the Tsar, and aid General Lybecker in an attack on Cronstadt and

St. Petersburg. But the fleet could not be equipped, as, after raising and supplying the forces of Lybecker and Lewenhaupt, there was no money in the Swedish treasury. Only a small division, under Admiral Anckarstjerna, took the sea, but even that was detained by contrary winds at Reval, and was too weak to attack the Russian fleet, which was master of the Finnish Gulf. Admiral Count Botsis captured many small Swedish vessels, and landed a force of troops in Finland, who took Borgo and burned the vessels in the port. Lybecker was a man of very moderate capacities who, for fully twenty years, had served as lieutenant. His personal bravery at the battle of Klissow, in 1703, pleased Charles, who advanced him far beyond his deserts, until he became major-general, baron, and commander-in-chief of the whole army in Finland. This army, consisting of fourteen thousand men, was not ready to take the field until the early part of September, and even then, though well armed and equipped, had provisions only for some days. In spite of strong opposition, he succeeded in crossing the Neva, but did not dare attack St. Petersburg, which was too well fortified. Although it was only a week since he had left Viborg, his provisions were exhausted, and his troops were obliged to kill their horses for food. Partly through the misconduct of his own men, he was repulsed from the little fort of Ingris-Amund, and he then advanced aimlessly into Ingria, which the Russians laid waste before him, and finally succeeded in taking the small fortress of Koporie, where he found some provisions. Deceived by a false letter of Apráxin, wherein was mention of forty thousand men for the defense of St. Petersburg, Lybecker made for the sea-coast near Narva, and persuaded Admiral Anckarstjerna to take his troops across to Viborg. He was forced to kill or hamstring six thousand horses, to burn his heavy baggage, and, on account of bad weather, to leave behind about nine hundred men, who defended themselves valiantly until nearly all were killed. The total loss of the Swedes in this undertaking was over three thousand men, beside the horses and war material.

But just when the news of this victory, together with the defeat of Lewenhaupt at Liesna, had inspired Peter with the greatest confidence, he suddenly heard of the treachery of Mazeppa.

KEENAN'S CHARGE.

(CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY, 1863.)

I.

THE sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet;
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"—
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the Rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate:
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.
No one staid—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will, at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
The general looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone—
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"—
"Are soldiers, General." "Then,
Charge, Major! Do your best:

Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II.

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasonton's eyes
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sash'd;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ring'd with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line; ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—"Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves, the pine-cones fall,
And the whip-poor-will chants his specter-call;
But they stir not again: they raise no cheer:
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

FRITZ.

WHEN I first saw the little creature whose name stands at the head of this article, he was rather a melancholy object to behold. Not more than a month or six weeks old, he sat on the finger of the boy who had picked him up from the gravel-walk—too young to know fear, and, it seemed to us, too young to take food from anything but the maternal bill. We thought he would probably live only a few hours. But we put him in a cage, and began to feed him with hard-boiled egg mixed with cracker from the point of a steel pen—the nearest in resemblance to a bird's bill of my possessions. He took it very nicely, thrived wonderfully on it, and from the first displayed unusual intelligence; in the course of a few days he showed pleasure when I came to the cage, as young birds do at the approach of the mother, by fluttering his very scanty feathers. At first we were obliged to cover the lower part of the cage with Swiss muslin, as he was so very small that he could easily get out between the wires, and as yet could not fly; but he grew fast, and in the autumn, by the time we were ready to keep doors and windows shut, he was allowed the range of the whole upper part of the house, in general, however, confining himself to my own sleeping-room, and never voluntarily going down-stairs, although he could have done so at any time.

For the first few months, even when fully fledged, he appeared only as a rather common looking, little greenish-brown bird, with dark bars on his wings. I searched the ornithologies in vain to discover his name and species, and, also, showed him to various persons pretty well acquainted with the natural history of the State, with the same purpose, but without success—nobody could "place" Fritz, and I had almost made up my mind that he was a small and rather a dingy canary, when about the middle of the winter his plumage began to change, and he came out in the brilliant lemon-color and black of the American gold-finch.

But no canary that I ever saw could equal Fritz in sprightliness, intelligence, and affection. To say that he was tame would give no idea of his perfect friendliness and familiarity. His cage he regarded simply as a dining and sleeping room, and seldom went into it in the day-time except for the

purpose of eating. At the same time he had no objection to it, and I could put him in it at any time when it was convenient to do so. He lived almost exclusively on hemp-seed, which agreed with him perfectly; he was, also, extremely fond of other small seeds, like plantain, and particularly of fresh groundsel. When he saw us come in with a handful of this, he would fly across the room to get it, with cries of joy, and, sitting on our hands, eagerly shell out and eat the little white seeds. In winter, when such green food could not be procured, he satisfied himself with the leaves of the various plants which we kept in the room, and nearly ate up two or three small geraniums.

Although Fritz never went to roost in his cage, having a great objection to doing so, I always put him into it for the night, and when morning came he was most well-behaved, comporting himself more like a human being than a bird, and, instead of rousing us with shrill singing at dawn, never uttering a sound till we rose, when he greeted us at once with a gay chirrup, and was ready to come out and assist at the toilets of my sister and myself. During the whole operation of dressing he was a constant source of amusement, and, I may add, a considerable hindrance. While we were at the wash-stand he sat on the gas-fixture close by, chattering, singing, scolding, and making little darts at the towel, which he regarded with peculiar animosity. I often had considerable difficulty in getting through with brushing my teeth, owing to the fact that Fritz preferred that time and the tumbler of water for his own morning bath, and would sit on the edge, making a great fuss, shaking his wings, splashing the water about, and ducking his head in, but never quite venturing to plunge in on account of the depth. I often tried him with a saucer, but in vain—he never would take a bath in anything but that glass of water. He would, however, allow my sister to dip him into the wash-basin, when the water was quite deep, without showing any fear. While we arranged our hair, he divided his attentions between us, flying from one toilet-table to the other, sometimes sitting on our heads, sometimes swinging head downward from my loose braids of hair, or flying with rapid scolding and chattering at the hair-

brush, which he disliked as much as he did the towel.

During the day he was very busy, every minute being actively employed in something. When I wrote, he sat on the handle of the pen, apparently enjoying the motion, now and then running down to the pen-point to taste the ink, or traveling across the still undried page, trying to pick off the words, to the great detriment of the letter or article; or, again, attempting to drink out of the ink-stand. When I was reading, he delighted to sit on the edge of the book, tugging away with his small beak at the leaves, tearing off little bits and throwing them away. It was really impossible to read a book of any value in the same room with him, and I was often obliged either to shut him up in the cage, or to lay down my book and give up to the dear little torment. It was useless to drive him away; he only scolded, evidently feeling himself very much aggrieved and interfered with, and was back again the next minute.

In sewing or knitting he was always greatly interested. Perched close to the needle, he picked at the stitches, or raveled out the yarn, at the imminent risk of having his eyes put out. He also had more than one hair-breadth escape from having his legs cut off by the scissors. He enjoyed sitting on the arm of the sewing-machine while it was in motion, and probably regarded it as horseback exercise, which it must very much have resembled.

He very rarely descended to the floor, or hopped on the carpet, which was lucky for him, as he would almost inevitably have been stepped on and crushed. Yet the idea that anybody or anything could hurt him never entered his head. He was absolutely without fear. Sometimes we missed him, and found him in the queerest places—on my shoulders, where if I had suddenly leaned back in my chair he would have been instantly killed; or hanging to my skirt, upside down. While sitting and not thinking of him, I would suddenly be reminded of him by feeling a little warm bill thrust coaxingly into my mouth, in expectation of the seed I was accustomed to give him. He could stand on my shoulder, or just under my chin, and reach up to my lips. If he was disappointed in finding a seed waiting for him, he would give a little mischievous nip.

Considering that he had an insane *penchant* for sitting on the tops of doors, his escape from a violent death was quite wonderful, and

only accounted for by the fact that everybody was very thoughtful about him. The greatest peril he passed through was in being overwhelmed by an avalanche of bedclothes, which one of us carelessly threw over him on getting up from an afternoon nap. He was buried under them for full five minutes, and meanwhile we were looking everywhere for him, and wondering where he could be. When at length he was released, he did not seem at all disconcerted, but flew up to his favorite perch on the gas-fixture, where he proceeded to plume his ruffled feathers.

He knew his name and would come at call. He did not like at all to be left alone, and would follow us with cries to the door when we left the room, and so swift were his motions that it was often impossible to get out and shut the door in time to keep him inside; he would dart through just as it was closing, determined not to be left behind. And when we came back, how glad he was to see us! In consequence of living so much at liberty he was very strong of wing, and delighted to fly back and forth through the hall, darting after us as we ran and called him, and seeming to enjoy such a game of romp as much as any child.

He might, no doubt, have been taught many tricks, but he knew only one or two. My sister taught him to fly at her hand when she shook it at him, and he would continue fluttering in the air like a humming-bird, in pretended anger, scolding and chattering as he did so. We also taught him to play with pins, by placing four or five in the palm of the hand, and holding it over the oil-cloth or zinc on which the stove stood. He would pick them up one after another and whisk them down, cocking his head over as each one fell and listening to hear it strike. He would go on doing this as long as any one had patience to pick them up for him. If by chance my ear-rings were left lying on the dressing-table, he invariably discovered them and threw them down to the floor, I suppose for the pleasure of hearing them fall.

His habits with regard to going to roost were interesting and peculiar. While quite young—a baby in fact—he made up his mind to roost on the top of my collar, just under my coil of back hair, liking, I suppose, to feel the warmth of my neck. Sometimes he would get close up under my chin. I had to remove him again and again from these favorite places. After this we kept plants in the room and he chose these for his roosting-places, but was

variable in his tastes,—sometimes, after going to sleep on one in exactly the same spot for weeks, leaving it for no reason that we could see, and choosing some other. And just where he made up his mind to go to rest, there he would go, or he was restless and unhappy.

My sister and I always took a nap in the afternoon, and Fritz formed the same habit, generally betaking himself to his calla or geranium soon after we lay down, and often, in the short winter afternoons, refusing to wake up again until the next morning, though sometimes when we rose and dressed he would come out and fly around again. I often wondered how he could remain without food or drink from early in the afternoon of one day till the next morning. He did not like to have us lie down, because he was lonely, and would hop on our faces and try to pick our eyes open.

He had one habit, when going to roost, which showed to a remarkable extent the strength of instinct. Before selecting his favorite spot in the calla or geranium, he would make a careful examination of the whole plant, going over it, and looking everywhere to see that there were no enemies lurking about. It was pretty to see him peering up over the broad calla-leaves, searching for burglars before he could finally settle down for the night. When once he had done this he resented being disturbed,

and if a finger were pointed at him, his outstretched wings and wide-opened bill made him look like a little embodiment of fury, while he would snap in what he meant for a very savage manner. I always put him into the cage when I went to my room at night, and was often amused at the sleepy gravity with which he would climb slowly up into the ring from my hand, and then settle down again to his broken slumbers.

An exception to the usual rule with regard to pets, Fritz came to no untimely end. He was neither caught by a cat, nor crushed in a door, nor forgotten and left to starve slowly to death. I know nothing of him that was not beautiful and happy. And when the soft days of the last of May came, and his bright little golden brothers and sisters came flitting about his cage, and calling to him; when, in spite of his education, nature stirred so strongly within him that he struggled and beat against the bars and longed to be out with them, I could not find in my heart to keep him a captive longer. I bade him good-bye one bright morning, and he flew from my finger out into the bloom and beauty of the opening summer. I hoped he would remember me, and sometimes come back and visit me, but though I kept his cage out, and watched and called for him, he never returned, and I never saw him after. New-found liberty was too sweet to be risked again.

FARRAGUT.

AFTER life's long watch and ward
Sleep, great Sailor, while the bard
Chants your daring. When, of late,
Tempest shook the Bark of State,
Fierce and deadly, throe on throe,
Horrid with a phosphor-glow,
And the mountains rearing gray
Smote her reeling on her way—

Day and night who stood a guard,
Steadfast aye for watch and ward?
You, great Pilot, who were made
Quick and cautious, bold and staid;
Like Decatur, Perry, Jones,
Mastering men with trumpet tones.
How you met your land's appeal
Knows New Orleans, knows Mobile.

Slumber, free from watch or ward,
Dweller deep in grassy yard
Of still billows! Keep your berth
Narrow in the quiet earth!
As of old the North star shines,
Heaven displays the ancient signs,
On the Ship drives, sure and slow,
Though the Captain sleeps below.

Only sleeps upon his sword;
Slumber earned by watch and ward;
For if timbers crack, and helm
Fail her, and a sea o'erwhelm,
Then his Spirit shall inform
Some new queller of the storm,
Who shall bring, though stars are pale,
The Bark in safety through the gale.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

THE story of Lord Beaconsfield's career has been related with abundance of Oriental tropes, and at bottom it is no story at all. It is a record of deeds wrought where all might see them, and stated where all might read them. Of the man who wrought them, of the methods he used to attain his ends, of his hopes, loves, and inmost thoughts, it virtually tells us nothing. It has a fascination for the ambitious, the timid, the poor in spirit.

"Tell us," they cried, "how we, too, may become great. Point out to us the road that led you to fame."

And the Sphinx replied:

"I was a Jew, and became Prime Minister of England. I enlisted with the party of stupidity and stagnation, and taught it to pluck success from defeat. My acquirements were those of a fashionable novelist, and I bent to my will the most learned men in Europe. My fortune was small and I controlled the markets of the world. I had no strong convictions, few warm affections, and I gathered together a devoted band of followers. There is the secret of my success."

Is it, then, worth studying—this life which Lord Beaconsfield so studiously veiled from public gaze? He professed himself indifferent to popular opinion. He was at no pains to correct, even if he saw, the "pen-pictures" of gossiping journalists and curious travelers. He suffered his flowered waistcoat and patent-leather pumps to pass into history, and to this day there are ingenious Germans who evolve his career out of "Tancred" and "Coningsby," and who believe he conducted his diplomatic negotiations on the principles set forth in "Alarcos: a Tragedy." Many people have been persuaded that he sat down at twenty-five to write out the programme of his life, as a diner would write out his bill of fare, and that everything was forthwith served to him as he ordered it. Mr. Wyndham Lewis died, and he married the rich widow; Sir Robert Peel died, and his reputation for statecraft was vindicated; Lord Derby resigned, and he succeeded to office. Those who believe this fable should look at Lord Beaconsfield's face. There are no signs of a life easily spent or a fortune lightly won in the awful hollows of his cheeks, the deep wrinkles of his forehead, and the ghastly yellow of his skin. If there can be physical evidences of close thought and concen-

trated labor, they are here. If the gospel of work is anywhere preached in literature, it is in the romances of Lord Beaconsfield. "Fear not, faint not, falter not," says the Angel of Arabia to Tancred. That was the author's rule of life. *Forti nihil difficile* was his motto.

The magic of patience which he at one time prescribed for Ireland he began by prescribing for himself. In the outset of his career his temper was by no means equable. His attack on Mr. Austin involved him in a libel suit; his onslaught on O'Connell covered him with ridicule; his defiance of the "Pope's Brass Band" brought his first speech in Parliament to an impotent conclusion. He set himself to acquire the "talent of silence." He submitted to a discipline so severe that, in after years, he never failed to exhibit the most intrepid spirit under the stress of evil fortune. He determined to play at politics as coolly as though he were playing whist or chess, and to see in them nothing else than a game. He cared little on which side of the table he sat. He went over to the Tories because he believed that they held the best cards. Having been hailed by them as the savior of society, he was content to receive their plaudits and made no effort to justify his allegiance. Although he was never tired of declaring that the Tories were the historic party of Great Britain, he knew that among them he had no inheritance, and that literature, as he said, was his only scutcheon. He left to others the task of making his excuses, and of proclaiming that he had been led to the antique splendors of the party by his artistic sensibility and the warmth of his imagination.

It may be doubted whether Lord Beaconsfield had any artistic sensibility, any warmth of imagination. There is no evidence of either in his recorded speeches. Events that thrilled the world neither stirred him to eloquence nor suffused the glow of feeling over his rhetoric. The sympathy which he is reported to have given to the American Union in the Civil War found no adequate expression in his oratory. "Far be it from me, here or elsewhere," he said, "to use any phrase which could be offensive to either of the parties in that country who are embarked in that fearful and unprecedented struggle which is now going on.

But whatever happens there, it may be said that they have certainly increased our confidence in the energy of human nature, and that is a great exploit to have performed." Could a more vapid comment have been made? Hear what follows: "I think," he continued, "that we must all feel that their history has taught us that for a powerful and enduring community something else is wanted than confidence in human nature. I think that Englishmen cannot but remember at this moment that while those who have preceded us have achieved as great results as ever were accomplished in America, our predecessors did establish this state and this society upon sounder and truer principles. Happy the land where freedom and reverence go hand in hand, and proud may Englishmen be at this moment when experience has proved in so transcendent a manner that we have solved the most difficult problem in politics, and have combined not only freedom with order, but progress with tradition. This has been the source of our strength, and though it does not become us to proclaim it in a violent manner to Americans, yet while we treat them with all respect in this fearful struggle, let us, as Englishmen, be proud of that strong society of which we are members, and the strength of which can only be attributed to the wisdom of the principle on which it is established." The complacency of this statement, which, in the presence of the Irish land-war, might be exactly reversed to-day, would seem to have sprung, not from excess of patriotism, but from lack of imagination. When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, the generous sympathy of Emilio Castelar inspired one of the most magnificent orations of the century. Benjamin Disraeli could find nothing better to say than this: "When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the causes and consequences of such deeds. Assassination has never changed the history of the world"; with references to the "costly sacrifice of a Caesar," and glib quotations about Henri IV. and the Prince of Orange, and other flowers from the hot-house of newspaper leader-writers.

Nor is it the imaginative quality that shines in his novels. They are master-works of the Turkey-carpet school of writing. Like all writers who lack creative power, their author tries to hide the defect beneath a splendor of embellishment. The result is that, apart from their wit and knowledge of the world,

they differ in no material respect from the romances of Ouida. Lothair, with his retinue of princes, cardinals, and pashas, comes from the same work-shop as "Puck" and "Tricotrin." Endymion Ferrars is as gorgeous a figment as "Strathmore." The hero who offers his lady "the very pearls worn by the Queen of Cyprus"; the diplomatists who "sparkle with anecdote and blaze with repartee"; the huntsmen who are "brave even to brutality"; the dukes who train their own horses and win the Derby; the opera-singers whose relatives are "Princes of Samos and descendents of the Greek emperors"; the marquesses who die and are entombed in alabaster;—might all owe their existence to the authoress of "Under Two Flags." The personalities which Lord Beaconsfield so thinly veiled have been handled just as well by Mr. Mallock and other writers of university squibs. But his wit was distinctly his own. It was the only high literary quality that he possessed, and he made the most of it. He put down cavil with a joke. He answered criticism with a *mot*, an epigram, a shaft of irony.

His allegiance to the Tories was due neither to his imagination nor to his wit. He never scrupled to laugh at an aristocracy which was "acred up to its chin and consolated up to its eyebrows." He did not share its prejudices or concern himself with its hopes. He saw that it stood in urgent need of organization, and he set himself to a task which no man but he could have undertaken. The patience which he devoted to it, the skill with which he used all changes of public opinion, the single-mindedness of his purpose and the thoroughness of its achievement, are the true moral of Lord Beaconsfield's life. He strove to form a new party under an old name, combining the progress of the Whigs with the prestige of the Tories. He had to be cautious at first, lest his faction should be frightened by his boldness. He knew that the Reform Bill of 1859 would overthrow him, but was not, at that time, in a position to amend it. He realized the absurdity of its "fancy franchises," whereby the privilege of voting was dependent on such qualifications as the possession of money in the funds or in a Government savings-bank, or the receipt of a pension for military, naval, or civil services, or a university degree, or the fact of being a minister of religion, a member of a learned profession, or a school-master. Although he

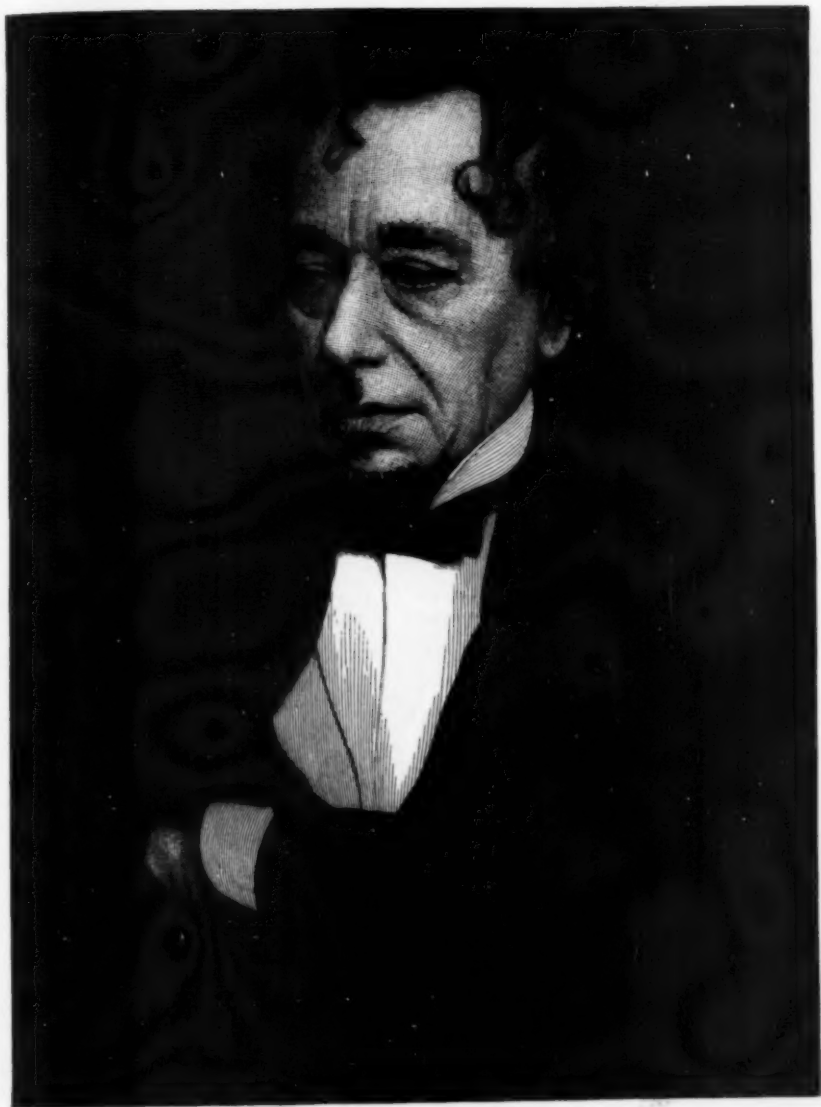
pretended that, under these circumstances, the representation would be a mirror of the mind of the country,—its agriculture, its manufacturing industry, its commerce, and its professional ability,—he knew at heart that it was a merely visionary scheme. He went out of office without regret, and with consummate wisdom and self-restraint remained silent for four years, feeling convinced that his party had now seen the folly of even appearing to distrust the people, and that they had thus learned the first lesson which he came to teach them. When the battle was renewed on a more popular basis in 1867, his followers were so thoroughly drilled that the most harassing attacks of the enemy failed to break their line, and the Whigs were triumphantly beaten with their own weapons.

Many efforts have been made to account for his success in disciplining a body with which he could have had so little sympathy. There is a popular tendency to regard it as a kind of witchcraft. It was the witchcraft of steadfast adherence to a deliberate purpose. He held the party in thrall by his wit, his audacity, his resoluteness. They dared not incur his wrath or brave his ridicule. The electors of Buckinghamshire regarded him as a kind of fetish. His electoral addresses were received with awe by the county. For thirty years, as Parliament succeeded Parliament, and Mr. Gladstone went in search of votes from borough to borough, Buckinghamshire never swerved in its fidelity to Benjamin Disraeli. It applauded all his actions before they were committed, and approved all his purposes before they were known. His electors took a personal pride in his career; his party found in it the reaction they sought from the fussiness and pretension of Peel. In both the Parliaments which he led, he was in this way enabled to withdraw himself from the little worries with which other statesmen were beset, and devote his whole attention to matters of high policy. What that policy was he revealed in somewhat commonplace language on the day of his entry into the Upper House. "Throughout my public life," he said, "I have aimed at two results. Not insensible to the principle of progress, I have endeavored to reconcile change with that respect for tradition which is one of the main elements of our social strength; and in external affairs I have endeavored to develop and strengthen our empire, believing that a combination of

achievement and responsibility elevates the character and condition of a people."

There is no reason to think that Lord Beaconsfield was insincere in this faith. It was long the fashion to accuse him of charlatanism and to assert that he constructed his imperial policy out of the utopian novels of his youth. Doubtless he knew that conservatism was not the creed of the future; that his effort to wed it with advancement must always place him in a somewhat ridiculous light; and that his best justification would be, not a mere party success, but a brilliant exploit accomplished before the world. That—in the opinion at least of a large part of his fellow-countrymen—he attained this end without injury to the public interests, is his highest title to fame. His negotiations in the Eastern question mark the zenith of modern diplomacy; his return from Berlin is the most memorable incident in his career. When the Bulgarian clamor had turned England against the Turks, and the aggressions of Russia were for the moment forgotten, he deftly steered his course between two noisy factions, neither coercing the Porte to please the one, nor relaxing his watch on the Czar to gratify the other. When Russia had crossed the Balkans and advanced on Adrianople, he stood calm amid the storm of passionate invective that raged around him. When the San Stefano treaty was published, and the least untoward event would have precipitated England into war, he at length made his masterly move. By summoning the native troops from India, he revealed an unsuspected source of British strength, gave reality to the imperial title which he had conferred on the queen, and restored Great Britain to the rank which she had suffered to be questioned.

His fall detracted nothing from his fame. His destiny was accomplished. He had reached an age when popularity meant nothing and the favors of the mob were lightly esteemed. He carried with him to the grave the secret of his strange career, and men can only guess at the means by which he arrived at the pinnacle of power. If he was ambitious, he did not build his fortune upon the ruin of others. If he involved his country in useless wars, he re-asserted principles which were the foundation of her prosperity. Readers of many countries will be disposed to say of him what Lord Bolingbroke, his exemplar, said of the Duke of Marlborough: "He was a great man and I have forgotten all his faults."



BEACONSFIELD



SOME NEW BERRIES.



THE BIDWELL STRAWBERRY. (NATURAL SIZE.)

A WISE selection of varieties is one of the chief secrets of success in small-fruit culture. The catalogues teem with candidates for favor for which such wonderful things are claimed that we seem on the eve of a revolution in fruit growing; but every year of experience renders me more conservative, and confirms my confidence in old friends—the standard varieties. At the same time I remember that these approved

and well-tested kinds were once aspiring novelties, and that their persistent well-doing has made good in part, at least, the assertions of their enthusiastic originators. I also am satisfied that the future has richer prizes than the past has furnished, because greater skill and knowledge are enlisted in their production, and because the conditions of a finer outcome are more favorable. Throughout the country there

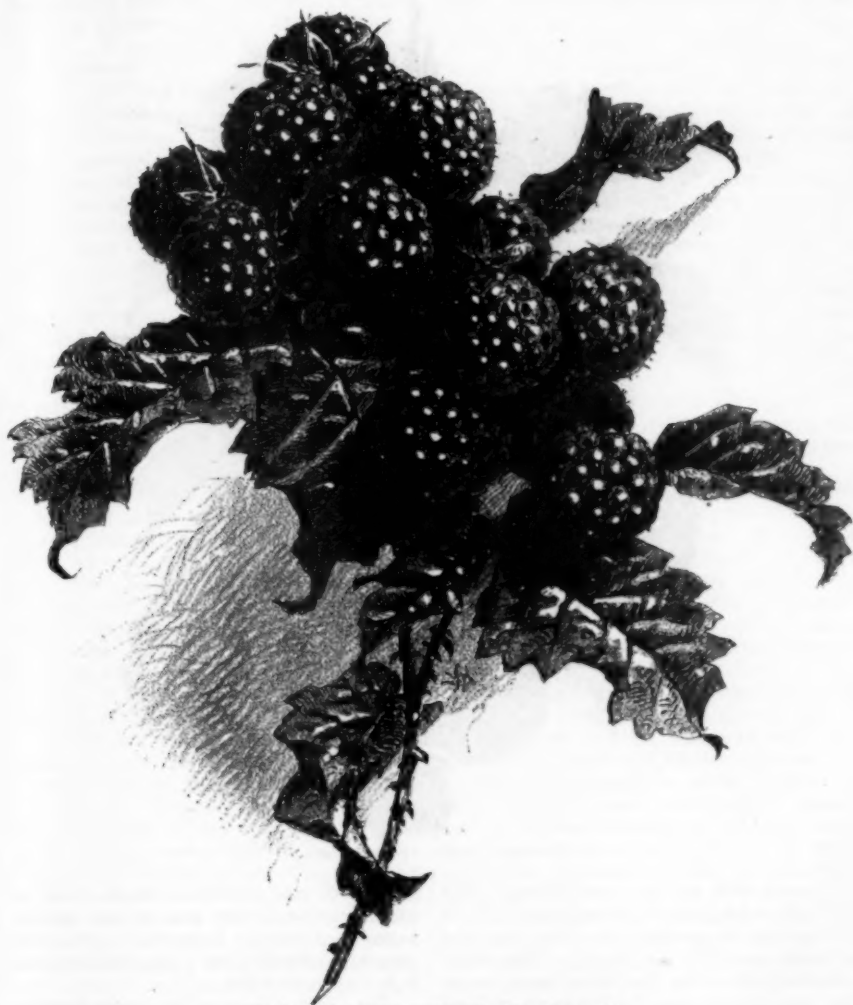
are many skilled horticulturists who are patiently seeking to attain results hitherto unequalled, and Nature, too, often takes a hand in the work, and gives us chance seedlings with preëminent good qualities, as, for instance, the Gregg Black-cap and Cuthbert raspberries. Since there can be no continued monopoly in these fruit prizes, the whole horticultural world is on the *qui vive* to discover them as early as possible. In this brief paper I will chiefly confine myself to the latest novelties in strawberries, for, among the other small fruits, few new things of much promise have been introduced since the appearance of my previous fruit papers.

The Marvin.—This is a new strawberry of which I had great hopes, and in which I proved my faith a year since by buying it liberally at twelve dollars per hundred. I am reluctantly compelled to say that I fear it will never become popular. It originated with Mr. Harry Marvin, of Ovid, Michigan, and is said to be a cross from the Wilson and Jucunda. This is an excellent parentage, as far as the fruit is concerned, and as far as I can judge from one year's experience, the fruit is first-class,—firm and handsome; but, as is well known, on certain soils the plants of neither the Wilson nor the Jucunda are vigorous growers, and in many localities their foliage tends to burn badly. I regret to say that on my place at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson the Marvin has developed these characteristics, and, side by side with many other kinds, exhibits a marked feebleness. That this defect is not confined to this locality, I learn from the Hale brothers, of Connecticut, who write me that, while the Marvin started out vigorously, it faltered during the hot weather, and that its foliage burned badly. This being true at the North, these evils would, in all probability, be exaggerated on the light soils of New Jersey and farther south. It was thought, last spring, that the Marvin was the coming new strawberry; but I must suggest caution in regard to it. If planted on heavy soils, thoroughly deepened and enriched, I think it may prove very profitable, for it is a large, very late, and very firm berry, well adapted to long carriage; but on light soils, and under ordinary culture, I do not think it will be remunerative, especially in the common matted-bed culture. I hope that further experience will show that I am mistaken. It is perfect-flowered.

The Bidwell.—I honestly believe that this is the coming new strawberry. I have fruited

it for two years under unfavorable circumstances, and it has taken the lead of everything on my place. I obtained my stock from Mr. T. T. Lyon, President of the Michigan Pomological Society, who is one of the most careful and trustworthy horticulturists in the country, and his favorable opinion of it is a strong indorsement to start with. He wrote to me: "I regard the Bidwell as especially desirable on light soils. I have hardly seen enough of it on other soils to form a well-considered opinion. Its failure to color the tips of the berries is, to my apprehension, its greatest lack as a market berry." Every variety of fruit in existence has its faults, and the best varieties are simply those in which good qualities greatly overbalance defects. At the same time, I must say that I found no difficulty with green tips in the Bidwell. Giving them time, they ripened evenly into large, beautiful, bright-crimson berries,—the true strawberry hue,—and having a rich, firm, meaty character and a delicious flavor. That the Bidwell thrives on the coldest, heaviest land, I know from experience. Indeed, so great is its vigor that I think it will thrive on any land fairly capable of sustaining vegetation. Last year proved a severe test of all varieties along the Hudson, for we suffered from four prolonged droughts during which many of our best kinds faltered; the Bidwell, however, remained green and vigorous through them all, and not a leaf, to my knowledge, burned or scalded during the hot, dry weather. I therefore think it will prove as well adapted to Southern as to Northern culture. In season, it is early, if not among the earliest. This fact will make it more valuable in the South, and I think its firmness will adapt it to long carriage. It has been exceedingly productive on my place, and the plants naturally tend to produce large stools, or fruit-crowns, and thus it is peculiarly adapted to the narrow-row system of culture. It is perfect-flowered, and the plant sends out a long, vigorous pink runner.

I have some accounts of the Bidwell on the light soils of New Jersey, and it is there regarded as by far the best and most promising of the new varieties, showing no tendency to burn or scald. One observer writes me: "It was completely loaded with fine fruit of large size, and the plant itself would be an ornament of any garden. I measured one stool that was several feet in circumference." I can scarcely believe



THE GREGG BLACK-CAP RASPBERRY. (NATURAL SIZE.)

that this was one plant, and yet the "stooling-out" qualities of the variety are remarkable.

The Oliver Goldsmith.—This variety promises to approach the Bidwell closely in value. After two or three years' trial I thought so highly of it that I bought the entire stock of the originator. I have not yet tested it on a sufficient variety of soils to speak with confidence, but hope great things from it. It has thus far been exceedingly vigorous, and productive of large, deep-

crimson, and good flavored berries. After another year's test I think I can learn its comparative worth. It is perfect-flowered.

The Shirts.—I have not fruited this variety, but shall do so in perfection the coming season. It is another Michigan berry, and in vigor and habit of growth it so closely resembled the Bidwell that I called Mr. Lyon's attention to the fact. He wrote to me as follows: "I had not noticed a special similarity between the Shirts and the Bidwell, although they do not differ greatly



THE SENECA QUEEN. (NATURAL SIZE.)

in growth with me on a sandy loam. The Bidwell is a taller and stronger plant; both berries are long-conical in form, but the Bidwell is usually the longer. They differ essentially in color, the Shirts being much the darker berry, also I think more inclined to become distorted and cockscombed in form. In flavor I think the Bidwell is milder, and I think it is a firmer berry. The Shirts is higher flavored and richer."

The Shirts was received late in the season, and the plants were so injured by long carriage that I doubted whether they would live, especially as the long drought of May had already set in; but such was the native vigor of the variety that it not only grew but took entire possession of the ground, and the original plants, so far from exhausting themselves by their numerous runners,

developed into enormous stools, some of which produced very fine berries last fall. I am so favorably impressed by this newcomer that I shall plant it largely this spring. It is perfect-flowered.

The Triple Crown.—This berry has been steadily winning my attention and favor. Its superb flavor is one of its chief attractions, and this is a prime quality in a strawberry. It is almost as solid as an apple, and yet when ripe very juicy and exceedingly rich. It therefore is an excellent berry for canning. It is a very dark crimson, from medium to large in size, and improves greatly under high culture. It has proved very vigorous and productive on my place. Its great firmness adapts it to long carriage, but its juiciness tends to cause it to decay after being picked, if

exposed to heat and close air. I regard it as so promising that I am planting it largely. It is medium in season and perfect-flowered.

The Red Jacket.—This variety is justly winning much favor as an early berry and, unless it develops weaknesses, will soon become a general favorite. It is very hardy and vigorous, the fruit is most abundant, early, and of a sprightly aromatic flavor suggesting the wild strawberry. It has proved soft with me for long carriage, but its delicious flavor and its productiveness should secure its general trial in the home garden. It is perfect-flowered.

The Longfellow.—This is a much-heralded variety from Kentucky, a region that has given us some of our finest varieties, as, for instance, the Charles Downing and the Kentucky. After one year's test I cannot predict a brilliant future for the Longfellow in this part of the world. Planted side by side with many other novelties, and on a rich, moist loam, it proved a very feeble grower, and both plants and fruit were prone to scald in the sun. I am able to grow many of the best foreign kinds successfully, and I have not much hope of a native berry that cannot hold its own beside them. There must be something in its native region peculiarly favorable to this variety. With me the fruit was firm, but poor and insipid in flavor.

The Warren, sent out by the same gentleman, and planted by the side of the Longfellow, proved far superior. It is a vigorous grower, fairly productive of large, obtusely conical berries that were of good flavor, though rather soft for market. I regard it as well worthy of further trial, and should not be at all surprised if it won its way to general popularity. As Mr. Webb, the originator, claims, it endures drought remarkably well, maintaining constant growth and healthful foliage. It is perfect-flowered.

The Hervey Davis.—I consider this a valuable strawberry for heavy soils and Northern culture. It was sent out by Mr. John B. Moore, of Concord, Mass., and is by far the best of his seedlings that I have seen. It is large under good treatment, firm, of good flavor, and of a beautiful glossy or glazed appearance. It is quite as handsome as the Jucunda, and, I think, could be made more profitable in many localities. It is perfect-flowered.

The Seneca Queen.—This is a remarkable berry, for it is almost black when fully

ripe. It has proved enormously productive with me, and the fruit averaged large. Every one exclaims at its appearance. It is well worth a place among novelties, and I should not be surprised if its productiveness secured it considerable popularity. It is not rich in flavor, and its dark color would probably be against it in the market.

The Crystal City.—This is the earliest of strawberries: its season is nearly over by the first of June. Apart from this quality it has little value, and is scarcely more productive than the ordinary wild strawberry, which it closely resembles. It is too soft for market. Those who wish to make the season of this favorite fruit as long as possible can plant it on a sunny spot and pick berries from ten days to two weeks before the standards ripen. It is perfect-flowered.

The Memphis Late.—This, in contrast, the latest strawberry on my place, was much more productive and better flavored.

The Windsor Chief was sent out two or three years since as probably the most productive variety in existence. This claim may be true. Only the Bidwell surpassed it in productiveness last year, and whether it will continue to do this can be learned only after the test of years in widely separated localities. But I gravely doubt whether the Windsor Chief is a new variety, for the plants I obtained from the originator and from other sources were so entirely identical in flower, foliage, and fruit with the old standard kind—the Champion—that, for all practical purposes, it is the Champion. It is a pistillate, and requires to be grown near a perfect-flowered or bisexual kind. With proper treatment it is one of the most profitable strawberries, although rather soft for long carriage.

The Sharpless did admirably with me last year. It is said in some localities that it is not productive, and this, no doubt, is true, especially on light soil in matted beds. Few of the very large, showy kinds are productive under rough field-culture.

The Kirkwood, or Mount Vernon, is attracting much attention in New Jersey, and is probably a fine variety.

Among the raspberries, the Gregg as a black-cap, and the Cuthbert as the best large red variety for general cultivation, still take the lead. The illustration of the Gregg conveys to the reader a better idea of its appearance than any words of mine could do. There are several new blackberries, currants, and gooseberries, besides other strawberries, but their value is yet to be established.

THE LARGEST EXTINCT VOLCANO.

(AN ASCENT OF HALEAKALA.)



EXTINCT CRATER ON THE SUMMIT OF HALEAKALA, EAST MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

NEXT in interest to the active volcanoes of Hawaii is that vast crater known as Haleakala, "the house of the sun." It occupies the whole summit of East Maui, which is one vast mountain-dome, ten thousand feet in height, and is connected with West Maui by a low isthmus, which, as seen from the sea, presents an aspect of unmitigated and hideous barrenness, while the mountain itself, presenting a sky-line almost as unbroken as that of Mauna Loa (which always reminds me of the slope of a whale's back), gives small indication of the marvels which lie concealed within it.

I had coasted Maui on my way to Hawaii and felt repelled by the ghastly desolation of its lava-bound shores—vast flows of the roughest, blackest lava, as hard as iron—jutting into the sea and giving horrible suggestions of the fate that would await any luckless vessel that might be driven on to that cruel coast. Nor, as seen from the sea, did the land beyond appear more inviting. It seemed to be one vast cinder-heap, with groups of small craters mingling with the black bed of ancient lava streams, with small trace of any vegetation to soften the dreariness of the scene. What vegetation there was was the pale green of the giant cactus or prickly-pear—a shrub so weird and grotesque as to be well in keeping with the desolate surroundings.

It was to this uninviting scene that I was to return from the larger island of Hawaii, where for some time I had lingered at beautiful Hilo, attracted alike by the kindliness of its most pleasant and friendly inhabitants, and by its many beauties of river, sea, and land, especially the richness of its tropical vegetation, the disintegrated lava proving itself the most fertile of soils in this region of abundant moisture. It is only, however, in certain spots, few and far between, that Nature unassisted treats us to true bursts of tropical glory. At Honolulu, the first exclamation of every traveler is, "What a bower of green loveliness!" Some even complain that the houses are too much buried. Yet the older inhabitants will tell you that they recollect when there were but four trees on the settlement, and one elderly American lady, Mrs. Dominis, gave me a graphic account of how she began to make the very first garden at Honolulu, by preparing a tiny plot before her own window, and there attempting to strike some geranium cuttings—an attempt much discouraged by her husband, who assured her it was hopeless to attempt to make anything grow on such soil. Yet she lives to see that region of fine cinders converted into a flourishing town, where hundreds of happy homes are surrounded by beautiful flowers and

shaded by tall trees of many different species. Of Hilo much the same things may be said, except that in so small a community there has been less opportunity for culture, but the immense rain-fall renders the grateful soil even more willing to yield her very best.

The rain fell heavily on the morning of my departure, the 14th of November, and the surf was so heavy that we had some difficulty in getting into boats to go to the little coasting steamer. Freight landing was impossible, and had to be left till the return voyage, which, however, proved a good deal worse than this! Once beyond the surf, we found the sea very calm, and were able to admire the wonderful coast lying between Hilo and Laupahoehoe—a distance of thirty miles intersected by eighty-five streams, each in a deep gulch and all in flood. One can imagine that riders may sometimes meet with unpleasant adventures, when overtaken by sudden storm between these two points. Many of these streams fall over one or more precipitous cliffs, as they enter the sea; and the view obtained from the little steamer, which runs pretty close inshore, is unique and beautiful. From one point I counted twenty waterfalls simultaneously in sight, and none of them seemed more than a quarter of a mile from its neighbor.

On the following day the steamer touched at Kawaihai, a point from which we obtained an excellent view of the three great volcanic mountains of Hawaii—Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Mauna Hualalai. So far as the picturesque is concerned, it would be difficult to conceive a less attractive scene than the combination of these three dull curves. In spite of all efforts of imagination to realize that the two first were nearly fourteen thousand feet in height, and one of them a living volcano, the idea that would force itself uppermost was that of three stranded whales—not poetic, I admit.

A sail of twenty-four hours by steam-boat brought us back to the uninviting shores of West Maui, and here we landed on Maalea Bay, the dreariest and most repulsive-looking spot of all. The unpromising aspect of things brightened considerably when I found kind friends waiting to welcome me, and a choice of two pleasant homes as head-quarters. In such cases, selection is embarrassing, and the easiest solution seemed to be to devote a day to each. So my first night was spent with Mr. Cornwall, at Waikapu, in a house which, by contrast with its sur-

roundings, is simply a paradise—a comfortable New England home in a lovely tropical garden, a true oasis in the midst of the dreary expanse of arid, disintegrated lava, which, however, only needs water to make it the most bountiful of soils. It took us about an hour to drive from Maalea to Waikapu, and we began to see some indications of the beauty which the inhabitants of Maui ascribe to their beloved isle. The mountain mass that seemed shapeless is rent by a series of deep gorges—each, we were told, a scene of bewildering beauty, both in rock-scenery and foliage. The wild waste of unproductive lava has been partially irrigated, and the barren wilderness now yields rich fields of sugar-cane. Very lovely were these green fields, with their tassels at once rosy and silvery, resembling the blossom of some giant grass. The fields are hedged with the prickly-pear, which here attains a great size, with stems upward of a foot in diameter, and becomes a very handsome though grotesque shrub.

Next day I moved on to Wailuku, where I received cordial welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, two of the early missionaries. "Father" Alexander—as he is commonly called—is a noble old man of about seventy-five, hale and hearty, ready to turn his kind hand helpfully to whatever work may be required, from tracing a map to harnessing a carriage. From him, as from my friends in Hilo, I heard much that was intensely interesting concerning the early years in these islands; but one subject which, on Hawaii, is forever cropping up—namely, the wayward actions of the volcano—is here utterly lacking, for on Maui there is not the faintest suggestion of any living fire—no active crater, no solfataras, no mineral or warm springs, no steam jets. Indeed, the commonly accepted theory is that more than two thousand years have elapsed since the mighty outburst which shattered the huge mountain of Haleakala, blowing off its entire summit as the steam might blow off the lid of a kettle. And such a lid! For the mighty cauldron in which such forces worked is, by the lowest estimate, *twenty miles in circumference*, and upward of two thousand feet deep. It is a vast pit ten thousand feet above sea level. Looking up from the coast to the summit of that huge dome, we failed to discern the slightest dent which should betray the site of this vast crater.

Anxiously we watched the weather, dreading a renewal of last week's rain, and great

was our delight when the morning dawned clear and beautiful, revealing the summit of the mountain without a cloud. My companion on the expedition was a stalwart Yorkshireman—a man to whom all lands are familiar, and all forms of campaigning, from Crimean winters to Kaffrarian summers. A third friend accompanied us across the isthmus, a drive of ten or twelve miles, in an open carriage with a capital express team, which we hired at Wailuku. The weather was greatly in our favor, for here the slightest breath of wind raises such clouds of blinding sand as usually to make this part of the expedition a matter of dread. To-day all was calm. Our route lay partly along the sea-beach, the sea and distant hills were of a heavenly blue, while the near sand-hills were of every shade of vivid orange. On our way we crossed a great level plain of richest lava soil, which hitherto has been useless for lack of water, but now has been taken in hand by a sugar-growing company under the management of Mr. Spreckles. Already they have dug great ditches, and are carrying on irrigation on a large scale, and soon the plain will become one vast sugar-field. There is no regular road across the isthmus, so we followed devious cart-tracks, and prolonged our distance considerably by going to Haiku, the plantation of Mr. S. T. Alexander, some miles out of the direct course, Makawao being the nearest starting point for the ascent. Both are sugar districts—indeed, the cane appears to be the one object of cultivation in all this region. At Haiku we found a native with horses to hire, and a store where we were able to lay in provisions, with which we filled saddlebags lent us for the purpose. Two natives accompanied us as guides and helpers.

The sky had become overcast, and dark, lowering clouds told of the coming rain-storm. Indeed, heavy drops were falling before we started. However, there was nothing for it but to push on, and make the best of it. Soon the rain fell in torrents; the roads were so heavy and so slippery that the horses could make no way, and the sun had set before we reached Olinda—a pleasant mountain-house in summer, but now closed for the winter. The house had, however, been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Alexander, and the key committed to our care, so it was not long before we had kindled a fire and commenced the task of drying our saturated garments—a process which occupied us all till midnight. This was a bad preparation for the early start,

which is one of the essentials in ascending this mountain, as, soon after sunrise, dense mists are apt to rise, which blot out the whole landscape. For this reason the wiser travelers are those who, ascending from Makawao, make their arrangements for a night of camping out, which means sleeping in a large lava bubble that forms a cave, less than a mile from the summit. Those who prefer starting from Olinda endeavor to be in the saddle by about two A. M., so as to reach the summit before sunrise, but we were far too weary to dream of such a thing. About six A. M. it suddenly cleared, and we hastened to prepare for the ascent. Fortunately, it is so gradual that there is not the slightest difficulty in riding the whole way. We passed a belt of pretty timber, and then rode over immense fields of wild strawberries, which unluckily were not in season. Ohelos and Cape gooseberries also abound.

Three hours' steady ascent brought us to the lava bubble, where we saw evident traces of previous camping parties, and where our guide left us, while we filled our water-bottle at a spring a little further along the mountain-side. One mile more brought us to the summit. Alas! the whole crater was veiled with one dense sheet of white mist; nothing was visible save the rock-wall, on the summit of which we stood. Hour after hour we sat patiently watching that fleecy white sea, curling and writhing—now opening a break which gave us a glimpse of the far-distant mountains of Hawaii, and then of the coast ten thousand feet below us. Anon, as if a curtain were drawn aside, we had a momentary glimpse of a group of the cones, or rather secondary craters, rising from the bed of the great crater which lay extended at a depth of nearly half a mile below us—one, at least, of these cones attaining a height of seven hundred and fifty feet. There are sixteen of these minor craters, which elsewhere would pass as average hills, but which here seem mere hillocks. Most of them are of very red lava, which has quite a fiery appearance in contrast with the blue-gray lava which forms the bed of the crater, and which is here and there tinged with vegetation. Indeed, we could discern tiny dots which we were assured were quite large trees, and at the further side there is fair camping-ground in the bed of the crater, with two springs of good fresh water, where Professor W. D. Alexander told me he had spent a considerable time, while preparing

his admirable map of the crater. At certain spots is found a beautiful plant, known as the silver sword, which has the appearance of being made of finely wrought silver, and bears a blossom like a purple sunflower.

I had brought my largest sketching-block, determined to secure a careful drawing of this unique scene; but for hours my hopes seemed doomed to disappointment. All I could do was to sit with the paper before me, and, having outlined the near cliffs, fill in the rest of the scene, piecemeal, as it revealed itself, keeping a sheet of water-proof thrown over my paper to protect it from the mist. Thus patiently I watched for six long hours, and it was not till just before the moment which we had decided must be that of our return, that a kindly breeze sprang up, and revealed the scene more completely than during all the previous hours. It was scant time for work, but I made the most of it, and succeeded in carrying away a very fair suggestion of this, the vastest crater in the known world. Having thus delayed till the last moment, we had to hurry on our downward road, the track being very rough and unsafe after dark. Happily, we made such good time that we reached the strawberry-fields by daylight, and were able to cross them at a hard canter, and so reached Olinda by dark.

The following morning was clear and beautiful, and, from the high ground where we stood, we overlooked the broad isthmus outspread below us, already showing patches of bright green on the new sugar-lands, and with the bluest sea on either side; moreover, we could distinguish every detail of the hills beyond, as well as the further isles. A very lovely three hours' ride brought us to Makawao, where the governor of the island was awaiting our return. We were cordially welcomed by one of the principal sugar-planters, who showed us all over his sugar-mill, and explained all the details of manufacture, including carrying, crushing, boiling, refining, cooling the sirup in great tanks,—in short, all the processes by which, in one day, the growing cane is transformed into pure white sugar. The refuse molasses is then boiled again, but a longer time is required to reduce to second sugar, and still longer to obtain a third quality. The crushed cane is left dry as tinder, and is used as fuel for the great oven. Whenever water is available on these plantations, the canes

are carried down from the upper grounds in flumes, which float them right into the crushing-mill; and occasionally the workmen themselves take passage in this strange water-carriage, letting the stream carry them down. I heard of one young couple who thus made their wedding trip to the coast.

After luncheon we started on our return drive across the isthmus to Wailuku, halting to eat prickly-pears, gathered and prepared by a handsome young native, who skillfully tossed the finest fruit from the upper branches. The natives are wonderfully expert in peeling this most thorny fruit, which no inexperienced hand dare venture to touch. Once opened, the interior is luscious and juicy, full of seeds like the guava, and of a rich magenta color. The fruit is most agreeable when scarcely ripe.

We reached Wailuka in a soaking rain, which continued all the following day. The next was fine; so, despite all warning about the danger of the fords, I determined to explore the far-famed Wailuku Valley, the beauty of which has been the theme of every visitor. The stream was much swollen, but the horses being strong and country bred, we managed to get safely over the first ford. The second ford we found altogether impassable, so swift a current, rolling down great stones, that it would have been dangerous even to attempt to swim the horses, so I was most reluctantly obliged to relinquish the attempt. Even what I did see of the valley was very lovely, but I was assured that it did not begin to be beautiful till we had passed the third ford, where vegetation seems to float in hanging mists of greenery, amid rock-castles and pinnacles of endless variety and grandeur.

Once more we stood on the black lava coast at Maalea, and reëmbarked on the little steamer *Like-Like* (so named after the king's sister). A few days later, at Honolulu, a crowd of most kind friends assembled on board the great steamer *Australia*, to bid me farewell. The Queen Kapiolani had sent gifts of flowers and fruit, and Queen Emma Kaleiokalaui had sent her ladies with leis—i. e., necklaces of bright blossoms—to wear around my hat and shoulders. Laden with these, and other keepsakes from the isles, and carrying away thence impressions of unbounded kindness and many delightful memories, I bade, I fear, a long farewell to these sunny isles.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

I.

EVERY loyal American who went abroad during the first years of our great war felt bound to make himself some excuse for turning his back on his country in the hour of her trouble. But when Owen Elmore sailed, no one else seemed to think that he needed excuse. All his friends said it was the best thing for him to do; that he could have leisure and quiet over there, and would be able to go on with his work.

At the risk of giving a farcical effect to my narrative, I am obliged to confess that the work of which Elmore's friends spoke was a projected history of Venice. So many literary Americans have projected such a work that it may now fairly be regarded as a national enterprise. Elmore was too obscure to have been announced, in the usual way, by the newspapers, as having this design; but it was well known in his town that he was collecting materials when his professorship in the small inland college with which he was connected lapsed through the enlistment of nearly all the students. The president became colonel of the college regiment; and in parting with Elmore, while their boys waited on the campus without, he had said: "Now, Elmore, you must go on with your history of Venice. Go to Venice and collect your materials on the spot. We're coming through this all right. Mr. Seward puts it at sixty days, but I'll give them six months to lay down their arms, and we shall want you back at the end of the year. Don't you have any compunctions about going. I know how you feel; but it is perfectly right for you to keep out of it. Good-bye." They wrung each other's hands for the last time,—the president fell at Fort Donelson; but now Elmore followed him to the door, and when he appeared there one of the boyish captains shouted, "Three cheers for Professor Elmore!" and the president called for the tiger, and led it, whirling his cap round his head.

Elmore went back to his study, sick at heart. It grieved him that even these had not thought that he should go to

the war, and that his inward struggle on that point had been idle so far as others were concerned. He had been quite earnest in the matter; he had once almost volunteered as a private soldier: he had consulted his doctor, who sternly discouraged him. He would have been truly glad of any accident that forced him into the ranks; but, as he used afterward to say, it was not his idea of soldiership to enlist for the hospital. At the distance of five hundred miles from the scene of hostilities, it was absurd to enter the Home Guard; and, after all, there were, even at first, some selfish people who went into the army, and some unselfish people who kept out of it. Elmore's bronchitis was a disorder which active service would undoubtedly have aggravated; as it was, he made a last effort to be of use to our Government as a bearer of dispatches. Failing such an appointment, he submitted to expatriation as he best could; and in Italy he fought for our cause against the English, whom he found everywhere all but in arms against us.

He sailed, in fine, with a very fair conscience.

"I should be perfectly at ease," he said to his wife, as the steamer dropped smoothly down to Sandy Hook, "if I were sure that I was not glad to be getting away."

"You are *not* glad," she answered.

"I don't know, I don't know," he said, with the weak persistence of a man willing that his wife should persuade him against his convictions; "I wish that I felt certain of it."

"You are too sick to go to the war; nobody expected you to go."

"I know that, and I can't say that I like it. As for being too sick, perhaps it's the part of a man to go if he dies on the way to the field. It would encourage the others," he added, smiling faintly.

She ignored the tint from Voltaire in replying:

"Nonsense! It would do no good at all; at any rate, it's too late now."

"Yes, it's too late now."

The sea-sickness which shortly followed formed a diversion from his accusing

thoughts. Each day of the voyage removed them further, and with the preoccupations of his first days in Europe, his travel to Italy, and his preparations for a long sojourn in Venice, they had softened to a pensive sense of self-sacrifice, which took a warmer or a cooler tinge, according as the news from home was good or bad.

II.

HE lost no time in going to work in the Marcian Library, and he early applied to the Austrian authorities for leave to have transcripts made in the archives. The permission was negotiated by the American consul (then a young painter of the name of Ferris), who reported a mechanical facility on the part of the authorities,—as if, he said, they were used to obliging American historians of Venice. The foreign tyranny which cast a pathetic glamour over the romantic city had certainly not appeared to grudge such publicity as Elmore wished to give her heroic memories, though it was then at its most repressive period, and formed a check upon the whole life of the place. The tears were hardly yet dry in the despairing eyes that had seen the French fleet sail away from the Lido, after Solferino, without firing a shot in behalf of Venice; but Lombardy, the Duchies, the Sicilies, had all passed to Sardinia, and the Pope alone represented the old order of native despotism in Italy. At Venice the Germans seemed tranquilly awaiting the change which should destroy their system with the rest; and in the meantime there had occurred one of those impressive pauses, as notable in the lives of nations as of men, when, after the occurrence of great events, the forces of action and endurance seem to be gathering themselves against the stress of the future. The quiet was almost consciously a truce, and not a peace; and this local calm had drawn into it certain elements that picturesquely and sentimentally heightened the charm of the place. It was a refuge for many exiled potentates and pretenders; the gondolier pointed out on the Grand Canal the palaces of the Count of Chambord, the Duchess of Parma, and the Infante of Spain; and one met these fallen princes in the squares and streets, bowing with distinct courtesy to any that chose to salute them. Every evening the Piazza San Marco was filled with the white coats of the Austrian officers, promenading to the exquisite military

music, which has ceased there forever; the patrol clanked through the footways at all hours of the night, and the lagoon heard the cry of the sentinel from fort to fort, and from gun-boat to gun-boat. Through all this, the demonstration of the patriots went on, silent, ceaseless, implacable, annulling every alien effort at gayety, depopulating the theaters, and desolating the ancient holidays.

There was something very fine in this as a spectacle, Elmore said to his young wife; and he had to admire the austere self-denial of a people who would not suffer their tyrants to see them happy; but they secretly owned to each other that it was fatiguing. Soon after coming to Venice, they had made some acquaintance among the Italians through Mr. Ferris, and had early learned that the condition of knowing Venetians was not to know Austrians. It was easy and natural for them to submit, theoretically. As Americans, they must respond to any impulse for freedom, and certainly they could have no sympathy with such a system as that of Austria. By whatever was sacred in our own war upon slavery, they were bound to abhor oppression in every form. But it was hard to make the application of their hatred to the amiable-looking people whom they saw everywhere around them in the quality of tyrants, especially when their Venetian friends confessed that personally they liked the Austrians. Besides, if the whole truth must be told, the Elmores found that their friendship with the Italians was not always of the most penetrating sort, though it had a superficial intensity that for a while gave the effect of lasting cordiality. The Elmores were not quite able to decide whether the pause of feeling at which they arrived was through their own defect or not. Much was to be laid to the difference of race, religion, and education; but something, they feared, to the personal rapidity of acquaintances whose meridional liveliness made them yawn, and in whose society they did not always find compensation for the sacrifices they made for it.

"But it is right," said Elmore. "It would be a sort of treason to associate with the Austrians. We owe it to the Venetians to let them see that our feelings are with them."

"Yes," said his wife, pensively.

"And it is better for us, as Americans abroad, during this war, to be retired."

"Well, we are retired," said Mrs. Elmore.

"Yes, there is no doubt of that," he returned.

They laughed, and made what they could of chance American acquaintances at the *caffès*. Elmore had his history to occupy him, and doubtless he could not understand how heavy the time hung upon his wife's hands. They went often to the theater, and every evening they went to the Piazza, and ate an ice at Florian's. This was certainly amusement; and routine was so pleasant to his scholarly temperament that he enjoyed merely that. He made a point of admitting his wife as much as possible into his intellectual life; he read her his notes as fast as he made them, and he consulted her upon the management of his theme, which, as his research extended, he found so vast that he was forced to decide upon a much lighter treatment than he had at first intended. He had resolved upon a history which should be presented in a series of biographical studies, and he was so much interested in this conclusion, and so charmed with the advantages of the form as they developed themselves, that he began to lose the sense of social dullness, and ceased to imagine it in his wife.

A sort of indolence of the sensibilities, in fact, enabled him to endure *ennui* that made her frantic, and he was often deeply bored without knowing it at the time, or without a reasoned suffering. He suffered as a child suffers, simply, almost ignorantly: it was upon reflection that his nerves began to quiver with retroactive anguish. He was also able to idealize the situation when his wife no longer even wished to do so. His fancy cast a poetry about these Venetian friends, whose conversation displayed the occasional sparkle of Ollendorff-English on a dark ground of lagoon-Italian, and whose vivid smiling and gesticulation she wearied herself in hospitable efforts to outdo. To his eyes their historic past clothed them with its interest, and the long patience of their hope and hatred under foreign rule ennobled them, while to hers they were too often only tiresome visitors, whose powers of silence and of eloquence were alike to be dreaded. It did not console her as it did her husband to reflect that they probably bored the Italians as much in their turn. When a young man, very sympathetic for literature and the Americans, spent an evening, as it seemed to her, in crying nothing but "*Per Bacco!*" she owned that she liked better his oppressor, who once came by

chance in the figure of a young lieutenant, and who unbuckled his wife, as he called his sword, and, putting her in a corner, sat up on a chair in the middle of the room and sang like a bird, and then told ghost-stories. The songs were out of Heine, and they reminded her of her girlish enthusiasm for German. Elmore was troubled at the lieutenant's visit, and feared it would cost them all their Italian friends; but she said boldly that she did not care; and she never even tried to believe that the life they saw in Venice was comparable to that of their little college town at home, with its teas and picnics, and simple, easy, social gayeties. There she had been a power in her way; she had entertained, and had helped to make some matches: but the Venetians ate nothing, and as for young people, they never saw each other but by stealth, and their matches were made by their parents on a money basis. She could not adapt herself to this foreign life; it puzzled her, and her husband's conformity seemed to estrange them, as far as it went. It took away her spirit, and she grew listless and dull. Even the history began to lose its interest in her eyes: she doubted if the annals of such a people as she saw about her could ever be popular.

There were other things to make them melancholy in their exile. The war at home was going badly, where it was going at all. The letters now never spoke of any term to it; they expressed rather the dogged patience of the time when it seemed as if there could be no end, and indicated that the country had settled into shape about it, and was pushing forward its other affairs as if the war did not exist. Mrs. Elmore felt that the America which she had left had ceased to be. The letters were almost less a pleasure than a pain, but she always tore them open and read them with eager unhappiness. There were miserable intervals of days and even weeks when no letters came, and when the Reuter telegrams in the "*Gazette*" of Venice dribbled their vitriolic news of Northern disaster through a few words or lines, and "*Galignani's*" long columns were filled with the hostile exultation and prophecy of the London press.

III.

THEY had passed eighteen months of this sort of life in Venice when one day a letter dropped into it which sent a thousand

ripples over its stagnant surface. Mrs. Elmore read it first to herself, with gasps and cries of pleasure and astonishment, which did not divert her husband from the perusal of some notes he had made the day before, and had brought to the breakfast-table with the intention of amusing her. When she flattened it out over his notes, and exacted his attention, he turned an unwilling and lack-luster eye upon it; then he looked up at her.

"Did you expect she would come?" he asked, in ill-masked dismay.

"I don't suppose they had any idea of it at first. When Sue wrote me that Lily had been studying too hard, and had to be taken out of school, I said that I wished she could come over and pay us a visit. But I don't believe they dreamed of letting her—Sue says so—till the Mortons' coming seemed too good a chance to be lost. I am so glad of it, Owen! You know how much they have always done for me: and here is a chance now to pay a little of it back."

"What in the world shall we do with her?" he asked.

"Do? Everything! Why, Owen," she urged, with pathetic recognition of his coldness, "she is Susy Stevens's own sister!"

"Oh, yes—yes," he admitted.

"And it was Susy who brought us together!"

"Why, of course."

"And oughtn't you to be glad of the opportunity?"

"I am glad—very glad."

"It will be a relief to you instead of a care. She's such a bright, intelligent girl that we can both sympathize with your work, and you won't have to go round with me all the time, and I can matronize her myself."

"I see, I see," Elmore replied, with scarcely abated seriousness. "Perhaps, if she is coming here for her health, she won't need much matronizing."

"Oh, pshaw! she'll be well enough for that. She's overdone a little at school. I shall take good care of her, I can tell you; and I shall make her have a real good time. It's quite flattering of Susy to trust her to us, so far away, and I shall write and tell her we both think so."

"Yes," said Elmore, "it's a fearful responsibility."

There are instances of the persistence of husbands in certain moods or points of view on which even wheedling has no effect. The wise woman perceives that in these cases she must trust entirely to the softening

influences of time, and as much as possible she changes the subject; or, if this is impossible, she may hope something from presenting a still worse aspect of the affair. Mrs. Elmore said, in lifting the letter from the table:

"If she sailed on the 3d, in the *City of Timbuctoo*, she will be at Queenstown on the 12th or 13th, and we shall have a letter from her by Wednesday, saying when she will be at Genoa. That's as far as the Mortons can bring her, and there's where we must meet her."

"Meet her in Genoa! How?"

"By going there for her," replied Mrs. Elmore, as if this were the simplest thing in the world. "I have never seen Genoa."

Elmore now tacitly abandoned himself to his fate. His wife continued:

"I needn't take anything. Merely run on, and right back."

"When must we go?" he asked.

"I don't know yet; but we shall have a letter to-morrow. Don't worry on my account, Owen. Her coming won't be a bit of care to me. It will give me something to do and to think about, and it will be a pleasure all the time to know that it's for Susy Stevens. And I shall like the companionship."

Elmore looked at his wife in surprise, for it had not occurred to him before that with his company she could desire any other companionship. He desired none but hers; and when he was about his work he often thought of her. He supposed that at these moments she thought of him, and found society, as he did, in such thoughts. But he was not a jealous or exacting man, and he said nothing. His treatment of the approaching visit from Susy Stevens's sister had not been enthusiastic, but a spark had kindled his imagination, and it burned warmer and brighter as the days went by. He found a charm in the thought of having this fresh young life here in his charge, and of teaching the girl to live into the great and beautiful history of the city: there was still much of the school-master in him, and he intended to make her sojourn an education to her; and as a literary man he hoped for novel effects from her mind upon material which he was above all trying to set in a new light before himself.

When the time had arrived for them to go and meet Miss Mayhew at Genoa, he was more than reconciled to the necessity. But at the last moment, Mrs. Elmore had one of her old attacks. What these attacks were

I find myself unable to specify, but as every lady has an old attack of some kind, I may safely leave their precise nature to conjecture. It is enough that they were of a nervous character, that they were accompanied with headache, and that they prostrated her for several days. During their continuance she required the active sympathy and constant presence of her husband, whose devotion was then exemplary, and brought up long arrears of indebtedness in that way.

"Well, what shall we do?" he asked, as he sank into a chair beside the lounge on which Mrs. Elmore lay, her eyes closed, and a slice of lemon placed on each of her throbbing temples with the effect of some new sort of blinders. "Shall I go alone for her?"

She gave his hand the kind of convulsive clutch that signified, "Impossible for you to leave me."

He reflected.

"The Mortons will be pushing on to Leghorn, and somebody *must* meet her. How would it do for Mr. Hoskins to go?"

Mrs. Elmore responded with a clutch tantamount to "Horrors! How could you think of such a thing?"

"Well, then," he said, "the only thing we can do is to send a *valet de place* for her. We can send old Cazzi. He's the incarnation of respectability; five francs a day and his expenses will buy all the virtues of him. She'll come as safely with him as with me."

Mrs. Elmore had applied a vividly thoughtful pressure to her husband's hand; she now released it in token of assent, and he rose.

"But don't be gone long," she whispered.

On his way to the *café* which Cazzi frequented, Elmore fell in with the consul.

By this time a change had taken place in the consular office. Mr. Ferris, some months before, had suddenly thrown up his charge and gone home; and after the customary interval of ship-chandler, the California sculptor, Hoskins, had arrived out, with his commission in his pocket, and had set up his allegorical figure of The Pacific Slope in the room where Ferris had painted his too metaphysical conception of a Venetian Priest. Mrs. Elmore had never liked Ferris; she thought him cynical and opinionated, and she believed that he had not behaved quite well toward a young American lady,—a Miss Vervain, who had staid a while in Venice with her mother. She was glad to have him go; but she could not admire Mr. Hoskins, who, however good-

natured, was too hopelessly Western. He had had part of one foot shot away in the nine months' service, and walked with a limp that did him honor; and he knew as much of a consul's business as any of the authors or artists with whom it is the tradition to fill that office at Venice. Besides, he was at least a fellow-American, and Elmore could not forbear telling him the trouble he was in: a young girl coming from their town in America as far as Genoa with friends, and expecting to be met there by the Elmores, with whom she was to pass some months; Mrs. Elmore utterly prostrated by one of her old attacks, and he unable to leave her, or to take her with him to Genoa; the friends with whom Miss Mayhew traveled unable to bring her to Venice; she, of course, unable to come alone. The case deepened and darkened in Elmore's view as he unfolded it.

"Why," cried the consul, sympathetically, "if I could leave my post, I'd go!"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Elmore, eagerly, remembering his wife. "I couldn't think of letting you."

"Look here!" said the consul, taking an official letter, with the seal broken, from his pocket. "This is the first time I couldn't have left my post without distinct advantage to the public interests, since I have been here. But with this letter from Turin, telling me to be on the lookout for the *Alabama*, I couldn't go to Genoa, even to meet a young lady. The Austrians have never recognized the rebels as belligerents: if she enters the port of Venice, all I've got to do is to require the deposit of her papers with me, and then I should like to see her get out again. I should like to capture her. Of course, I don't mean Miss Mayhew," said the consul, recognizing the double sense in which his language could be taken.

"It would be a great thing for you," said Elmore,—"a *great* thing."

"Yes, it would set me up in my own eyes, and stop that infernal clatter inside about going over and taking a hand again."

"Yes," Elmore assented, with a twinge of the old shame. "I didn't know you had it, too."

"If I could capture the *Alabama*, I could afford to let the other fellows fight it out."

"I congratulate you, with all my heart," said Elmore, sadly, and he walked in silence beside the consul.

"Well," said the latter, with a laugh at Elmore's pensive rapture, "I'm as much obliged to you as if I had captured her."

I'll go up to the Piazza with you and see Cazzi."

The affair was easily arranged; Cazzi was made to feel, by the consul's intervention, that the shield of American sovereignty had been extended over the young girl whom he was to escort from Genoa, and two days later he arrived with her. Mrs. Elmore's attack was now passing off, and she was well enough to receive Miss Mayhew, half-recumbent on the sofa, where she had been prone till her arrival. It was pretty to see her fond greeting of the girl, and her joy in her presence as they sat down for the first long talk; and Elmore realized, even in his dreamy withdrawal, how much the bright, active spirit of his wife had suffered merely in the restriction of her English. Now, it was not only English they spoke, but that American variety of the language of which I hope we shall grow less and less ashamed; and not only this, but their parlance was characterized by local turns and accents which all came welcome back to Mrs. Elmore, together with those still more intimate inflections which belonged to her own particular circle of friends in the little town of Patmos, New York. Lily Mayhew was, of course, not of her own set, being five or six years younger; but women, more easily than men, ignore the disparities of age between themselves and their juniors, and, in Susy Stevens's absence, it seemed a sort of tribute to her to establish her sister in the affection which Mrs. Elmore had so long cherished. Their friendship had been of such a thoroughly trusted sort on both sides that Mrs. Stevens (the memorably brilliant Sue Mayhew in her girlish days) had felt perfectly free to act upon Mrs. Elmore's invitation to let Lily come out to her; and here the child was, as much at home as if she had just walked into Mrs. Elmore's parlor out of her sister's house in Patmos.

IV.

THEY briefly dispatched the facts relating to Miss Mayhew's voyage and her journey to Genoa, and came as quickly as they could to all those things which Mrs. Elmore was thirsting to learn about the town and its people.

"Is it much changed? I suppose it is," she sighed. "The war changes everything."

"Oh, you don't notice the war much,"

said Miss Mayhew. "But Patmos *is* gay, —perfectly delightful. We've got one of the camps there now; and such times as the girls have with the officers! We have lots of fun getting up things for the Sanitary. Hops on the parade-ground at the camp, and going out to see the prisoners—you never saw such a place."

"The prisoners?" murmured Mrs. Elmore.

"Why, yes!" cried Lily, with a gay laugh. "Didn't you know that we had a prison-camp, too? Some of the Southerners look real nice. I pitied them," she added, with unabated gayety.

"Your sister wrote to me," said Mrs. Elmore; "but I couldn't realize it, I suppose, and so I forgot it."

"Yes," pursued Lily, "and Frank Halsey's in command. You would never know by the way he walks that he had a cork leg. Of course he can't dance, though, poor fellow. He's pale, and he's perfectly fascinating. So's Dick Burton, with his empty sleeve; he's one of the recruiting officers, and there's nobody so popular with the girls. You can't think how funny it is, Professor Elmore, to see the old college buildings used for barracks. Dick says it's much livelier than it was when he was a student there."

"I suppose it must be," dreamily assented the professor. "Does he find plenty of volunteers?"

"Well, you know," the young girl explained, "that the old style of volunteering is all over."

"No, I didn't know it."

"Yes. It's the bounties now that they rely upon, and they do say that it will come to the draft very soon. Some of the young men have gone to Canada. But everybody despises *them*. Oh, Mrs. Elmore, I should think you'd be so glad to have the professor off here, and honorably out of the way!"

"I'm *dishonorably* out of the way; I can never forgive myself for not going to the war," said Elmore.

"Why, how ridiculous!" cried Lily. "Nobody feels that way about it *now*! As Dick Burton says, we've come down to business. I tell you, when you see arms and legs off in every direction, and women going about in black, you don't feel that it's such a romantic thing any more. There are mighty few engagements now, Mrs. Elmore, when a regiment sets off; no presentation of revolvers in the town hall; and

some of the widows have got married again; and that I don't think is right. But what can they do, poor things? You remember Tom Friar's widow, Mrs. Elmore?"

"Tom Friar's widow! Is Tom Friar dead?"

"Why, of course! One of the first. I think it was Ball's Bluff. Well, she's married. But she married his cousin, and, as Dick Burton says, that isn't so bad. Isn't it awful, Mrs. Clapp's losing *all* her boys—all five of them? It does seem to bear too hard on some families. And then, when you see every one of those six Armstrongs going through without a scratch!"

"I suppose," said Elmore, "that business is at a stand-still. The streets must look rather dreary."

"*Business* at a stand-still!" exclaimed Lily. "What *has* Sue been writing you all this time? Why, there never was such prosperity in Patmos before! Everybody is making money, and people that you wouldn't hardly speak to a year ago are giving parties and inviting the old college families. You ought to see the residences and business blocks going up all over the place. I don't suppose you would know Patmos now. You remember George Fenton, Mrs. Elmore?"

"Mr. Haskell's clerk?"

"Yes. Well, he's made a fortune out of an army contract; and he's going to marry—the engagement came out just before I left—Bella Stearns."

At these words Mrs. Elmore sat upright,—the only posture in which the fact could be imagined. "Lily!"

"Oh, I can tell you these are gay times in America," triumphed the young girl. She now put her hand to her mouth and hid a yawn.

"You're sleepy," said Mrs. Elmore. "Well, you know the way to your room. You'll find everything ready there, and I shall let you go alone. You shall commence being at home at once."

"Yes, I am sleepy," assented Lily; and she promptly made her good-nights and vanished; though a keener eye than Elmore's might have seen that her promptness had a color—or say light—of hesitation in it.

But he only walked up and down the room, after she was gone, in unheeded distress.

"Gay times in America! Good heavens! Is the child utterly heartless, Celia, or is she merely obtuse?"

"She certainly isn't at all like Sue," sighed

Mrs. Elmore, who had not had time to formulate Lily's defense. "But she's excited now, and a little off her balance. She'll be different to-morrow. Besides, all America seems changed, and the people with it. We shouldn't have noticed it if we had staid there, but we feel it after this absence."

"I never realized it before, as I did from her babble! The letters have told us the same thing, but they were like the histories of other times. Camps, prisoners, barracks, mutilation, widowhood, death, sudden gains, social upheavals—it is the old, hideous story of war come true of our day and country. It's terrible!"

"She will miss the excitement," said Mrs. Elmore. "I don't know exactly what we shall do with her. Of course, she can't expect the attentions she's been used to in Patmos, with those young men."

Elmore stopped, and stared at his wife.

"What do you mean, Celia?"

"We don't go into society at all, and she doesn't speak Italian. How shall we amuse her?"

"Well, upon my word, I don't know that we're obliged to provide her amusement! Let her amuse herself. Let her take up some branch of study, or of—of—research, and get something besides 'fun' into her head, if possible." He spoke boldly, but his wife's question had unnerved him, for he had a soft heart, and liked people about him to be happy. "We can show her the objects of interest. And there are the theaters," he added.

"Yes, that is true," said Mrs. Elmore. "We can both go about with her. I will just peep in at her now, and see if she has everything she wants." She rose from her sofa and went to Lily's room, whence she did not return for nearly three-quarters of an hour. By this time Elmore had got out his notes, and, in their transcription and classification, had fallen into forgetfulness of his troubles. His wife closed the door behind her, and said, in a low voice, little above a whisper, as she sank very quietly into a chair:

"Well, it has all come out, Owen."

"What has all come out?" he asked, looking up stupidly.

"I knew that she had something on her mind, by the way she acted. And you saw her give me that look as she went out?"

"No—no, I didn't. What look was it? She looked sleepy."

"She looked terribly, terribly excited, and

as if she would like to say something to me. That was the reason I said I would let her go to her room alone."

"Oh!"

"Of course she would have felt awfully if I had gone straight off with her. So I waited. It *may* never come to anything in the world, and I don't suppose it will; but it's quite enough to account for everything you saw in her."

"I didn't see anything in her,—that was the difficulty. But what is it, Celia? You know how I hate these delays."

"Why, I'm not sure that I need tell you, Owen; and yet I suppose I had better. It will be safer," said Mrs. Elmore, nursing her mystery to the last, enjoying it for its own sake, and dreading it for its effect upon her husband. "I suppose you will think your troubles are beginning pretty early," she suggested.

"Is it a trouble?"

"Well, I don't know that it is. If it comes to the very worst, I dare say that every one wouldn't call it a trouble."

Elmore threw himself back in his chair in an attitude of endurance.

"What would the worst be?"

"Why, it's no use even to discuss that, for it's perfectly absurd to suppose that it could ever come to that. But the case," added Mrs. Elmore, perceiving that further delay was only further suffering for her husband, and that any fact would now probably fall far short of his apprehensions, "is simply this, and I don't know that it amounts to anything; but at Peschiera, just before the train started, she looked out of the window, and saw a splendid officer walking up and down and smoking; and before she could draw back he must have seen her, for he threw away his cigar instantly, and got into the same compartment. He talked awhile in German with an old gentleman who was there, and then he spoke in Italian with Cazzi; and afterward, when he heard her speaking English with Cazzi, he joined in. I don't know how he came to join in at first, and she doesn't, either; but it seems that he knew some English, and he began speaking. He was very tall and handsome and distinguished looking, and a *perfect* gentleman in his manners; and she says that she saw Cazzi looking rather queer, but he didn't say anything, and so she kept on talking. She told him at once that she was an American, and that she was coming here to stay with friends; and, as he was very curious about America, she told him

all she could think of. It did her good to talk about home, for she had been feeling a little blue at being so far away from everybody. Now, I don't see any harm in it; do you, Owen?"

"It isn't according to the custom here; but we needn't care for that. Of course it was imprudent."

"Of course," Mrs. Elmore admitted. "The officer was very polite; and when he found that she was from America, it turned out that he was a *great* sympathizer with the North, and that he had a brother in our army. Don't you think that was nice?"

"Probably some mere soldier of fortune, with no heart in the cause," said Elmore.

"And very likely he has no brother there, as I told Lily. He told her he was coming to Padua; but when they reached Padua, he came right on to Venice. That shows you couldn't place any dependence upon what he said. He said he expected to be put under arrest for it; but he didn't care,—he was coming. Do you believe they'll put him under arrest?"

"I don't know—I don't know," said Elmore, in a voice of grief and apprehension, which might well have seemed anxiety for the officer's liberty.

"I told her it was one of his jokes. He was very funny, and kept her laughing the whole way, with his broken English and his witty little remarks. She says he's just dying to go to America. Who do you suppose it can be, Owen?"

"How should I know? We've no acquaintance among the Austrians," groaned Elmore.

"That's what I told Lily. She's no idea of the state of things here, and she was quite horrified. But she says he was a perfect gentleman in everything. He belongs to the engineer corps,—that's one of the highest branches of the service, he told her,—and he gave her his card."

"Gave her his card!"

Mrs. Elmore had it in the hand which she had been keeping in her pocket, and she now suddenly produced it; and Elmore read the name and address of Ernst von Ehrhardt, Captain of the Royal-Imperial Engineers, Peschiera.

"She says she knows he wanted hers, but she didn't offer to give it to him; and he didn't ask her where she was going, or anything."

"He knew that he could get her address from Cazzi for ten soldi as soon as her back was turned," said Elmore, cynically. "What then?"

"Why, he said—and this is the only really bold thing he *did* do—that he must see her again, and that he should stay over a day in Venice in hopes of meeting her at the theater or somewhere."

"It's a piece of high-handed impudence!" cried Elmore. "Now, Celia, you see what these people are! Do you wonder that the Italians hate them?"

"You've often said they only hate their system."

"The Austrians are part of their system. He thinks he can take any liberty with us because he is an Austrian officer! Lily must not stir out of the house to-morrow."

"She will be too tired to do so," said Mrs. Elmore.

"And if he molests us further, I will appeal to the consul." Elmore began to walk up and down the room again.

"Well, I don't know whether you could call it *molesting*, exactly," suggested Mrs. Elmore.

"What do you mean, Celia? Do you suppose that she—she—encouraged this officer?"

"Owen! It was all in the simplicity and innocence of her heart!"

"Well, then, that she wishes to see him again?"

"Certainly not! But that's no reason why we should be rude about it."

"Rude about it? How? Is simply avoiding him rudeness? Is proposing to protect ourselves from his impertinence rudeness?"

"No. And if you can't see the matter for yourself, Owen, I don't know how any one is to make you."

"Why, Celia, one would think that you approved of this man's behavior,—that *you* wished her to meet him again! You understand what the consequences would be if we received this officer. You know how all the Venetians would drop us, and we should have no acquaintances here outside of the army."

"Who has asked you to receive him, Owen? And as for the Italians dropping us, that doesn't frighten me. But what could he do if he did meet her again? She needn't look at him. She says he is very intelligent, and that he has read a great many English books, though he doesn't speak it very well, and that he knows more about the war than she does. But of course she won't go out to-morrow. All that I hate is that we should seem to be frightened into staying at home."

"She needn't stay in on his account. You said she would be too tired to go out."

"I see by the scattering way you talk, Owen, that your mind isn't on the subject, and that you're anxious to get back to your work. I won't keep you."

"Celia, Celia! Be fair, now!" cried Elmore. "You know very well that I'm only too deeply interested in this matter, and that I'm not likely to get back to my work to-night, at least. What is it you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Elmore considered a while.

"I don't wish you to do anything," she returned, placably. "Of course, you're perfectly right in not choosing to let an acquaintance begun in that way go any further. We shouldn't at home, and we sha'n't here. But I don't wish you to think that Lily has been imprudent, under the circumstances. She doesn't know that it was anything out of the way, but she happened to do the best that any one could. Of course it was very exciting and very romantic; girls like such things, and there's no reason they shouldn't. We must manage," added Mrs. Elmore, "so that she shall see that we appreciate her conduct, and trust in her entirely. I wouldn't do anything to wound her pride or self-confidence. I would rather send her out alone to-morrow."

"Of course," said Elmore.

"And if I were with her when she met him, I believe I should leave it entirely to her how to behave."

"Well," said Elmore, "you're not likely to be put to the test. He'll hardly force his way into the house, and she isn't going out."

"No," said Mrs. Elmore. She added, after a silence: "I'm trying to think whether I've ever seen him in Venice; he's here often. But there are so many tall officers with fair complexions and English beards. I *should* like to know how he looks! She said he was very aristocratic-looking."

"Yes, it's a fine type," said Elmore. "They're all nobles, I believe."

"But, after all, they're no better looking than our boys, who come up out of nothing."

"Ours are Americans," said Elmore.

"And they are the best husbands, as I told Lily."

Elmore looked at his wife, as she turned dreamily to leave the room; but, since the conversation had taken this impersonal turn, he would not say anything to change

its complexion. A conjecture, vaguely taking shape in his mind, resolved itself to nothing again, and left him with only the ache of something unascertained.

v.

In the morning Lily came to breakfast as blooming as a rose. The sense of her simple, fresh, wholesome loveliness might have pierced even the indifference of a man to whom there was but one pretty woman in the world, and who had lived since their marriage as if his wife had absorbed her whole sex into herself: this deep, unconscious constancy was a noble trait in him, but it is not so rare in men as women would have us believe. For Elmore, Miss Mayhew merely pervaded the place in her finer way, as the flowers on the table did, as the sweet butter, the new eggs, and the morning's French bread did; he looked at her with a perfectly serene ignorance of her piquant face, her beautiful eyes and abundant hair, and her trim, straight figure. But his wife exulted in every particular of her charm, and was as generously glad of it as if it were her own; as women are when they are sure that the charm of others has no designs.

The ladies twittered and laughed together, and as he was a man without small talk, he soon dropped out of the conversation into a reverie, from which he found himself presently extracted by a question from his wife.

"We had better go in a gondola, hadn't we, Owen?" She seemed to be, as she put this, trying to look something into him.

He, on his part, tried his best to make out her meaning, but failed. He simply asked: "Where? Are you going out?"

"Yes. Lily has some shopping she must do. I think we can get it at Pazièti's, in San Polo."

Again she tried to pierce him with her meaning. It seemed to him a sudden advance from the position she had taken the night before in regard to Miss Mayhew's not going out; but he could not understand his wife's look, and he feared to misinterpret if he opposed her going. He decided that she wished him for some reason to oppose the gondola, so he said:

"I think you'd better walk, if Lily isn't too tired."

"Oh, I'm not tired at all!" she cried.

"I can go with you, in that direction, on my way to the library," he added.

"Well, that will be very nice," said Mrs. Elmore, discontinuing her look, and leaving her husband with an uneasy sense of wantonly assumed responsibility.

"She can step into the Frari a moment, and see those tombs," he said. "I think it will amuse her."

Lily broke into a clear laugh.

"Is that the way you amuse yourselves in Venice?" she asked; and Mrs. Elmore hastened to re-assure her.

"That's the way Mr. Elmore amuses himself. You know his history makes every bit of the past fascinating to him."

"Oh, yes, that history! Everybody is looking out for that," said Lily.

"Is it possible," said Elmore, with a pensive sarcasm in which an agreeable sense of flattery lurked, "that people still remember me and my history?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Miss Mayhew. "Frank Halsey was talking about it the night before I left. He couldn't seem to understand why I should be coming to you at Venice, because he said it was a history of Florence you were writing. It isn't, is it? You must be getting pretty near the end of it, Professor Elmore."

"I'm getting pretty near the beginning," said Elmore, sadly.

"It must be hard writing histories; they're so awfully hard to read," said Lily, innocently. "Does it interest you?" she asked, with unaffected compassion.

"Yes," he said, "far more than it will ever interest anybody else."

"Oh, I don't believe that!" she cried, sweetly, seizing the occasion to get in a little compliment.

Mrs. Elmore sat silent, while things were thus going against Miss Mayhew, and perhaps she was then meditating the stroke by which she restored the balance to her own favor as soon as she saw her husband alone after breakfast. "Well, Owen," she said, "you've done it now."

"Done what?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing, perhaps!" she answered, while she got on her things for the walk with unusual gayety; and, with the consciousness of unknown guilt depressing him, he followed the ladies upon their errand, subdued, distraught, but gradually forgetting his sin, as he forgot everything but his history. His wife hated to see him so miserable, and whispered at the shop-door where they parted: "Don't be troubled, Owen. I didn't mean anything."

"By what?"

"Oh, if you've forgotten, never mind!" she cried, and she and Miss Mayhew disappeared within.

It was two hours later when he next saw them, after he had turned over the book he wished to see and had found the passage which would enable him to go on with his work for the rest of the day at home. He was fitting his key into the house-door when he happened to look up the little street toward the bridge that led into it, and there, defined against the sky on the level of the bridge, he saw Mrs. Elmore and Miss Mayhew receiving the adieux of a distinguished-looking man in the Austrian uniform. The officer had brought his heels together in the conventional manner, and, with his cap in his right hand while his left rested on the hilt of his sword and pressed it down, he was bowing from the hips. Once, twice, and he was gone.

The ladies came down the *calle* with rapid steps and flushed faces, and Elmore let them in. His wife whispered, as she brushed by his elbow:

"I want to speak with you instantly, Owen.—Well, now!" she added, when they were alone in their own room, and she had shut the door. "What do you say now?"

"What do *I* say now, Celia?" retorted Elmore, with just indignation. "It seems to me that it is for *you* to say something—or nothing."

"Why, you brought it on us."

Elmore merely glanced at his wife, and did not speak, for this passed all force of language.

"Didn't you see me looking at you when I spoke of going out in a gondola, at breakfast?"

"Yes."

"What did you suppose I meant?"

"I didn't know."

"When I was trying to make you understand that if we took a gondola we could go and come without being seen! Lily had to do her shopping. But if you chose to run off on some interpretation of your own, was I to blame, I should like to know? No, indeed! You won't get me to admit it, Owen."

Elmore continued inarticulate, but he made a low, miserable sibillation between his set teeth.

"Such presumption, such perfect audacity, I never saw in my life!" cried Mrs. Elmore, fleetly changing the subject in her own mind, and leaving her husband to follow her as he could. "It was outrageous!"

Her words were strong, but she did not really look affronted; and it is hard to tell what sort of liberty it is that affronts a woman. It seems to depend a great deal upon the person who takes the liberty.

"That was the man, I suppose," said Elmore, quietly.

"Yes, Owen," answered his wife, with beautiful candor, "it was." Seeing that he remained unaffected by her display of this virtue, she added: "Don't you think he was very handsome?"

"I couldn't judge, at such a distance."

"Well, he is perfectly splendid. And I don't want you to think he was disrespectful at all. He wasn't. He was everything that was delicate and deferential."

"Did you ask him to walk home with you?"

Mrs. Elmore remained speechless for some moments. Then she drew a long breath, and said, firmly:

"If you won't interrupt me with gratuitous insults, Owen, I will tell you all about it, and then perhaps you will be ready to do me justice. I ask nothing more." She waited for his contrition, but proceeded without it, in a somewhat meeker strain: "Lily couldn't get her things at Paziotti's, and we had to go to the Merceria for them. Then, of course, the nearest way home was through St. Mark's Square. I made Lily go on the Florian side, so as to avoid the officers who were sitting at the Quadri, and we had got through the Square and past San Moise, as far as the Stadt Gratz. I had never thought of how the officers frequented the Stadt Gratz, but there we met a most magnificent creature, and I had just said, 'What a splendid officer!' when she gave a sort of stop and he gave a sort of stop, and bowed very low, and she whispered, 'It's my officer.' I didn't dream of his joining us, and I don't think he did, at first; but after he took a second look at Lily, it really seemed as if he couldn't help it. He asked if he might join us, and I didn't say anything."

"Didn't say anything?"

"No! How could I refuse, in so many words? And I was frightened and confused, any way. He asked if we were going to the music in the Giardini Pubblici; and I said no, that Miss Mayhew was not going into society in Venice, but was merely here for her health. That's all there is of it. Now do you blame me, Owen?"

"No."

"Do you blame her?"

"No."

"Well, I don't see how *he* was to blame," she said.

"The transaction was a little irregular, but it was highly creditable to all parties concerned."

Mrs. Elmore grew still meeker under this irony. Indignation and censure she would have known how to meet; but his quiet perplexed her. She did not know what might not be coming.

"Lily scarcely spoke to him," she pursued, "and I was very cold. I spoke to him in German."

"Is German a particularly repellent tongue?"

"No. But I was determined he should get no hold upon us. He was very polite and very respectful, as I said, but I didn't give him an atom of encouragement; I saw that he was dying to be asked to call, but I parted from him very stiffly."

"Is it possible?"

"Owen, what *is* there so wrong about it all? He's clearly fascinated with her; and as the matter stood he had no hope of seeing her or speaking with her except on the street. Perhaps he didn't know it was wrong—or didn't realize it."

"I dare say."

"What else could the poor fellow have done? There he was! He had staid over a day, and laid himself open to arrest, on the bare chance—one in a hundred—of seeing Lily: and when he did see her, what was he to do?"

"Obviously, to join her and walk home with her."

"You are too bad, Owen! Suppose it had been one of our own poor boys? He *looked* like an American."

"He didn't behave like one. One of 'our own poor boys,' as you call them, would have been as far as possible from thrusting himself upon you. He would have had too much reverence for you, too much self-respect, too much pride."

"What has pride to do with such things, my dear? I think he acted very naturally. He acted upon impulse. I'm sure you're always crying out against the restraints and conventionalities between young people, over here; and now, when a European *does* do a simple, unaffected thing——"

Elmore made a gesture of impatience.

"This fellow has presumed upon your being Americans—on your ignorance of the customs here—to take a liberty that he would not have dreamed of taking with

Italian or German ladies. He has shown himself no gentleman."

"Now, there you are very much mistaken, Owen. That's what I thought when Lily first told me about his speaking to her in the cars, and I was very much prejudiced against him; but when I saw him to-day, I must say I felt that I had been wrong. He *is* a gentleman; but—he is desperate."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Elmore, shrinking a little under her husband's sarcastic tone. "Why, Owen," she pleaded, "can't you see anything romantic in it?"

"I see nothing but a vulgar impertinence in it. I see it from his stand-point as an adventure, to be bragged of and laughed over at the mess-table and the *caff*?. I'm going to put a stop to it."

Mrs. Elmore looked daunted and a little bewildered. "Well, Owen," she said, "I put the affair entirely in your hands."

Elmore never could decide upon just what theory his wife had acted; he had to rest upon the fact, already known to him, of her perfect truth and conscientiousness, and his perception that even in a good woman the passion for maneuvering and intrigue may approach the point at which men commit forgery. He now saw her quelled and submissive: but he was by no means sure that she looked at the affair as he did, or that she voluntarily acquiesced.

"All that I ask is that you won't do anything that you'll regret afterward. And as for putting a stop to it, I fancy it's put a stop to already. He's going back to Peschiera this afternoon, and that'll probably be the last of him."

"Very well," said Elmore, "if that is the last of him, I ask nothing better. I certainly have no wish to take any steps in the matter."

But he went out of the house very unhappy and greatly perplexed. He thought at first of going to the Stadt Gratz, where Captain Ehrhardt was probably staying for the tap of Vienna beer peculiar to that hostelry, and of inquiring him out, and requesting him to discontinue his attentions; but this course, upon reflection, was less high-handed than comported with his present mood, and he turned aside to seek advice of his consul. He found Mr. Hoskins in the best humor for backing his quarrel. He had just received a second dispatch from Turin, stating that the rumor of the approaching visit of the *Alabama* was unfounded; and he was thus left with a

force of unexpended belligerence on his hands which he was glad to contribute to the defense of Mr. Elmore's family from the pursuit of this Austrian officer.

"This is a very simple affair, Mr. Elmore,"—he usually said "Elmore," but in his haughty frame of mind, he naturally threw something more of state into their intercourse,—“a very simple affair, fortunately. All that I have to do is to call on the military governor, and state the facts of the case, and this fellow will get his orders quietly and *definitively*. This war has sapped our influence in Europe,—there's no doubt of it; but I think it's a pity if an American family living in this city can't be safe from molestation; and if it can't, I want to know the reason why."

This language was very acceptable to Elmore, and he thanked the consul. At the same time he felt his own resentment moderated, and he said:

"I'm willing to let the matter rest, if he goes away this afternoon."

"Oh, of course," Hoskins assented, "if he clears out, that's the end of it. I'll look in to-morrow, and see how you're getting along."

"Don't—don't give them the impression that I've—profited by your kindness," suggested Elmore, at parting.

"You haven't, yet. I only hope you may have the chance."

"Thank you; I don't think I do."

Elmore took a long walk, and returned home tranquilized and clarified as to the situation. Since it could be terminated without difficulty and without scandal, in the way Hoskins had explained, he was not unwilling to see a certain poetry in it. He could not repress a degree of sympathy with the bold young fellow who had overstepped the conventional proprieties in the ardor of a romantic impulse, and he could see how this very boldness, while it had a terror, would have a charm for a young girl. There was no necessity, except for the purpose of holding Mrs. Elmore in check, to look at it in an ugly light. Perhaps the officer had inferred from Lily's innocent frankness of manner that this sort of approach was permissible with Americans, and was not amusing himself with the adventure, but was in love in earnest. Elmore could allow himself this view of a case which he had so completely in his own hands; and he was sensible of a sort of pleasure in the novel responsibility thrown upon him. Few men at his age were called upon to stand in the

place of a parent to a young girl, to intervene in her affairs, and to decide who was and who was not a proper person to pretend to her acquaintance.

Feeling so secure in his right, he rebelled against the restraint he had proposed to himself, and at dinner he invited the ladies to go to the opera with him. He chose to show himself in public with them, and to check any impression that they were without due protection. As usual, the pit was full of officers, and between the acts they all rose, as usual, and faced the boxes, which they perused through their *jorgnettes* till the bell rang for the curtain to rise. But Mrs. Elmore, having touched his arm to attract his notice, instructed him, by a slow turning of her head, that Captain Ehrhardt was not there. After that he undoubtedly breathed freer, and, in the relaxation from his sense of bravado, he enjoyed the last acts of the opera more than the first. Miss Mayhew showed no disappointment; and she bore herself with so much grace and dignity, and yet so evidently impressed every one with her beauty, that he was proud of having her in charge. He began himself to see that she was pretty.

VI.

THE next day was Sunday, and in going to church they missed a call from Hoskins, whom Elmore felt bound to visit the following morning on his way to the library, and inform of his belief that the enemy had quitted Venice, and that the whole affair was probably at an end. He was strengthened in this opinion by Mrs. Elmore's fear that she might have been colder than she supposed; she hoped that she had not hurt the poor young fellow's feelings, and now that he was gone, and safely out of the way, Elmore hoped so too.

On his return from the library, his wife met him with an air of mystery before which his heart sank.

"Owen," she said, "Lily has a letter."

"Not bad news from home, Celia!"

"No; a letter which she wishes to show you. It has just come. As I don't wish to influence you, I would rather not be present."

Mrs. Elmore slipped out of the room, and Miss Mayhew glided gravely in, holding an open note in her hand, and looking into Elmore's eyes with a certain unfathomable candor, of which she had the secret.

"Here," she said, "is a letter which I think you ought to see at once, Professor

Elmore;" and she gave him the note with an air of unconcern, which he afterward recalled without being able to determine whether it was real indifference or only the calm resulting from the transfer of the whole responsibility to him. She stood looking at him while he read:

"Miss,
In this evening I am just arrived from Venice, hours afterwards I have had the fortune to see you and to speak with you—and to favorite me of your gentil acquaintanceship at rail-away. I never forget the moments I have seen you. Your pretty and nice figure had attached my heart so much, that I deserted in the hope to see you at Venice. And I was so lucky to speak with you cut too short, and in the possibility to understand all. I wish to go also in this Sonday to Venice, but I am sorry that I cannot, because I must feel now the consequences of the desertion. Pray Miss to agree the assurance of my love, and perhaps I will be so lucky to receive a notice from you Miss if I can hop a little (happiness) sympathie. Très humble
E. VON EHRHARDT."

Elmore was not destitute of the national sense of humor; but he read this letter not only without amusement in its English, but with intense bitterness and renewed alarm. It appeared to him that the willingness of the ladies to put the affair in his hands had not strongly manifested itself till it had quite passed their own control, and had become a most embarrassing difficulty,—when, in fact, it was no longer a merit in them to confide it to him. In the resentment of that moment, his suspicions even accused his wife of desiring, from idle curiosity and sentiment, the accidental meeting which had resulted in this fresh aggression.

"Why did you show me this letter?" he asked, harshly.

"Mrs. Elmore told me to do so," Lily answered.

"Did you wish me to see it?"

"I don't suppose I wished you to see it; I thought you ought to see it."

Elmore felt himself relenting a little.

"What do you want done about it?" he asked, more gently.

"That is what I wished you to tell me," replied the girl.

"I can't tell you what you wish me to do, but I can tell you this, Miss Mayhew: this man's behavior is totally irregular. He would not think of writing to an Italian or German girl in this way. If he desired to—to—pay attention to her, he would write to her father."

"Yes, that's what Mrs. Elmore said.

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She said she supposed he must think it was the American way."

"Mrs. Elmore——" began her husband; but he arrested himself there, and said, "Very well. I want to know what I am to do. I want your full and explicit authority before I act. We will dismiss the fact of irregularity. We will suppose that it is fit and becoming for a gentleman who has twice met a young lady by accident—or once by accident and once by his own insistence—to write to her. Do you wish to continue the correspondence?"

"No."

Elmore looked into the eyes which dwelt full upon him, and, though they were clear as the windows of heaven, he hesitated.

"I must do what you say, no matter what you mean, you know?"

"I mean what I say."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you would prefer to return him this letter with a few lines on your card."

"No. I should like him to know that I have shown it to you. I should think it a liberty for an American to write to me in that way after such a short acquaintance, and I don't see why I should tolerate it from a foreigner, though I suppose their customs are different."

"Then you wish me to write to him?"

"Yes."

"And make an end of the matter, once for all?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then."

Elmore sat down at once, and wrote:

"SIR: Miss Mayhew has handed me your note of yesterday, and begs me to express her very great surprise that you should have ventured to address her. She desires me also to add that you will consider at an end whatever acquaintance you suppose yourself to have formed with her.

Your obedient servant,

"OWEN ELMORE."

He handed the note to Lily. "Yes, that will do," she said, in a low, steady voice. She drew a deep breath, and, laying the letter softly down, went out of the room into Mrs. Elmore's.

Elmore had not had time to kindle his sealing-wax when his wife appeared swiftly upon the scene.

"I want to see what you have written, Owen," she said.

"Don't talk to me, Celia," he replied, thrusting the wax into the candle-light. "You have put this affair entirely in my hands, and Lily approves of what I have

written. I am sick of the thing, and I don't want any more talk about it."

"I *must* see it," said Mrs. Elmore, with finality, and possessed herself of the note. She ran it through, and then flung it on the table and herself into a chair, while the tears started to her eyes. "What a cold, cutting, merciless letter!" she cried.

"I hope he will think so," said Elmore, gathering it up from the table, and sealing it securely in its envelope.

"You're not going to *send* it!" exclaimed his wife.

"Yes, I am."

"I didn't suppose you could be so heartless."

"Very well, then, I *won't* send it," said Elmore; "I put the affair into your hands. What are you going to do about it?"

"Nonsense!"

"On the contrary, I'm perfectly serious. I don't see why you shouldn't manage the business. The gentleman is an acquaintance of yours. I don't know him." Elmore rose and put his hands in his pockets. "What do you intend to do? Do you like this clandestine sort of thing to go on? I dare say the fellow only wishes to amuse himself by a flirtation with a pretty American. But the question is whether you wish him to do so. I'm willing to lay his conduct to a misunderstanding of our customs, and to suppose that he thinks this is the way Americans do. I take the matter at its best: he speaks to Lily on the train without an introduction; he joins you in your walk without invitation; he writes to her without leave, and proposes to get up a correspondence. It is all perfectly right and proper, and will appear so to Lily's friends when they hear of it. But I'm curious to know how you're going to manage the sequel. Do you wish the affair to go on, and how long do you wish it to go on?"

"You know very well that I don't wish it to go on."

"Then you wish it broken off?"

"Of course I do."

"How?"

"I think there is such a thing as acting kindly and considerately. I don't see anything in Captain Ehrhardt's conduct that calls for savage treatment," said Mrs. Elmore.

"You would like to have him stopped, but stopped gradually. Well, I don't wish to be savage, either, and I will act upon any suggestion of yours. I want Lily's

people to feel that we managed not only wisely but humanely in checking a man who was resolved to force his acquaintance upon her."

Mrs. Elmore thought a long while. Then she said:

"Why, of course, Owen, you're right about it. There is no other way. There couldn't be any kindness in checking him gradually. But I wish," she added sorrowfully, "that he had not been such a *complete* goose; and then we could have done something with him."

"I am obliged to him for the perfection which you regret, my dear. If he had been less complete, he would have been much harder to manage."

"Well," said Mrs. Elmore, rising, "I shall always say that he meant well. But send the letter."

Her husband did not wait for a second bidding. He carried it himself to the general post-office that there might be no mistake and no delay about it; and a man who believed that he had a feeling and tender heart experienced a barbarous joy in the infliction of this pitiless snub. I do not say that it would not have been different if he had trusted at all in the sincerity of Captain Ehrhardt's passion; but he was glad to discredit it. A misgiving to the other effect would have complicated the matter. But now he was perfectly free to disembarass himself of a trouble which had so seriously threatened his peace. He was responsible to Miss Mayhew's family, and Mrs. Elmore herself could not say, then or afterward, that there was any other way open to him. I will not contend that his motives were wholly unselfish. No doubt a sense of personal annoyance, of offended decorum, of wounded respectability, qualified the zeal for Miss Mayhew's good which prompted him. He was still a young and inexperienced man, confronted with a strange perplexity; he did the best he could, and I suppose it was the best that could be done. At any rate, he had no regrets, and he went even gayly about the work of interesting Miss Mayhew in the monuments and memories of the city.

Since the decisive blow had been struck, the ladies seemed to share his relief. The pursuit of Captain Ehrhardt, while it flattered, might well have alarmed, and the loss of a not unpleasant excitement was made good by a sense of perfect security. Whatever repining Miss Mayhew indulged was secret, or confided solely to Mrs. El-

more. To Elmore himself she appeared in better spirits than at first, or at least in a more equable frame of mind. To be sure, he did not notice very particularly. He took her to the places and told her the things that she ought to be interested in, and he conceived a better opinion of her mind from the quick intelligence with which she entered into his own feelings in regard to them, though he never could see any evidence of the over-study for which she had been taken from school. He made her, like Mrs. Elmore, the partner of his historical researches; he read his notes to both of them now; and when his wife was prevented from accompanying him, he went with Lily alone to visit the scenes of such events as his researches concerned, and to fill his mind with the local color which he believed would give life and character to his studies of the past. They also went often to the theater; and, though Lily could not understand the plays, she professed to be entertained, and she had a grateful appreciation of all his efforts in her behalf that amply repaid him. He grew fond of her society; he took a childish pleasure in having people in the streets turn and glance at the handsome girl by his side, of whose beauty and stylishness he became aware through the admiration looked over the shoulders of the Austrians, and openly spoken by the Italian populace. It did not occur to him that she might not enjoy the growth of their acquaintance in equal degree, that she fatigued herself with the appreciation of the memorable and the beautiful, and that she found these long rambles rather dull. He was a man of little conversation; and, unless Mrs. Elmore was of the company, Miss Mayhew pursued his pleasures for the most part in silence. One evening, at the end of the week, his wife asked:

"Why do you always take Lily through the Piazza on the side farthest from where the officers sit? Are you afraid of her meeting Captain Ehrhardt?"

"Oh, no! I consider the Ehrhardt business settled. But you know the Italians never walk on the officers' side."

"You are not an Italian. What do you gain by flattering them up? I should think you might suppose a young girl had some curiosity."

"I do; and I do everything I can to gratify her curiosity. I went to San Pietro di Castello to-day, to show her where the Brides of Venice were stolen."

"The oldest and dirtiest part of the city!

What could the child care for the Brides of Venice? Now be reasonable, Owen!"

"It's a romantic story. I thought girls like such things—everything about getting married."

"And that's the reason you took her yesterday to show her the Bucentaur that the doges wedded the Adriatic in! Well, what was your idea in going with her to the Cemetery of San Michele?"

"I thought she would be interested. I had never been there before myself, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to verify a passage I was at work on. We always show people the cemetery at home."

"That was considerate. And why did you go to Canarregio on Wednesday?"

"I wished her to see the statue of Sior Antonio Rioba; you know it was the Venetian Pasquino in the Revolution of '48—"

"Charming!"

"And the Campo di Giustizia, where the executions used to take place."

"Delightful!"

"And—and—the house of Tintoretto," faltered Elmore.

"Delicious! She cares so much for Tintoretto! And you've been with her to the Jewish burying-ground at the Lido, and the Spanish synagogue in the Ghetto, and the fish-market at the Rialto, and you've shown her the house of Othello and the house of Desdemona, and the prisons in the ducal palace; and three nights you've taken us to the Piazza as soon as the Austrian band stopped playing, and all the interesting promenading was over, and those stuffy old Italians began to come to the *caffès*. Well, I can tell you that's no way to amuse a young girl. We must do something for her, or she will die. She has come here from a country where girls have always had the best time in the world, and where the times are livelier now than they ever were, with all this excitement of the war going on; and here she is dropped down in the midst of this absolute deadness: no calls, no picnics, no parties, no dances—nothing! We must do something for her."

"Shall we give her a ball?" asked Elmore, looking around the pretty little apartment.

"There's nothing going on among the Italians. But you might get us invited to the German Casino."

"I dare say. But I will not do that," he replied.

"Then we could go to the Luogotenenza,

to the receptions. Mr. Hoskins could call with us, and they would send us cards."

"That would make us simply odious to the Venetians, and our house would be thronged with officers. What I've seen of them doesn't make me particularly anxious for the honor of their further acquaintance."

"Well, I don't ask you to do any of these things," said Mrs. Elmore, who had, perhaps, mentioned them with the intention of insisting upon an abated claim. "But I think you might go and dine at one of the hotels—at the Danieli—instead of that Italian restaurant; and then Lily could see somebody at the *table d'hôte*, and not simply perish of despair."

"I—I didn't suppose it was so bad as that," said Elmore.

"Why, of course, she hasn't said anything,—she's far too well-bred for that; but I can tell from my own feelings how she must suffer. I have you, Owen," she said, tenderly, "but Lily has nobody. She has gone through this Ehrhardt business so well that I think we ought to do all we can to divert her mind."

"Well, now, Celia, you see the difficulty of our position—the nature of the responsibility we have assumed. How are we possibly, here in Venice, to divert the mind of a young lady fresh from the parties and picnics of Patmos?"

"We can go and dine at the Danieli," replied Mrs. Elmore.

"Very well. Let us go, then. But she will learn no Italian there. She will hear nothing but English from the travelers and bad French from the waiters; while at our restaurant——"

"Pshaw!" cried Mrs. Elmore. "What does Lily care for Italian? I'm sure I never want to hear another word of it."

At this desperate admission, Elmore quite gave way; he went to the Danieli the next morning, and arranged to begin dining there that day. There is no denying that Miss Mayhew showed an enthusiasm in prospect of the change that even the sight of the pillar to which Foscarini was hanged head downward for treason to the Republic had not evoked. She made herself look very pretty, and she was visibly an impression at the *table d'hôte* when she sat down there. Elmore had found places opposite an elderly lady and quite a young gentleman, of English speech, but of not very English effect otherwise, who bowed to Lily in acknowledgment of some former meeting. The old lady said, "So you've

reached Venice at last? I'm very pleased, for your sake," as if, at some point of the progress thither, she had been privy to anxieties of Lily about arriving at her destination; and, in fact, they had been in the same hotels at Marseilles and Genoa. The young gentleman said nothing, but he looked at Lily throughout the dinner, and seemed to take his eyes from her only when she glanced at him; then he dropped his gaze to his neglected plate and blushed. When they left the table, he made haste to join the Elmores in the reading-room, where he contrived, with creditable skill, to get Lily apart from them for the examination of an illustrated newspaper, at which neither of them looked; they remained chatting and laughing over it in entire irrelevancy till the elderly lady rose and said: "Herbert, Herbert! I am ready to go now," upon which he did not seem at all so, but went submissively.

"Who are those people, Lily?" asked Mrs. Elmore, as they walked toward Florian's for their after-dinner coffee. The Austrian band was playing in the center of the Piazza, and the tall, blonde German officers promenaded back and forth with dark Hungarian women, who looked each like a princess of her race. The lights glittered upon them, and on the groups spread fan-wise out into the Piazza before the *caffès*; the scene seemed to shake and waver in the splendor, like something painted.

"Oh, their name is Andersen, or something like that; and they're from Helgoland, or some such place. I saw them first in Paris, but we didn't speak till we got to Marseilles. That's his aunt; they're English subjects, somehow; and he's got an appointment in the civil service—I think he called it—in India, and he doesn't want to go; and I told him he ought to go to America. That's what I tell all these Europeans."

"It's the best advice for them," said Mrs. Elmore.

"They don't seem in any great haste to act upon it," laughed Miss Mayhew. "Who was the red-faced young man that seemed to know you, and stared so?"

"That's an English artist who is staying here. He has a curious name,—Rose-Black; and he is the most impudent and pushing man in the world. I wouldn't introduce him, because I saw he was just dying for it."

Miss Mayhew laughed, as she laughed at everything, not because she was amused,

but because she was happy; this child-like gayety of heart was great part of her charm.

Elmore had quieted his scruples as a good Venetian by coming inside of the

caffè while the band played, instead of sitting outside with the bad patriots; but he put the ladies next the window, and so they were not altogether sacrificed to his sympathy with the *dimostrazione*.

(To be continued.)

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

THE task which was committed to the companies of English and American scholars who have just completed their labors on the New Testament, had strictly defined limits. They were to correct errors, and, even in doing this, they were to deviate as little as might be from the vocabulary and style of the existing version. Their success must be judged by the agreement or disagreement of their work with the standard which they set before them. But the plan, with its limitations, we hold to be a wise one. There is no objection to new translations of the Bible in modern English, by competent hands, for private use, like that which De Wette made in German. But such a translation can never have the power, or secure the place, which belongs to the ancient rendering. The translators from whom the authorized version mainly springs, whatever may have been their defects of scholarship, were, nevertheless, owing to the character of the age and to the circumstances in which they wrote, able to give to the English Bible a racy, idiomatic diction, a home-bred flavor, and a melody which it would be impossible to rival now. "It lives on the ear," says the Roman Catholic, Faber, "like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church-bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego." To be sure, the Scriptures were first written in dialects then in familiar use. The English versions at first were in terms and phrases current among the people for whom they were composed. But if a book really comes from a far-off day, why should we deprive ourselves of the gracious influences flowing from that consciousness of its age which is silently imparted by venerableness of style? Who would wish to have Lord Bacon's Essays or the "Novum Organum" sound as if they were written yesterday? And when forms of words have been on the lips of many generations, have blended themselves

with holy and tender recollections, have been inscribed on the tombstones of the loved and honored dead, why should we needlessly discard them? Is not the "old wine" better? Then, it must be remembered that if King James's version, like other versions before it, was a revision, still, the whole period covered by the successive English Bibles prior to it, as far back as the Reformation, was less than a century—a century, too, of debate and ferment, when everything in religion was undergoing change; whereas more than two centuries and a half have elapsed since the English Bible, in its final form, began to mingle itself with the whole literature and life of the English-speaking race. For these, and other reasons, the restricted plan of the new revision we believe to have been a wise one. But a revision was necessary. Tyndale, from whom the pith and marrow of all subsequent translations of the New Testament have been derived, and who deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance for the noble service for which he suffered martyrdom, in a pathetic passage of his preface went so far as earnestly to beseech that errors might be eliminated from his work. This injunction was in the spirit of his famous reply to a "learned man" who had said that he would rather be without God's law than the Pope's: "If God spares my life, ere many years, I will cause a boy that driveth a plow shall know more of the Scripture than thou doest." The authorized version, from the effect of the lapse of time upon the English tongue itself, and from the progress of knowledge in Greek criticism and philology, needed a good deal of correction. Wisely then the attempt has been made, under as favorable auspices as could be expected to concur at any one time, not "to sew a piece of new cloth"—or, as the revisers more correctly say, "of undressed cloth"—"into an old garment," but to mend the old garment with cloth of a

The prologge.



Haue here translated

(birthen and susters most dere and tenderly beloned in Chast) the newe Testament for youre spiritualles dyfringe / consolation / and solas:

Wherbyng instantly and besychyng those that are better sene in the tonge then y / and that have hyer gylt of grace to interpret the sence of the scripture / and meanyng of the spryts

rethen y to consyde and ponde my labour / and that with the spryte of mekenes. And yf they perceyve in any places that y have not attayned the very sence of the tonge / or meanyng of the scripture / or haue not given the right englyssh worde / that they put for here handys to amende it / remembreng that so is there due to doo. For we have not receyved the gylt of god for oure selues only / or for to hyde them: but for to bestowe them vnto the honouringe of god and chryst / and edyfyinge of the congregacion / whiche is the body of chryst.

PREFACE TO TYNDALE'S FIRST NEW TESTAMENT. (QUARTO EDITION, 1526.)

similar age and texture. It is the retouching of a painting of an old master, which has been damaged by time. Or, it is like the introduction into an Elizabethan mansion of repairs indispensable to comfort, the aim being to blend the new with the old in a way to mar as little as possible the antique grace of the original structure.

The first thing that strikes the eye when we open the new book, is the recasting of its matter into paragraphs, without reference to the old division of chapters and verses, which, though of necessity retained, is kept from breaking up the proper sequence of the epistle or narrative. This is a great gain. No longer, for example, is the remark (John ii. 23) that many believed because they saw miracles, cut off from the illustration afforded by the case of Nicodemus which follows (John iii. *seq.*); and the partition is taken down which separated the twelfth of Hebrews from the foregoing chapter which has presented to view "the cloud of witnesses" by whom (xii. 1) we are said to be surrounded in the Christian race.

The number of marginal notes, also, at once arrests attention. This feature, too, we count to be a signal merit. We want to

know what the authors of the New Testament really said; and if there is a doubt on this point, we want to know that fact, also, and between what words, or collocations of words, the choice lies. The advantage of a smooth page is nothing if it is obtained at the cost of accurate information. Many of the marginal notes relate to the Greek text. It is best that all the essential facts respecting the Bible should be communicated to its readers. If the effect is to modify somewhat their theories about the Scriptures, the real power of the Bible will not be diminished, and in the long run there will be a gain to practical religion. Vague suspicions are dispelled. Somnolence is broken up. A new

spur is given to investigation and reflection.

This brings us to the subject of the text and textual criticism. The revisers have acted in this matter with conscientious boldness. I. John v. 7 goes out of the New Testament, where it never had any right to be. The doxology to the Lord's Prayer in Matthew (vi. 13) steps aside into the margin. It is an old liturgical addition, quite proper to use, but not in the original record of the Evangelist. "As we have forgiven" takes the place of "as we forgive"; but the present tense remains in the corresponding passage in Luke, as it should. But Luke's record of the Lord's Prayer (vi. 2-5) is curtailed by the omission of the clauses which had been brought over from manuscripts of the first Gospel. The last twelve verses of Mark are printed with the marginal statement that the two oldest Greek manuscripts are against them, and that some other manuscripts have a different ending to the Gospel. It is quite improbable that Mark wrote these verses. The story of the woman taken in adultery (John vii. 53-viii. 11) is printed in brackets, with a marginal statement decidedly adverse to its genuineness. In I. Tim. iii. 16, it is

"He," and not "God," who is there said to have been manifested in the flesh. This is one of the most important of the passages where the reading has been in dispute. In another passage of the same importance, the revisers give the preference to "the church of God" over "the church of the Lord,"—without sufficient reason as we are inclined to think, since "the blood of God"—which the context then gives—is an unbiblical expression. If not more unusual, it is far more unexpected, than the phrase "church of the Lord." Among the alterations due to textual correction may be mentioned the exchange of "shall recompense thee," for "shall reward thee openly" (Matt. vi. 4, 6); it is not a *public* reward which Jesus holds out as an incentive. On the whole, the numerous corrections of the original text, some of them of greater, and others of less moment, constitute a substantial and invaluable improvement upon the authorized version.

Turning to the translation, we find that the changes for the better are frequent,—

"strain at a gnat," for "strain out" (Matt. xxiii. 24), or "broidered hair," for "braided hair" (I. Tim. ii. 9). It is a little gain to get rid of bad grammar, as "his" for "its," in Matt. v. 13,—*"If the salt hath lost his savor."* The more correct renderings of the Revision, while they are insignificant in the space which they occupy, are sometimes of extreme value. Thus in that passage of so great weight practically, and in the philosophy of religion, John vii. 17, we read in the Revision: "If any man willet to do His will," in the room of the bare future, "will to do," etc. One word only is changed, but the purport of the saying is vitally affected. In the authorized version, the Greek verb *to be* is

**Enb.*
The worlde is
kepe too possesse
the erthe/and to
defend there aw/
ne/when they use
violence & power/
but christ teacheth
th that the worlde
muste be possesed
with mekenes on
ly/ and with oute
power and viole
nce.

All these verses
here rehearsed as
to northe peace/
to shewe mercy/
to suffre persecuciō/
and so forth/ma
ke not a man hap
pye and blessed/
neither deserve t
he reward of he
ven: but declare
and testifie thae
we are happy and
blessed and thae
we shall have gr
ace. pmotiō i he
ven. and certifi
eth vs i our he
res that we are
goodes sonnes/ &
that the holy go
ost is i us. for all
good thynges are
geven to vs frely
of god for christes
blouddes sake as
his merittes

The fyfth Chapter.

When he sawe the people / he

Zu. vi.



ent up into a mountaine/and when he was set/
tyes disciples cam ynto him / and he opened his
mouth/and taught them sayinge: Blessed are the
poore in spiere: for theirs is the kyngdom of heven. Blessed
are they that mourne: for they shalbe comforted. Blessed are
the meke: for they shall inheret the erthe. Blessed are they
which hunger and thirst for rightewesnes: for they shalbe syl
led. Blessed are the mercifull: for they shall obteyne mercy.
Blessed are the pure in hert: for they shall see god. Bless
ed are the maynteyners of peace: for they shalbe called
the chyldren of god. Blessed are they which suffre persecucion
for rightewesnes sake: for theirs is the kyngdom of heven.
Blessed are ye whē mens hall revyle you/and persecute you/
and shal falsly saye all manner of evile sayings agaynst you
for my sake. Rejoyce ad be gladde/for greate is youre rewarde
in heven. For so persecuted they the prophet which were
before youre dayes.

9

FROM TYNDALE'S FIRST NEW TESTAMENT. (QUARTO EDITION, 1536.)

more frequent in the Epistles than elsewhere, because in the Epistles the errors and obscurities to be removed were more numerous. It is something to have typographical errors in the old version corrected, so that puzzled readers are no longer compelled to read

confounded with another verb meaning *to become* or *to begin to be*; and this bad mistake is now rectified in various places. This last verb, which was falsely rendered "was made," in John i. 14, now has its correct signification: "the Word became flesh." So

in the room of the statement, "a tumult was made," we have the words, "a tumult was arising" (Matt. xxvii. 24).

Among the felicitous changes is the putting of the past for the present in Matthew vi. 3, 16: "Verily I say unto you, they have received their reward." They have gained what they sought and can look for no higher reward. "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's house?" is the translation justly preferred in Luke ii. 49. "The boy Jesus tarried behind" (Luke ii. 43),—the substitution of "boy" for "child" gives a new interest to the passage. A fresh thought is presented when we read (Luke vi. 35), "lend, never despairing": that is, not giving up hope because you are parting with property, as if God would not provide and reward. In Hebrews i. 1, the past revelations, instead of being said to have been "at sundry times," are said to have been "by divers portions,"—a true rendering. In Romans viii. 3, where it is said that God sent His Son "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin," etc., it is questionable whether the revisers were justified in introducing in italics the words "as an offering," before the words "for sin." It is an interpretation which, even if correct, is far from being generally accepted.

In the authorized version, there is a class of passages where two Greek words having a different sense are represented by the same English word. A marked example is John x. 16: "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold"—but here the Greek word is different, and means, not "fold," but "flock"—"and one shepherd." The Revision brings out the difference, the beautiful idea of many folds, but one flock, and one shepherd for all. King James's translators in this instance were probably misled by the Vulgate. Another singularity of the old version is the frequent rendering of the same Greek word by different English words, a fault the opposite of that just noticed. A familiar instance, which is set right in the Revision, is "*everlasting* punishment" and "*life eternal*," in Matthew xxv. 46. Another is the association of "compassion" with "pity" in the parable of the unmerciful debtor (Matt. xviii. 33), the original word being the same. The reasons for this procedure, given by King James's translators in their preface, are quite curious. One is that uniformity of rendering in such cases they "thought to savor more of curiosity than of wisdom,

and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist than bring profit to the godly reader." The fear of "the scorn of the atheist" has had too much influence on interpreters, as well as translators, of the Bible. The second reason is still more remarkable: "We might, also," they say, "be charged by scoffers with some unequal dealing toward a great number of good English words." That is, they took both "compassion" and "pity," as a kind of compromise between the partisans of each. This bilingual duplication in the Prayer Book—"acknowledge and confess," "cloak" and "conceal," etc., associated the Norman and Saxon for the better reason that each explained the other. In I. Thess. v. 22, the English reader may now learn that it is every kind of real evil, and not "all *appearance* of evil," which he is to avoid. An inestimable service has been done in truly rendering, and thus clearing up the meaning of St. Paul's great passage on the Incarnation, Phil. ii. 6, 7. The revised version reads: "Counted it not a prize"—in the margin, "a thing to be grasped"—"to be on an equality with God." One feels, occasionally, on meeting with such an improved rendering, that it more than pays for all the trouble of the revision. Another change of much importance is the distinction which is now clearly made between the words which were rendered "hell"—namely, "Gehenna," which signifies uniformly, the place of punishment in the future life, and "Hades," which is the equivalent of the "Sheol" of the Old Testament, the abode of the dead, without reference to their condition as happy or otherwise. The confusion of these terms is one of the most marked and mischievous blemishes of the authorized version. It is the gates of "Hades"—of the under-world which swallows up all the living—which shall not prevail against the church (Matt. xvi. 18). The substitution of modern English, "Be not anxious," for "take no thought," where this phrase occurs (as in Matt. vi. 25), saves the need of constant explanation. In truth, much of the work of commentators is spared by a more correct translation from a more correct text. In a considerable number of passages, both in the Gospels and Epistles, misapprehension is prevented, and, in some cases, a new force added to injunctions, by superseding "offend," by "cause to stumble"; as (Matt. v. 29) "If thy right eye causeth thee to stumble," etc. The old translators may have given to the word

"offend" the same sense, though it does not appear to have been current in this meaning in the old English. "Bishops" appear in the revised edition, as was proper; but the insertion of "overseers" in the margin may serve as a caution to the reader not to confound the functions of the office in the New Testament age with those which it assumed afterward. Here it may be remarked that however judicious the alternative renderings inserted in the margin may be in general, there are a few, at least, for which it is difficult to see the ground. Whenever the word "covenant" occurs, as far as we have noticed, the word "testament" is rendered by its side in the margin. Now the Greek word in the New Testament means "covenant" in every instance except one, where the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, prompted by the thought of the other meaning of "will" or "testament," which was, also, given to the word by the Greeks, turns aside in a kind of episode (Heb. ix. 16, 17). In most of the passages, no other rendering is admissible. The new "covenant," or dispensation of grace, is contrasted with the old. It appears to us, therefore, misleading to inscribe "testament" in the margin.* In fact, the revisers were bound by their rules to alter the title of the book to "New Covenant." "Testament" in the title is an error due to the Vulgate. But such a change, like the abandonment of the divisions into chapters and verses, would be out of the question.

There is one instance in which the revisers have adopted a rendering which, in our judgment, is decidedly unfortunate. St. Paul is made to say (Acts xvii. 22): "Ye men of Athens, in all things I perceive that ye are somewhat superstitious"—in the margin, "religious." The word in the original means literally "God-fearing": "gottesfürchtig" is the rendering in the German Bible of De Wette. It may signify "religious" in the ordinary sense, or it may be applied to those in whom religion is unduly mingled with punctiliousness and fear. The context of Acts xvii. 22 shows that it is meant here to convey no reproach. It is a conciliatory exordium. The Athenians worshipped, but in ignorance of the true object. It may be rendered thus: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are much given to worship." But if it is supposed that a tinge of censure lurks in the partly ambig-

uous epithet, this, nevertheless, is not its main element. The phrase "somewhat superstitious" fails to bring out the positive element, the idea of extraordinary devoutness, which certainly is contained in the term.

The order of words in Greek, as in other languages, is expressive. It determines the point on which the emphasis is laid. This peculiarity, which is too much disregarded in the authorized version, is not overlooked in the Revision. For example: "But Jesus he scourged and delivered," etc. (Matt. xxvii. 26); "My cup indeed ye shall drink" (Matt. xx. 23); "And the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be?" In many other passages, the precise shade of meaning, or an additional force, is brought out by the observance of the Greek order. In one place, however, much to our regret, we have noticed that the Revision makes no improvement. In Romans i. 18, we still read: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven," etc. Here the Greek order requires the fact of the revelation to be made prominent. The indignation of God is something *made known*. This the context requires. There is a contrast with verse 17: "Thein is revealed a righteousness," etc., where the Revision preserves the true order. Moreover, the Apostle is laying down the premises for the conclusion (verse 20): "That they may be without excuse." The eighteenth verse should read: "For revealed is the wrath of God from heaven," etc.; or, "Revelation has been made of the wrath of God," etc. De Wette says: "Denn geoffenbaret wird Gottes Zorn vom Himmel," etc.

In other particulars of much higher concern, the superior Greek scholarship of the present day is manifest in the Revision. The old translators were apparently oblivious of the force of the Greek article, which answers to the definite article in English. They often leave the article out, when it should be inserted, and *vice versa*. The restoration of it in many passages, though it is one of the alterations which may fail to attract the notice of a cursory reader, is in reality a most valuable change. Thus, in Matt. ii. 4, we have in the Revision: "Where the Christ"—in the room of "where Christ"—"should be born." Christ, in the Gospels, is not a proper name of Jesus: this is one sign of their early date. "Built his house upon the rock" (Matt. viii. 26) is more forcible than "built his house upon a rock." It is "*the* pinnacle of the temple"—not "*a* pinnacle"—to which

* The appendix indicates that the American revisers so judge.

Jesus is taken (Matt. iv. 5). It was not "branches of palm-trees" which they took (John xii. 13), but branches of *the* palm-trees, that is, the palm-trees that were growing on the Mount of Olives. It is not "one" and "many" in Romans v., where Adam is contrasted with Christ, but *the* one, and *the* many. The omission of the article in passages where it had been gratuitously inserted is an equal service of the Revision. The disciples (John iv. 27) wondered, not that Jesus "talked with *the* woman," but with "a woman"—any woman. The Apostle Paul (I. Tim. vi. 10) does not say that the love of money "is *the* root of all evil,"—which is not true,—but "a root of all kinds of evil." Occasionally the revisers appear to have strained a point in dealing with articles. Why should they say "a righteousness of God" in Romans iii. 21? Why say "a righteousness" in this verse, and "the righteousness" in the next? Why say "hearers of a law" in Romans ii. 13, while "*the* law" is the preferred rendering in ii. 17, 23; iii. 20, 21, 31; iv. 13; vii. 7? The omission of the article in the Greek, before an abstract noun, conceived of as the single one of its kind, is according to rule. It is *the* righteousness of God, or his method of justification, and *the* law—that is, the law of the Old Testament—which are meant. The inexact rendering of prepositions, and, in general, the vague rendering, or entire neglect of particles, in the authorized version is, in numerous places, remedied by the revisers.

But one of the most striking improvements due to the advance of grammatical knowledge is in the more exact discrimination between tenses. Especially is the proper sense of the aorist restored. This matter can be made clear to the English reader. Take the verb "to strike." The Greek has the perfect meaning, *I have struck*, and the pluperfect meaning, *I had struck*. These forms, as in English, refer to secondary events having relation in time to another occurrence, or to the principal event. The perfect "*I have struck*" brings the past into connection with the present when the words are uttered. Besides these the Greek has the aorist, denoting a bare occurrence, viewed as momentary,—"*I struck*." Now the aorist is not unfrequently rendered in the authorized version as the perfect or imperfect, to the great detriment of the translation. Notice how it is improved by correction in this particular. We read: "Who warned"—not "hath

warned"—"you to flee from the wrath to come" (Matt. iii. 7); "Freely ye received," for "have received" (Matt. viii. 8); "Ye did not dance," for "have not danced" (Matt. xi. 17); "I planted, Apollos watered," etc., for "I have planted," etc.; "I chose you out of the world," not "have chosen" (John xv. 20); "Him whom thou didst send," not "hast sent" (John xvii. 4); "John I beheaded," for "have beheaded" (John ix. 9); "I betrayed innocent blood," not "have betrayed," etc. (Matt. xxvii. 4). The whole train of thought in connection with II. Corinthians v. 14 is obscured in the authorized version by the rendering, "All were dead," instead of "all died." The idea of St. Paul is that when Christ died all believers died (potentially or in idea), and thus are like Him, and in Him are risen to a new spiritual life. They belong to a new creation, to a spiritual order, as does He with whom they stand in intimate fellowship. The Revision reads: "Because we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died." The importance of this single correction in its theological bearing is obvious. A rectification of the same sort takes place in Romans v. 12, where "for that all sinned" takes the place of "for that all have sinned." An uneducated person may fail to see the importance of these variations of phraseology. But if, as Gibbon says, one of the mightiest of controversies arose over an *iota*, the distinction between the *homoeousion* of the Orthodox and the *homoiousion* of the Arians, a controversy, too, of tremendous consequence, it is easy to see that an exact rendering of the Apostle Paul on passages which touch on the deepest problems of theology is not a matter of indifference. It might be added in connection with the passage just referred to, that a like correction of Romans vi. 2, "died to sin," for "were dead to sin," and of Romans vi. 8, "if we died with Christ," for "if we be dead with Christ," serves to bring out of a partial eclipse the true thought of the Apostle.

The authors of the New Revision, had they undertaken to exclude all archaisms, would have been obliged to go farther in modifying the tone of the received version than was necessary or desirable. They have wisely decided to retain such as are perfectly intelligible and cannot be dropped without dispelling in some degree the atmosphere that invests the ancient translation. There is no objection to saying that

Joseph "minded to put her away privily" (Matt. i. 19). Every one sees the meaning of "minded" at a glance, without reflection. In some instances, however, archaic forms have been retained, which are less agreeable, and which might have been spared without the least harm. Why was it necessary to retain the word "bewareth"—"Thy speech bewareth thee" (Matt. xxvi. 73)? The difference between this word and "betrayeth," if there be any difference, readers will not discern. In the Lord's Prayer, why do we still read, "which art in heaven," for "who art in heaven"? It appears that the retention of "which" is due to the English branch of the board of revisers. It is a remarkable fact that the English company, with the uprightness which belongs to the character of true scholars, and with a genuine English boldness in a matter where truth is at stake, do not hesitate to alter the form of the Lord's Prayer, by substituting "as we have forgiven" for "as we forgive," and "deliver us from the evil one," in the room of "deliver us from evil,"—it is remarkable, we say, that the same scholars should cling to the old "which" for the modern and more grammatical "who." Fearless in revising the Greek text to make it accord with the demands of truth, they are excessively cautious about modifying the English phrases which represent it. Owing to the same mood of feeling, they hold on to "whiles"—"whiles thou art in the way with him"—(Matt. v. 25) as if "while" in the room of it were not harmless, and a better word for the modern ear. If it be asked why "which" is kept in the Lord's Prayer and "whiles" in the Sermon on the Mount, the solution must be found in that tenacious conservatism in minor things which belongs, in unison with a courageous spirit of progress, to the English mind, and is discerned in many phenomena of English life. Why do the boys in the great school at Winchester still eat their supper off wooden plates? Why do the lawyers and judges still load their heads with ponderous wigs? When such questions are answered, the reason will perhaps be found why the giving up of dear old "which" and "whiles" is a thing not to be thought of.

The authorized version, like that of Luther, has a rhythm which the revisers have done their best to leave undisturbed. In some places, a sacrifice on this score has to be made for the sake of a greater good. In that marvelous chapter in which the

Apostle Paul exalts love to the throne among the virtues, the thirteenth chapter of I. Corinthians, we lose the word "charity," and with it a portion of the music of this wonderful passage. But the gain more than compensates for the loss. Apart from the ambiguity of "charity" in its present use, the old Saxon word "love" has a meaning stored up in it which no word taken from the Latin has been able to gather. The doctrine of the Apostle is made, by the change, far more distinct and emphatic. Had "love" always stood in this chapter where "charity" stood, no antagonism between the theology of Paul and of John could plausibly have been affirmed to exist.

The New Revision is accompanied by an appendix in which the points are set down in which the American committee were unable to acquiesce in the decisions of the English committee. For the merits of the Revision as it stands, whatever they may be, the American branch deserves no small share of credit. Their opinions, we are given to understand, have had a large influence. The list in the appendix comprises the recommendations which were not accepted by the English, but which are deemed by their authors of sufficient importance to be appended to the volume. On this list, as it appears to us, are many changes which deserved to be adopted. "Tempt," in the sense of "make trial of," is now obsolete, and the use of it where no enticement to evil is meant is misleading. Such archaisms, as "who" or "that" for "which," in speaking of persons, and "wot" or "wist" in the sense of "know," "knew," are needless blemishes in the translation. With the American company, we should prefer "demon" and the cognate terms to represent the Greek terms from which it is derived, as in the various places referring to demoniacal possession. On the use of the word "testament" we have already commented. Here the text of the Revision is manifestly wrong. In the Lord's Prayer (Matt. vi. 11, Luke xi. 3), the marginal reading is suggested: "Our bread for the coming day," or "our needful bread." This explanation is required to give the English reader an exact idea of the two meanings of which the original term is susceptible. In Matthew x. 39, "He that findeth his life shall lose it," and in several other passages, the Americans would strike out "soul," the alternative reading for "life" in the margin. "Life," and not "soul," is the sense of the Greek word. "For judg-

ment, and mercy, and faith" (Matt. xxiii. 23; also Luke xi. 42), "justice, and mercy, and faith," is properly suggested. In Luke i. 70,—"his holy prophets, which have been since the world began,"—the Americans correctly preferred "which have been of old." So in Acts iii. 21; xv. 18. In Luke xxiv. 30, they would translate, in exact accordance with the text: "He took the bread and blessed; and breaking *it* he gave to them." In Acts xvii. 22, they would read "very religious" for "somewhat superstitious"; on this passage we have already remarked. In Romans i. 18, they would put "hinder the truth" for "hold down the truth"; but here we are inclined to prefer the text of the Revision, as more faithful and expressive. The passage refers to the inward suppression of the truth by those who will not let it influence their lives. In I. Corinthians ii. 13, the text of the Revision reads: "Comparing spiritual things with spiritual," and "combining" stands in the margin as the alternative of "comparing." The American committee would say: "Combining spiritual things with spiritual words"—which the context shows to have been the Apostle's meaning. In Philippians ii. 6, they would read: "Counted not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped," and would omit the marginal reading—"a thing to be grasped"—which is found in the text of the Revision. This suggestion of the appendix gives the sense of the passage with greater precision, but involves a circumlocution. The text as it stands, with the marginal appendage, perhaps makes the meaning sufficiently plain. In Colossians iii. 5, "put to death" is preferred by the Americans to the obsolete "mortify" of the English revisers: "Mortify therefore your members," etc. In Philippians iii. 12, 13, the English cling to "apprehend": "I press on, if so be I may apprehend," etc., while the Americans wisely prefer "lay hold of," a Saxon synonym intelligible to everybody. The Revision, in Hebrews xi. 1, reads: "Now faith is the assurance of *things* hoped for, the proving of things not seen." This last clause is hardly intelligible without the marginal addition: "Or the giving substance to." In the appendix we have the better rendering: "A conviction of things not seen," with the same marginal rendering. In a considerable number of instances the different translations of the appendix rest on a different view as to the original text. It is plain that the American committee was

disposed to go farther than the English in removing obsolete or obsolescent terms.

The first two changes put on their list by the authors of the appendix relate to the titles of the books. They would strike out "S." (*i. e.*, Saint) from the title of the Gospels and from the heading of the pages. If the authority of the ancient manuscripts were followed, this suggestion would have to be carried out. The addition of this epithet to the sacred writers is of later origin. The American committee would, also, have omitted, for a like reason, "the Apostle" from the title of the Pauline Epistles. From the titles of the Epistle to the Hebrews they would have struck out the words "of Paul the Apostle." This part of the title was not given to the book in the early centuries. The weight of authority, both past and present, is strongly against the authorship by Paul. Why, then, should it continue to be affirmed in the versions of the book? It may, perhaps, be said that the authorship of some other books is disputed; for example, the second Epistle of Peter. But the case is not parallel as regards the title proper to be attached in a version. The Epistle to the Hebrews does not itself claim to be the work of Paul.

In some respects it is a misfortune that the appendix is necessary. Inconsiderate persons and some who are opposed to any revision of the authorized version will, probably, point to it as a sign that even when revision is attempted agreement as to the changes to be introduced is out of the question. But why do we need a translation? It is that we may get at the meaning of the writers. If there are certain points on which unanimity between two bodies of learned scholars cannot be attained, why should we not be glad to know exactly where the uncertainty lies, and how far it extends? We are Protestants. We claim that it is the right and duty of every Christian to read and interpret the Bible. Why should we shrink from the logical and necessary consequences of our position? Those who have not studied the Greek language have a right to demand that they shall be informed, with all possible accuracy, of the true sense of the original Scriptures. Where there are cases of disagreement among scholars of approved capacity, why should the people be denied an acquaintance with the precise character and compass of the divergence? The existence and public avowal of these diversities of judgment will stimulate thoughtful and inquisitive

minds to investigate the Scriptures. The study of the Scriptures is just what Protestants ought to encourage. There is no Protestant who has ever been taught the rudiments of Christian knowledge, who is ignorant of the fact that the New Testament was not written in English. It is untruthful, as well as futile, to attempt to impress him with the belief that any translation is infallible. Surely truth requires that he should be put in possession, as far as practicable, of the facts in the case. When Protestants take a position on these questions which implies that thought and inquiry and knowledge are undesirable, they abandon their ground. They indulge in a temper of feeling more befitting the disciples of the Pope.

A translation executed by a body of persons must be in part the result of compromise. Debated questions in the committees have to be determined by vote. The majority decides them. The decision is not sure to be on the side where the weight of brain and of solid learning preponderates. If, at the last, the whole matter could have been committed to President Woolsey, Bishop Lightfoot, and three or four others who might be selected from both committees, with ample liberty to do what they should please, we might perhaps have had a better revision than we now have. Such a course, however, would be manifestly impracticable. We must comfort ourselves in the persuasion that in such bodies, especially when the questions of chief moment are under discussion, individual members like those whom we have named are likely to exert a leading influence. If a translation is to be made, which shall command the confidence of the various denominations of Christian people on both sides of the Atlantic, it must emanate from companies who have something like a representative character. We must be content with that degree of merit which bodies thus constituted are able to give to it. It is a case where one should remember the homely adage: "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Yet, in the case before us, we are presented with much more than this modicum of "half a loaf." The Revision which is now sent forth to the English-speaking race in both hemispheres, is undeniably an improvement upon the old version. The particulars of correction are altogether too numerous to have rendered it feasible for them to be incorporated in the form of marginal notes to the old translation. Com-

petent judges will unite in the verdict that the translation, as it is offered in the revised edition, is made far more accurate. Nor can serious fault be found with the general character of the new terms and phrases which it has been necessary to interweave. Great care has evidently been taken not to inflict a needless shock upon those to whom the style of the old version is something almost sacred.

Another question is whether the advantages of the Revision are so decided that it is likely to supersede the old form of the version in public worship and in private reading. If the Revision of the Old Testament—supposing it to be as well done as that of the New—were ready to be issued in company with the latter, an affirmative answer might be confidently given. The revision of the translation of the Old Testament is an imperative necessity. Of course, the authorized version of the various books is of unequal merit. Thus, Job is very incorrectly translated. As it stands in the English Bible, it is a majestic work; but it is not the work which the sage and seer who wrote the Hebrew text composed. There are passages in the Psalms to which the translators themselves could have attached no definite meaning. If there were a simultaneous publication of the Old Testament and the New in the revised form, there is little reason to doubt that it would pretty rapidly supplant the present version, and make its way, by its obvious merits, to general acceptance.

It is our opinion that the Revision of the New Testament, even unattended by the Old Testament, its natural companion, will succeed in establishing its hold upon public confidence, and eventually take the place of the accepted translation. But this result, if it is to come at all, should be brought to pass spontaneously. Let the new volume win the victory for itself. It may be defended against unjust assaults. But let there be no pushing of it by artificial means. Let there be no effort to dragoon Bible societies into a premature adoption of it, or into hurried action of any sort respecting it. If it possess the superiority which, in our judgment, belongs to it, the fact will be evinced in due time, and its general acceptance will be the gradual but inevitable result. The company of American scholars who have devoted a great part of so many years, without compensation, to this work, deserve the lasting gratitude of those who will profit by their labors.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

"Scribner's Monthly."—Historical.

SO MANY stories have been told by the newspaper press, recently, about this magazine,—its internal relations and its history,—and so much public interest has been manifested in regard to the subject, that it has seemed to me to be worth while to tell the story from the beginning, authoritatively.

Thirteen years ago, Mr. Charles Scribner, the founder of what is known as "the Scribner book-house," applied to me to take the editorship of "Hours at Home," a magazine he had started some years before. At that time I had just closed up a business in Massachusetts, preparatory to a somewhat extended sojourn in Europe, and I peremptorily declined the invitation. Mr. Scribner insisted, however, that the offer should remain open until my return. The European journey was entered upon, and I had advanced sufficiently far in it to begin to look beyond it. It was then that this offer recurred to me, and that I began earnestly to consider it. My conclusions were that the place was not a desirable one; that there was no such thing as a great success for that magazine; that I did not myself like it, and that I would not identify myself with it, or tie myself to its traditions; besides, I believed it to be moribund, as a subsequent examination proved it to be.

At about this time I met Mr. Roswell Smith in Geneva, Switzerland, when the matter of the old magazine came up in conversation. I had met and known something of the gentleman before; indeed, we had planned to go abroad together, originally, though something had interfered with our calculations. His home was then in Indiana, and for health's sake, and other reasons, he desired to remove to the East; so that when I said that instead of entering upon the editorship of an old magazine I should like to start a new one, he announced himself ready to undertake, as business manager, an enterprise of that kind with me. The result of the conversation, which was terminated, as I happen to remember, upon one of the bridges in Geneva, was a verbal agreement that we should unite our forces, on our return to America, for the effecting of this project. It was on that bridge, and exactly under those circumstances, that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was planned.

Mr. Smith returned to America before I did, and when he came he brought a letter of introduction from me to Mr. Charles Scribner, commending him in such terms to the publisher's consideration and confidence as have been a thousand times justified by his subsequent business history. As the inventors would say: "I claim the discovery of Mr. Roswell Smith, and the combination with Mr. Charles Scribner and myself, which resulted in the production of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY." It was naturally Mr. Scribner's wish to have the new magazine

emanate from the book-house, so that he was not primarily disposed to listen to the project of starting a new and independent house, with magazine publishing as its special business. I refused, however, to have anything to do with a magazine that should be floated as the flag of a book-house, or as tributary or subordinate to a book-house. I did not believe there would be success in such an enterprise, and the plan was at last determined upon that, when I should return to America, a new concern should be formed, for the special undertaking and execution of this enterprise.

I returned from abroad in the spring of 1870, and all our plans for the issue of the new magazine were matured during the following summer and autumn. Mr. Smith had no knowledge whatever of the publishing business, and I had none save that which I had acquired in the publication of a country newspaper, with the details of which, however, I had had little to do. It was deemed desirable by Mr. Scribner that the magazine should bear the name of the book-house. He and his associates served their purpose in that, and Mr. Smith and I were glad to have the prestige of the name in beginning our enterprise. It was, in one aspect, a selfish thing for all of us. The book-house wanted the advertising which the new magazine would give it; and the magazine-house, of which Mr. Smith and I represented the predominant interest, wanted the name for what there might be of popular value in it. In another aspect it was not a selfish matter at all. Through long years of the most brotherly intercourse, I had come into very affectionate relations with Mr. Scribner, and Mr. Smith came very quickly into similar relations,—charmed by his kindly nature and character. It was a pleasure to both of us to attach his name to the new publication, hoping that no circumstances would ever occur to change it. I have said all this simply to explain the "true inwardness" of all the differences which have occurred between Mr. Smith and myself on one side and the representatives of the Scribner book-house on the other. We—the two parties—regarded the enterprise and operations of the magazine-house from radically different standpoints. We who held the majority interest regarded the Scribner connection as something that should inure solely to the benefit of the magazine-house, in which the book-house was interested to the amount of its stock, and not to the benefit of the book-house, in which we had no interest whatever. We felt that if we should desire to publish a book,—which our charter gave us the right to publish,—we ought not to be called upon to consider whether we were affecting the business of any other concern whatsoever; and I have no question that we were perfectly right. We were organized to do our own business, and neither to do or to mind any other man's. We were opposed in this, and this differ-

ence lay at the basis, and was the inspiring cause, of all the recent changes that have taken place in the proprietorship of the concern.

Very soon after the first number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY was issued, Mr. Putnam came to us with the offer of his magazine. We acceded to his conditions, though I have forgotten what they were, and it was soon quietly left behind with the "Hours at Home." It is remarkable, in reviewing the career of the MONTHLY, that, although it started without a subscriber, it never printed or sold less than forty thousand copies a month. The highest task we set ourselves in those early days was to reach an edition of one hundred thousand copies,—a number now largely surpassed; and now we are looking forward to an edition of one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and the consequent production of two sets of plates and double sets of machinery. That this success has been a surprise to the publishing fraternity is undoubtedly true; that two men, utterly unused to the business, should succeed from the first, in so difficult a field, is, in the retrospect, a surprise to themselves. Of the editorial management of SCRIBNER, I have nothing to say, except that it has been conscientiously and industriously performed, and that I have had a corps of able and enthusiastic assistants, who have given themselves to the work as if the magazine, indeed, were all their own.

I suppose that if any one were asked what, more than anything else, had contributed to the success of the magazine, he would answer: Its superb engravings, and the era it introduced of improved illustrative art. This feature of our work is attributable to Mr. R. W. Gilder and to Mr. A. W. Drake,—the former the office editor, and the latter the superintendent of the illustrative department. Mr. Smith and I, any further than we have stood behind these men with encouragement and money, deserve no credit for the marvelous development that has been made in illustration. Perhaps this is not quite true, for Mr. Smith was the first to insist on the experiment of printing the illustrated forms on dry paper. This has had much to do with the success of our cuts, and SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY enjoyed a practical monopoly of this mode of cut-printing for years. The effects achieved in this way excited great curiosity, both in this country and in England. Mr. Smith may, therefore, legitimately claim to have revolutionized the cut-printing of the world; and it is another illustration of the fact that reforms are rarely made in their own art by routine men. It takes a mechanic to invent an agricultural machine; and a lawyer, turned man of business, to discover that damp paper is not the best for printing cuts on.

The present Mr. Charles Scribner and I have now ceased to be proprietors, and Mr. Roswell Smith has acquired about nine-tenths of the stock. The remainder has been divided among the young men who have done so much and worked so faithfully to make the magazine what it has been and what it is. I am glad they own it, and that it is Mr. Smith's design that they shall have more as they

win the ability to purchase it. I have no coöperation theories or predilections to gratify, but I owe so much to these men that I shall greatly rejoice in any substantial rewards they may reap for their long and faithful service in building up the interests of the concern, and for their attempts to spare me all unnecessary toil.

It is a great satisfaction to me to feel that both SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS—the latter of which is peculiarly the child of Mr. Roswell Smith's enterprise—are in the same hands they have always been in, and that the readers of both have lost nothing in the changes that have been made in the proprietorship. Some changes are still to be made in names, for the necessity for which I am sorry; but they involve nothing more than sentiment, and we shall all very soon adapt ourselves to them and forget them.

With the burden of business responsibilities lifted from my shoulders, I hope to find my hand more easily at work with my pen, and trust that for many years I may hold the relation to the great reading world which this editorial position gives me. I risked in this business all the reputation and all the money I had made, and it is a great satisfaction that I did not miscalculate the resources of my business associate or my own.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Thomas Carlyle.

ON many accounts, the "Reminiscences" of Thomas Carlyle have made the most notable and interesting book of the year. Not that they have taught us anything very remarkable or authentic about the personages to whom they are devoted, but because they teach us a great deal about Carlyle himself. When he talks about his contemporaries he is really at his worst. We get the unlovely side of him whenever and wherever he feels the liberty of criticism, whether he speaks of men and women, or of institutions and the character of the times in which he lived. We should say that he was anything but a sympathetic man. He looked upon the public men he met with eyes as coldly critical and unsympathetic as if he were examining patent churns or old casts; and what he has to say of these is as unappreciative, uncharitable, and often as contemptuous as if they had been utterly worthless blockheads. Witness the way in which he speaks of Charles Lamb.

Many of the admired of his own generation—many of those whose names we all hold in high esteem, if not in reverence—are treated with hardly more consideration in these reminiscences. It made not the slightest difference with what he thought or would write of a person, that that person had a great place, for any reason, in the world's consideration. When "old Lamb" presented himself at his door, the fact that he had written some of the sweetest humor that had ever been embalmed in his mother-tongue was forgotten, and the exhausted, vice-ridden old man was all he saw, and for this wreck he had no respect whatever. To him the old humorist and *littérateur* was nothing but a silly

old dotard and drunkard, and he seemed to lose all sight of what he had been and what he had done. Now, it certainly was not amiable in Carlyle to see and talk about the weak side, especially, of those whom the world honored. Harriet Martineau is treated almost as contemptuously as Lamb, and the list of others who shared in his cheapening comments and criticisms is a long one. Now we do not doubt in the least that what he says of all these people is mainly true; but we think it a pity that their weak and ridiculous sides only should have been seen and appreciated by Carlyle, and that sympathy should not have tempered his words and brought him into a juster apprehension of that which was highest and best in them.

No man could occupy the position of Carlyle toward his contemporaries, or toward public institutions and public questions, without stupendous egotism. He railed at his own countrymen *en masse*. For his boldness of denunciation, he actually won the hearts of the very men he denounced. There is no question that he had a strong, virile sense of justice and truth. He did not always—perhaps not often—see the truth, for in many things he was wrong-headed; but what he believed to be true and just he loved and defended with all the strength of his stern nature. He had a most unreasoning affection for force, for heroes, for men who had power and prowess. For the praise of men like these he could shape his choicest periods, but for all else he cared little or nothing. For a great human will, with abundance of power and courage behind it, he had more than respect—admiration, almost adoration. He believed that there were some men who were made to govern, and that most men were made to be governed. For the first class he saved what respect there was in him for humanity; for the last, very little consideration of any kind. For the age of materialism and mammon-worshiping he had a contempt that came as near being measureless as anything finite can be, and he was undoubtedly soured by the contemplation of a world in which money, and luxury, and material splendor, and material success seemed to be the all-controlling motives and objects. His was the voice of a prophet, crying in the wilderness of such things. And exactly here he was most useful. He was a sturdy and fearless rebuker of the mercenary sins of his age, and, as such, deserves the gratitude of all good men.

But he had a sweet and lovely side to him. What he says in his "Reminiscences" of Jane Welsh Carlyle is, to our mind, the most beautiful tribute to a faithful wife there is to be found in the English language. We are not at all sure that she deserves all the good things he says of her, or that she was any better than many other wives we know, but it is delightful to find one notable literary man who lived with his wife through a reasonably long connection and did not, on any occasion, find her "incompatible." No one can read over his remembrances of his wife without being touched to tears by his exceeding tenderness, his unbounded admiration of her heart and mind, and his loyalty to her precious memory. We know nothing like this frank unfolding

of a great man's heart in all literature. This passion which he would have been only too apt to regard as uxoriousness in another and which he does, rather grimly, make a jest of in Mill's Mrs. Taylor, whom he characterizes as "a very will-o'-the-wispish iridescence of a creature (meaning nothing bad either)," does him infinite honor, and her also. To have been such a companion, comforter, and inspirer to such a man was certainly a great destiny, and one for which, we do not doubt, she was profoundly grateful.

A goodly slice of these reminiscences are given to Carlyle's father, James Carlyle. For him he has the warmest affection and the greatest respect. With the son's description of his father before us, it is hard to understand his affection. He seems to have been a stern man, and good in a forbidding kind of way. The son was thoroughly afraid of him when he was a lad, but the filial piety and loyalty of the great old man gives us another look into the better side of his nature and character. After all, was not this love for wife and father only another aspect, or outgrowth, of his marvelous egotism? The absolute inability to see anything ridiculous in the father and the wife and to find anybody outside of them worth his while—what was this but egotism? The putative author of his mortal body and the progenitor of his mind would naturally stand high in the regard of Carlyle, while the woman with whom his life was united—what should she be but the paragon of women? At any rate, these filial and conjugal affections and enthusiasms, on the part of the august and even sublime old growler, are exceedingly delightful and inspiring.

And last, and not the least noteworthy, it is pleasant to accept Carlyle's tribute to religion. In an age of skepticism he clung to the Christian verities, recognized the adaptation of the Christian religion to human need, and held in awful scorn the materialism which he felt to be growing in power in human thought and society. We are not among those who take delight in the patronage which the great sometimes extend to religion; but when a man of brains, and insight, and faultless life, and a wide influence testifies to the practical value of religion, and makes it the basis and test of all other values, we can, at least, be grateful to God for him, and for the power of his words and his example. We can account, certainly in part, for the man's contempt for men, and for his love of his father and wife, on the ground of his egotism; but his affection for the religion which called upon him to subordinate his will and abnegate himself must have had a better basis.

Advertising Patent Medicines.

If any of our readers should have the misfortune to be ill, we trust they will be wise enough to go to the wisest and most skillful physician within reach, and follow his advice and take his prescriptions. How are they to determine who will serve them best? There is a great deal in this question which has relation to the matter we have in hand in this article. There is no such thing as medical authority.

Medicine is all empirical. Diseases change in their type, from generation to generation, local influences and climatic perturbations, and variety of temperaments and constitutions in the sick themselves, make every new case a special case, removed from all fixed rules of practice, and place every exhibition of medicine in the category of experiments. This is true with regard to the practice of any so-called "system of medicine." Of systems there are two, into which the medical world is mainly divided, viz.: the allopathic and the homeopathic. These are practiced by educated men, a large proportion of whom were originally trained in allopathic schools, but they are about as widely divided in their ideas and their modes of practice as they can be, or can be imagined to be. The allopathist calls the homeopathist a "quack," and the latter regards the former as a "butcher." Men equally well educated and equally conversant with disease and with remedies, denounce each the other's practice, and "when doctors disagree who shall decide?"

We have already said that there is no such thing as medical authority. We may go farther, and declare that there never will be, in the nature of things. There are too many incalculable factors that enter into any disease of the human organism to permit its treatment ever to enter the domain of exact science. Life itself—its fountain and forces—is incalculable. The human mind, the human will, the nature of the subtle poisons that breed disease,—these are all incalculable. The modifying influences of temperament upon the character and phenomena of disease—these are incalculable. So we are forced to this: Nobody knows—nobody can know—exactly how to treat any case of disease; but there are some physicians, knowing most of that which is known about disease, and with native and acquired acuteness of observation, both as to disease and the effects of remedies, who are wiser and more skillful than others. These, whenever we can fix upon them, we choose for our physicians; and are very glad to get their service, when we have need, and to pay for it. No medical school can decide this question for us. The other day, hundreds of young doctors were graduated in this city. They went out with their spick and span new diplomas, ready, in their own self-confidence, to undertake the charge of almost any case of sickness—but who will trust them? The diploma does not mean much to the man who has a sick wife in his chamber, or a sick babe in his cradle. Men are obliged to trust themselves to select their physicians, and the mode of practice to which they will submit themselves. There is no authority whose prerogative it is to say to the public that this or that man, or this or that system of medicine, is the best, and the cure in all cases to be resorted to. The people are, and are obliged to be, the only judges of medicine and of physicians. They are always obliged to select those agencies for their own healing which seem the best, and to take what comes of it.

Out of the uncertainties of medicine has grown quackery. It has lived and thrived on the blunders of the doctors. If medical science had been a reliable resort, in all cases of disease, quackery would

have been impossible; but it so happens that the doctors themselves are the great foes of quackery. They have recently been taking the religious papers to task for publishing advertisements of patent medicines. We have received a missive from one of them, who, in his private letters, seems to be surprised that we do not at once admit that all patent medicines are fraudulent, and that to advertise them is a disreputable thing. Now we are bound in honesty to say—however heterodox it may seem to the profession—that we believe that there is a large class of patent medicines whose ingredients are skillfully and conscientiously selected and compounded, and that they have been very useful in the domestic treatment of disease. We must come to this conclusion in precisely the same way that we come to the conclusion that a man is a skillful physician—by what they accomplish, and by the testimony of those who have used them. The reputation of a patent medicine is sustained by exactly the same evidence that supports a skillful physician's reputation, and we know of no physician in this or any other community who can furnish as many genuine testimonials to his skill and success as a healer, as twenty patent medicines that we could mention if we would. Many of these medicines came out of the regular practice, and were prepared and originally prescribed by the best physicians. Many of them are medicines whose virtues had been established by domestic use, before the enterprising quack began to advertise them. Very few of them, we believe, are humbugs and frauds in the consciousness or the intent of their makers.

Any publisher who has a valuable medium of advertising at his command knows how great the pressure is upon him for space for advertising patent medicines, and if he is a reputable man, and wishes to deal fairly by the community, he would like some rule by which to guide himself in accepting these advertisements. It is, of course, easy to turn away all advertisements that are tributary to vice, and to fraud. Bogus schemes, designed to practice upon the cupidity of the people—these are easily turned away if detected, though detection is not always easy. The advertisements for the cure of disgusting and disgraceful diseases, involving immorality, will be published by no respectable man. It is easy, we say, to turn away advertisements to a certain point, and then it becomes very hard. It is easy, of course, to turn away all advertisements of patent medicines, if we adopt the theory of the doctors that they are all frauds. But it would be equally just to say that the doctors are all frauds, because some of them undoubtedly are. The people, who are necessarily the judges, both of doctors and of medicines, say that these medicines are not all frauds, and if human testimony is good for anything, that fact is established.

How shall we know what are frauds and what are not? The character of the man or the house advertising will help to settle that question. If such a house as that of Caswell & Hazard, of this city, were to bring us an advertisement of any thing whatever, it would hardly pay us, or the public, to examine it before admitting it. The name of the house would

be a sufficient guarantee that it is not fraudulent. If Brown Brothers & Co. were to advertise some financial scheme, the clerk who would do more than count the lines, and give the price, would spend his strength for naught, and insult the house. In point of fact, Caswell & Hazard prepare many medicines whose ingredients are known to the medical profession, but they are used in domestic medicine by those who do not know their ingredients at all. Here, by the way, the doctors make a difference between what they call a "quack" medicine, and a "proprietary" medicine. The fact, however, that a doctor knows the ingredients of a "proprietary" medicine, makes no difference to the man or woman who uses it as a quack medicine, of which he or she knows nothing except by its results. We see no difference between advertising a "proprietary" medicine and a patent medicine, so far as the people are concerned. They judge by results, and have a perfect right to do so.

All simples—all extracts of simples—all medicines and external applications that have been proved to be not only not dangerous but salutary in the treatment of disease, have a right to be known through whatever medium of advertising their owners are willing to pay for. And publishers of religious papers, or of any other periodicals, have a right to judge what medicines and applications have this right to be known, and to do their advertising without being hauled over the coals by anybody. This treating them as culprits, and, as a matter of course, indefensible, is insulting and grossly unreasonable,

especially by a profession that cannot afford to throw stones at the public authority in this matter.

We would not like to be misunderstood on this subject, so we close with two or three considerations. We have no affection for patent medicines or quackery. If medicine is not an exact science, there exists in the medical profession an accumulation of wisdom which forms a much better resort for suffering humanity than patent medicines, no matter how carefully and wisely they may be selected and applied. Sometimes, undoubtedly, men break away from the routine of medical practice and prescribe for themselves with advantage, but it is rational to suppose that men who make diseases and their remedies the study of their lives are our safest counselors.

Again, what we protest against—and this only—is the professional idea that all patent medicines are frauds, and that those who advertise them are parties to an intentional popular deception. We recognize a field of domestic medicine that is entirely legitimate, in which the people may, and often do, choose with great wisdom and success from the field of medicines in various ways offered to them.

Once more, we sympathize entirely in the prejudice of the profession against the patenting of a medicine by one of their own number. Such a proceeding is most unprofessional, in that it locks up in one man, and makes subservient to one man's profit, that which should be at the command of all professional healers, for the benefit of humanity. The non-professional healer, however, can hardly be held amenable to this consideration.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Lashing of Admiral Farragut in the Rigging.

NEW YORK, September 6, 1880.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In answer to your request for a statement of the facts with regard to the lashing of Admiral Farragut in the rigging at the battle of Mobile Bay, I beg to say that the account contained in "The Life and Letters of David Glasgow Farragut, the First Admiral of the United States Navy," by his son, is correct. The facts are, briefly, as follows:

At the commencement of the action Admiral Farragut was standing in the port main rigging, which position enabled him to overlook the other vessels of the fleet while at the same time it gave him perfect command of both his own flag-ship and the *Metacombet*. The latter vessel was lashed on that side of the *Hartford* for the purpose of carrying the flag-ship inside of the bay, in case of the disabling of her own machinery. A slight wind was blowing the smoke from our guns on to Fort Morgan. As the wind fell lighter (which it frequently does during heavy firing), the smoke gradually obscured the Admiral's view, and he, almost unconsciously, climbed the rigging, ratline by ratline, in order to see over it, until finally he found himself in the futtock-shrouds, some

little distance below the main-top. Here he could lean either backward or forward in a comfortable position, having the free use of both hands for his spy-glass, or any other purpose. Captain Drayton, commanding the *Hartford*, and also Chief-of-Staff to the Admiral, becoming solicitous lest even a slight wound, a blow from a splinter, or the cutting away of a portion of the rigging, might throw the Admiral to the deck, sent the signal-quartermaster aloft with a small rope, to secure him to the rigging. The latter at first declined to allow the quartermaster to do this, but quickly admitted the wisdom of the precaution, and himself passed two or three turns of the rope around his body, and secured one end while the quartermaster (Knowles) fastened the other. The Admiral remained aloft until after we had passed Fort Morgan.

While leaning against the futtock-shrouds, he was near enough to the pilot—who was in the main-top, just over his head—to communicate with him by word of mouth, though by no means sufficiently near to reach him with his hand, as has been stated. He was at all times visible to Captain Drayton and the flag-lieutenant (myself), who were standing on the poop-deck, and conversed with him several times during the action. Lieutenant A. R. Yates, now

Commander in the United States Navy, who was acting as a volunteer aid, was stationed underneath the Admiral, and carried his orders to the other parts of the ship.

After the passage of the forts was accomplished, and the vessels were anchored and anchoring, the Confederate ram *Tennessee* was observed to be moving out from under the guns of Fort Morgan. Captain Drayton reported this fact to the Admiral, who was then on the poop, stating that Buchanan, the Confederate Admiral, was going outside to destroy the outer fleet. The Admiral immediately said, "Then we must follow him out!" though he suspected that Buchanan, becoming desperate, had resolved to sink or destroy the flag-ship *Hartford*, and do us as much injury as possible before losing his own vessel. Immediately after the above remark, Farragut said: "No! Buck's coming here. Get under way at once; we must be ready for him!" Captain Drayton could not believe this, and we were a little slow about getting up our anchor, in spite of the Admiral's impatience.

In Lieutenant Kinney's interesting account of the battle, which you are publishing, the subsequent events are described. I have only to add that, when the *Hartford* rammed the *Tennessee*, the Admiral was standing in the port *missen*-rigging, near the rail, where I secured him with a rope's-end, having first remonstrated with him and begged him not to stand in so exposed a place,—as he was only a few feet from and above the deck of the ram, which scraped her whole length along that side of the *Hartford*.

There could never have been any dispute as to the Admiral's having been lashed in the main-rigging, had the fact been generally known that the Admiral himself told Captain Drayton and me, shortly after the battle, exactly what took place when the quartermaster came up to him with the rope and the message from the captain, just as I have related it. He was afterward amused and amazed at the notoriety of the incident. When a comic picture of the scene, in one of the illustrated weeklies, came to hand, a few days after the battle, he said to Captain Drayton and myself, in conversation: "How curiously some trifling incident catches the popular fancy! My being in the main-rigging was a mere accident, owing to the fact that I was driven aloft by the smoke. The lashing was the result of your own fears [Captain Drayton's] for my safety." At the close of the war, he yielded to the solicitations of Mr. Page to stand for a historical portrait in the position in which he was first lashed.

Yours truly,

J. CRITTENDEN WATSON,
Commander, U. S. N.

"The Music of Niagara."

427 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The author of "The Music of Niagara," in the February issue of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, assumes, without demonstration, a parallelism between the formation of musical tones in organ-pipes of definite

extent, and the formation of musical tones in sheets of water. While the same law applies to the formation of musical tones in pipes, whether air or water is forced through them, the tone obtained depends on the velocity with which sound is transmitted through the two media, consequently a definite length of pipe would yield a different fundamental note under the action of air, or water.

If musical tones are evolved from Niagara, they derive their origin either from the vibrations of the air back of the sheet, or the vibrations of the sheet itself.

The depth of water on the crest of the falls is variously estimated at from 20 to 30 feet. Assuming Mr. Thayer's height of the falls, 160.42 feet, to be correct, the height of the air-space could not exceed 140 feet. Since the music of Niagara rests upon a fundamental note such as would be evolved by an open organ-pipe 160.42 feet in length, it is evident that the vibration of the air-space back of the sheet—having a height not exceeding 140 feet—cannot be the origin of this fundamental note.

A properly constructed organ-pipe may be made to yield musical tones by forcing water through it. The fundamental tone of Niagara, as determined by Mr. Thayer, would have $3\frac{1}{2}$ vibrations per second. The theoretical length of a stopped pipe which, under the action of water, would yield this fundamental tone, would have a length in feet equal to the velocity of sound through water, divided by four times the vibration number of the tone. Assuming the temperature of the water to be 45° F., its length would be $4557 \div (4 \times 3\frac{1}{2}) = 368.24$ feet. An open pipe would require double this length.

It would seem from the foregoing that the determination of the height of Niagara from the fundamental tone of its roar could not be properly made.

It may be of interest in this connection to state that a careful determination of the height of Niagara, made by the Lake Survey, fixes the height of the falls, on the Canadian side, at 155 feet, at Terrapin Tower 161 feet, and at Prospect Park, easterly side of American Fall, 169 feet.

Very respectfully yours,

L. Y. SCHERMERHORN.

State Normal School, Winona, Minn.

EDITOR OF SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: I have a question or two to ask regarding the article on "The Music of Niagara," in SCRIBNER for February. An organ-pipe 160.42 feet long would give only 3.49 vibrations per second in air at 60° F. Now, 16 vibrations per second is generally accepted as the lower limit of the human ear in its perception of musical sounds. Savart, who used shocks of great power in the production of vibrations, fixed the limit at 8, but is supposed to have mistaken over-tones for the fundamental one. May not Mr. Thayer have done the same?

If Mr. Thayer does hear a musical sound produced by so few vibrations, does the force of the shock caused by the falling water suffice to blend them? Can he hear so grave a sound when produced in any other way?

Will Mr. Thayer assign some physical reason for there being any *accent* (or beat) whatever?

Yours truly,
CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

MR. THAYER'S REPLY.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: In answer to the communications which you have sent me, and to many private letters I have received, in relation to "The Music of Niagara," I would say that I find the questions met and answered in the article itself. For example: Mr. Schermerhorn's first objection is met in my article at the top of page 586. His next statement, that the depth of water on the crest of the falls is from thirty to twenty feet, is manifestly incorrect. The depth varies from thirty feet to less than thirty inches,—a fact which observation will prove. That "an organ-pipe may be made to produce musical tones by forcing water through it," is doubtless true, although I have never known when or where such an experiment was tried.

It seems to me that Mr. Boutelle asks the only really new question, viz.: "What is the *physical* basis of the beat or accent?" The true answer, I believe, is found in the fact that everything in the universe *vibrates*. All vibrations, by some law of differentiation, separate themselves into major and minor, the greater ones naturally producing a beat or accent from which rhythm is evolved.

If the readers of my article will but read it again a little more closely (and perhaps *between* the lines in some places), I think they will find that all their questions are met and answered in words or by easy inference.

Yours truly,
EUGENE THAYER.

The Rise of the Columbia River.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON, Sept. 10, 1880.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: The article entitled "Our River," in the issue of SCRIBNER for August of this year, contains an allusion to the Columbia which greatly needs enlargement. It mentions as a remarkable fact that

the Columbia often rises fifteen feet during the summer floods.

This presents so inadequate an idea of our great river that I am compelled to call your attention to the fact that, during the flood of this summer, the Columbia rose at Umatilla about forty-five feet; at Dalles fifty-one; at the upper Cascades about sixty, while at Portland, twelve miles from the junction of the Willamette and Columbia, the former was "backed up" to a height of twenty-eight feet above low water mark. At Vancouver, where the ordinary width of the Columbia is a mile and a half, the flood extended it to a width of six miles. To give some idea of the immensity of waters coming from the snows of our great Western mountains, I might add that at the Dalles the mass of water superimposed on the low stage of the river was fifty-one feet thick, a mile wide, moving at the rate of nine miles per hour. For several days it rose at the rate of an inch an hour. Its hourly increase was therefore enough to make a large creek, while its daily increase was just about equivalent to such a river as the Hudson.

The Columbia has, of course, no need to feel jealous of any of the brotherhood of rivers, but it would like to have its Eastern friends know what it really can do in the way of rising.

Very truly yours,
W. D. LYMAN.

English Correspondents at Plevna.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

SIR: I notice a slight error in your interesting description of the life of our great war correspondent, Mr. Archibald Forbes, in your magazine for December last.

Mr. Forbes was not the sole English correspondent present at the Russian defeat at Plevna, in July, 1877.

As the representative of the London "Graphic," I had the honor of being his companion throughout the day on the occasion so disastrous to the Russian arms.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
FREDERIC VILLIERS.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Young Men's Society for Home Study.

THE remarkable success of the Society to Encourage Studies at Home, which, beginning with eight students in 1873, has now not far from a thousand names on its rolls, has suggested the organization of a similar society to do for young men what this does for young women. The field is not so large; that is, the number of young men having some leisure and having also a desire for study is not so great as that of young women; but although the society has not yet completed its first year, there are upon its list more than sixty students drawn from all sections

of the country, the greatest number—more than half—coming from the Middle States. The plan pursued is, in the main, that which has been well tested with the other society. Several courses of study are open: American and English History; English Literature; German and French Literature; Philosophy; Natural Science, under the sections of Botany, Zoölogy, and Geology; and Mathematics. The greater number choose the first two courses, and of all the students, only one has dropped off. The students are assigned to competent teachers, with whom they enter into correspondence and to whom they report progress. Nothing could be

more simple than the device: a young man, sensible of his deficiencies in some study which interests him, and ignorant of the best way to go to work, is able to receive the advice and stimulus of some well-educated, kindly man, who tells him what to read, how to read, and how to get the most complete mastery of his subject. The mails carry few more valuable letters than those which pass in this correspondence. So well equipped is the society that it is able to direct the work of men who have had a collegiate education, and perhaps for that very reason are reluctant to fumble their way when a little guidance will enable them to work economically and with force; among the most faithful students are some of this class. There are literary societies, also, which have placed themselves under the direction of the organization. The absence of machinery, the freedom of association, and the directness of method render this society capable of doing a most admirable work. A small annual fee is required, to cover expenses of postage and the like, and the society is able to lend books to those who are remote from libraries. The secretary may be addressed by his title, at Cambridge, Mass.

Color in American Art and Dress.

WHATEVER the future of America—by "America" I mean the United States—whatever her future is to be in art, it is clear that she *ought* to be first among all nations in color. It only needs that the painter shall arise who dares to use color as he sees it before him in the clear air and wonderful skies of our summers and winters—in our sunset clouds and our autumn woods. Say what you please of Turner's "Slave-ship," at least it is true that he has dared to paint a sunset—a thing no other artist has ever done. Is there an American who dares to

paint our autumn, who dares to step out of the ranks of the copyists of Old-World scenes and say on his canvas that America is the home of color, and warmth, and brilliancy, and paint her as she is? He will find full appreciation when he does it, for the quiet teachings of nature have had their effect upon us. We are freeing ourselves from our traditional English tastes and habits, for women are more sensitive to these subtle influences than men, and are making our homes bright with color and warm with sunshine, instead of making them dark and "cozy" like the English, who, a great part of their year, must depend for brightness upon fire-light and candles. In dress, too, our women show their love of color. Justin McCarthy says that nowhere in the world is there to be seen so brilliant a street-scene as an American congregation coming out of church on a pleasant Sunday—and this is as it should be. In their embroideries and in their porcelain-painting, too, women show this, and it is beginning to be felt in some of the arts. Doubtless they are crude in their use of it oftentimes, for we are still new to this country, and not yet fully acclimated—we have not yet gained the full effect of the gorgeous nature about us, and learned, like the Eastern races in their long years of color-breathing, that one rich tint subdues another, and that if there is only depth enough in brilliant colors they must harmonize, while breadth of light will surely harmonize light tints.

But we are growing rapidly in these things, and it is time for some one to come forward and say boldly: "Our skies and our lights are as brilliant as those of the tropics. We have a right to a school of color as rich, as glowing, as lavish, and profuse as any of the Orientals, though it must be as different as are our countries or our peoples."

H. W. H.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Ward's Anthology of English Poetry.*

THIS anthology on the coöperative plan has the obvious advantage of assigning different parts of the field—in the case of English poetry a very large field—to specialists. The editor, *a. g.*, takes Chaucer; Spenser is intrusted to the Dean of St. Paul's, Shakspeare to Professor Dowden, Milton to Mr. Pattison, and Dryden to Professor A. W. Ward. The selections are, in general, excellent, and the introductions, taken together, form a valuable and authoritative body of criticism. The rule of the book excludes dramatic poetry and the work of living authors.

Not the worst thing in the book is the general

introduction by Matthew Arnold, who lays down very clearly the true rule to be followed in such a compilation, viz.: the selection of the *best*, and points out the danger of being tempted to substitute the "historic" or the "personal" for the real estimate of a poem. It might be wished that the editor had attended more carefully to this warning. The first principle of a florilege is economy. Sins of commission are here important because they necessitate sins of omission. For, where space is unavoidably restricted, every poor thing included keeps out some good thing that ought to go in. The severity of taste demanded in a little volume like Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" need not, indeed, be required, yet even within the wider limits of the present collection a nicer discretion would be easy. The plan of the work, perhaps, involves a certain unevenness, and it is not, therefore, surprising to find parts of it presided over by the "old-maidenly genius of

* The English Poets. Selections, with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. In Four Volumes. Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

antiquarianism," rather than by the spirit of Mr. Arnold's introduction.

This criticism applies particularly to the selections from English and Scottish poets between Chaucer and Spenser. Dull rhymers like Gower, Occleve, Hawes, Lyndesay, and Gascoigne have no business at all in an anthology—unless, of course, the "historic" estimate is to be the criterion. Lydgate might possibly claim a place on the strength of his "London Lickpenny," while Henryson, Douglas, and Dunbar might be represented by brief selections. As it is, these nine poets occupy nearly a hundred pages. Some of the criticism by which their insertion is justified is nothing less than extraordinary. Thus, Mr. J. Churton Collins is moved to say of Stephen Hawes, the author of "The Pastime of Pleasure": "But Hawes, with all his faults, is a true poet. He has a sweet simplicity, a pensive, gentle air, a subdued cheerfulness," etc. Having once taken a "penitential course of reading" in Hawes, we are able to testify that his cheerfulness is of the most "subdued" type. Henryson came much nearer than Hawes to being a poet, but Mr. Henley is very wide of the truth when he asserts that "He narrates with a gayety, an ease, a rapidity not to be surpassed in English literature between Chaucer and Burns," forgetting, seemingly, that Dryden, Gay, Prior, and Henryson's countryman, Ramsay, not to speak of earlier poets, all lived before Burns. The selections given from Henryson do not at all account for Mr. Henley's enthusiasm, and one asks why he did not give us instead that "incomparable" "Taile of the Wolf that got the Nek-herring throw the Wrinkis of the Fox that Begylit the Cadgear," which he conceives to be "one of the high-water marks of the modern apologue."

It is an article of faith in Scotland that Dunbar was a great poet, and there is, therefore, nothing unexpected in being told by Professor Nichol that the best stanzas in "The Merle and the Nightingale" are not unworthy of Wordsworth. Mr. Lowell has expressed the opinion that this was Dunbar's only good poem, quoting from it a very pretty stanza in which we remember one imaginative line:

"Her sound went with the river as it ran."

Nevertheless, Professor Nichol has not seen fit to insert any part of this poem, though he makes four selections from Dunbar, including one from "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins." We have always thought Mr. Lowell rather too hard on the last-mentioned piece, which is not without a sort of Dantesque humor. Its grim fiends, "Blak-belly and Bawsy-Broun," laughing and making "gekakis" over their victims, the shaveling priests, remind one of those merry companions of the fifth *bolgia*, Farfarello, Graffiacan, *et alii*. That is a good point, too, about the "Tarmegantis" who deafen the Devil, in "Ersche," "til, in the depest pot of hell, he smorit thame with smuke."

The first really good poetry after Chaucer was the Scottish and North English ballads, whose wild music comes in like the wail of the pibroch between

the lascivious pleasings of the Elizabethan lute. Here the selection leaves little to be desired. "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" might better have been left out, and the first of the two Robin Hood ballads given is inferior to "Robin Hood and the Monk," for instance. Personally, too, we should much prefer "The Nut-brown Maid," "Fair Annie of Lochroyan," and "Thomas of Eryldoune" to "Kinmont Willie" and "The Douglas Tragedy." The introduction to the ballads—by Mr. Lang—is one of the most valuable articles in the book.

No two men, sitting down to make out an anthology, would choose the same things, and every detailed criticism of such a collection amounts to making a new one. We shall, accordingly, indicate only a few of the points in which we think that the editors of this collection have made mistakes.

To begin with Chaucer: the minor and doubtful poems are of the fashion of their day merely, and should be excluded. The prologue to "The Canterbury Tales" should have been given entire. The envoy of "The Clerkes Tale" is certainly a strange selection to make from that affecting story; and "The Man of Lawes Tale," with the exception of a few stanzas, is very tame. Either "The Wyf of Bathes" prologue or one of the short humorous tales, such as "The Nonne Prestes," or "The Freres," should, by all means, have been given. As it is, the reader is presented with fair specimens of Chaucer's descriptive powers, but with hardly any illustration of his two characteristic traits, pathos and humor. From Skelton, some part of "Philip Sparrowe" should have been given. Spenser's "Prothalamion" would have been a better choice than his "Complaint of Thalia" and the sonnets; he was not a good sonneteer. And why the magnificent "Epithalamion" should have been garbled we are at a loss to see: an anthology cannot be made *virginibus puerisque*, like a school-reader, without injury to its representative character. Among Lyly's songs room might have been made for the pretty madrigal, "What Bird so Sings yet so doth Wail?" and among the miscellanies for the Marquis of Montrose's noble song, "My Dear and Only Love, I Pray." In Shakspere, of course, one is always confronted by an *embarras de richesse*, yet why leave out "Come unto these Yellow Sands" and "Take, oh, take those Lips away"? Under Donne, in place of the first song given and the poem entitled "The Will," we should greatly prefer the fine "Hymn to God, my God, in my Sickness" and the "Break of Day," which Romeo might have spoken to Juliet:

"Stay, oh sweet, and do not rise;
The light that shines comes from thine eyes.
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that thou and I must part."

We miss Ben Jonson's "It is not growing like a Tree," and the superb "Hymn to Diana." Instead of these we have the insipid epitaph on Salathiel Pavy. Mr. Simcox goes out of his way to omit the only poem of George Herbert's which is generally known—"Sweet Day, so Cool, so Calm, so Bright." One of the extracts from "Paradise

Regained" might well give place to the invocation to light which opens the third book of "Paradise Lost," the noblest single passage in Milton. Altogether too much space is given to Cowley's tedious affectations. Professor Goldwin Smith is to be commended for sparing us Marvell's satires, but "The Nymph's Complaint on the Death of Her Fawn" would have been much better than "Young Love," or the labored conceits of "A Drop of Dew." Roscommon and Mrs. Behn occupy little space, but we fail to see why they should occupy any. Mr. E. W. Gosse's selections from Herrick are about perfect, and his introduction to that charming lyrist is a masterly piece of criticism. Indeed, all of Mr. Gosse's contributions are of the highest value.

In the third volume (Addison to Blake) and the fourth (Wordsworth to Sydney Dobell), there is less to criticise. It was probably from a regard to symmetry in the make-up of the series that, by a "Procrustean system of lopping and stretching," the eighteenth century is made to fill one of these volumes, and the nineteenth is crowded into the other. Were there really forty-four poets in the last century and only thirty-five in this? The selections in the third volume from Walsh, Garth, Philips, Armstrong, Somerville, Green, Blair, Byron, Glover, Whitehead, Smart, and Churchill, are padding. The only poem of Byron's by which he is known—the fable of "The Three Black Crows"—is omitted. If anything of Akenside's had to be given it should have been his "Ode to Ambition,"—much the best thing he ever wrote. Prior and Gay are appropriately given to Mr. Austin Dobson, as are also Hood and Fraed in volume iv., and he writes of them with the sympathy of a critic who is likewise himself the author of charming society verses. The Rev. Mark Pattison says the orthodox things about Pope. Mr. Gosse performs a piece of literary restoration in his appreciative notice of Lady Winchelsea, concerning whom our curiosity was long ago aroused by Wordsworth's mention of her "Nocturnal Reverie" in the famous preface to the "Lyrical Ballads." Mr. Gosse may also be said to have rediscovered Parnell, the Irish poet, whose ballad, "The Hermit," was already familiar, but whose less-known "Hymn to Contentment" and "Night-Piece on Death" his critic judges to have more of real inspiration.

The reader will turn most expectantly, however, to Mr. Swinburne's introduction to Collins, and the article following, on Gray, by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Mr. Arnold's little essay on Gray is written in his usual style of grave, chaste thoughtfulness, and is—as anything of the kind from his pen is sure to be—a delightful addition to our critical literature. Mr. Swinburne, on the other hand, expresses himself in that hysterical prose of his which is so offensive to a manly taste. And yet, in this instance, his instincts seem to us truer than Mr. Arnold's critical tests. We join with the former in thinking Collins greatly superior as a lyrist to Gray, and in setting Gray's "Elegy" far above his odes. Mr. Arnold, on the contrary, agrees with the poet's own opinion, that the "Elegy" was inferior to some of his other poems. But, *pace* Mr. Arnold, Mr. Swinburne is certainly

right in his judgment that Gray's genius was naturally of elegiac, rather than lyric, quality. We believe that most readers have long felt a sneaking sympathy with Dr. Johnson's dislike for the frigid, artificial devices of "The Bard," and "The Progress of Poesy." The Pindaric ode in English is a very sickly exotic at best, and barely tolerable in Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," or Collins's "Passions." The editor takes Cowper, and writes of him with discrimination; but, in fifty pages of selections, room might have surely been found for "John Gilpin's Ride." Dr. Service's somewhat heavy article on Burns reminds one that, in spite of the poet's dying request, the awkward squad are not yet done firing over him. It reminds one, too, by its plea for a cosmopolitan standing for Burns among the "world-poets," that the great Scotchman still remains, as an *English poet*, undoubtedly provincial. Whether this is due to the laziness of the general reader, to whom the dialect offers a barrier, or to the lack of the highest intellectual element in his poetry, the fact exists that in most expressions of admiration for Burns by Englishmen, there is a grain of hypocrisy. Among the extracts from William Blake,—who, with all his force and imagination, is sometimes insipid and sometimes incomprehensible,—we should have been glad to see the sweet little poem beginning

"My mother bore me in the southern wild," etc.

Mr. W. Theodore Watts is permitted to cover a dozen pages with specimens of Chatterton's forgeries, and to occupy nearly as many more with an essay on Chatterton which we cannot help calling sheer nonsense. He pronounces, *e. g.*, the very valueless "Ballad of Charity" "the most purely artistic work perhaps of his time."

In the fourth volume, the place of honor is rightly given to Wordsworth, to whom the Dean of St. Paul's contributes an excellent introduction. Selection here becomes difficult, of course, from the abundance of material. Dean Church might, however, have strained a point to admit "The Leech-Gatherer," and the powerful ballad of "The Thorn," and among the sonnets the favorite one on Venice:

"Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee," etc.

Mr. Pater's subtle analysis of the characteristics of Coleridge's genius could hardly be bettered; nor could his selections, unless, perhaps, by the addition of "Youth and Age." Sir Henry Taylor writes affectionately, but most mistakenly, of Southey, and says of him, *inter alia*, that, "of all his contemporaries, he was the greatest man!" "He pestered me with Southey," says Mr. Emerson of Wordsworth, "but who is Southey?" And, in truth, Southey, as a poet, is already the deadest of things dead. Nothing can be more mechanical, factitious, every way uninspired than his big Thalabas and Curse-of-Kehamas, and the wonder is that he was ever taken for a poet by his contemporaries. The selections from Walter Scott are not altogether such as we would have made. We would have included,

in place of some of those given, "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," "Proud Maisie is in the Wood," "Jock, of Hazeldean," and "Helvellyn"; which last contained, said Wordsworth and Landor, the only imaginative line that Scott ever wrote, viz.:

"When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start."

The selections from Moore should by all means have included "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall." American readers would add to the pieces from Mrs. Hemans, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," and we would further add "The Adopted Child." Place might have been made for Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air," and "Lines written near the Euganean Hills,"—possibly by omitting some of the superfluities from Beddoes and Peacock. Thomas Hood and Macaulay are too slenderly represented. Præd's "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine," which is, perhaps, his best thing, is missing, and so is Mrs. Browning's "Cowper's Grave." If the spasmodic school was to be represented, why not Alexander Smith rather than Sydney Dobell?

A number of names are simply crowded out. Thackeray and James and Horace Smith were worthy to figure beside Hood and Præd. Thomas Pringle's splendid poem:

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,"

has a clear title to a place in any English anthology. And many others might be mentioned. Indeed, the third volume might well have been cut down by half and filled in with names from our own century. But, with all its faults, this collection is, upon the whole, an admirable one,—by far the best that has yet been made,—and an imposing monument to our poetical literature. No other modern language could make such a showing. It is a library in itself.

Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and "The Irish Land Question."

It has been declared several times, in regard to Mr. George's "Progress and Poverty," and by various reviewers, that its appearance marks an epoch or constitutes an event. We are cordially of the same opinion, although for a somewhat different reason. Nothing could more distinctly mark the absence of any true body of criticism in social science and political economy than the respectful consideration which has been given to this book. It now appears in paper covers in a popular edition, and is going on its way to propagate still more social folly and prejudice where already there is so much that common sense scarcely has a chance.

If a competent student of sociology should undertake to review this book, to expose its fallacies and

errors, he would have to take it to pieces page by page. It would be necessary to follow the author through his entire field of observation and philosophy, to show him what he has misunderstood, what he has misinterpreted, what he has left out, what he has brought into wrong relations, where he has mixed his definitions, where he has altered the contents of phrases, where he has picked up bits of philosophy which he has failed to comprehend. It is evident that to do all this would be at once to write a correct treatise on sociology from the first principles up to some of the most refined applications, and to refute a whole series of the most common fallacies in social science. It must suffice to say that the author has not fitted himself for the task which he has undertaken by any correct study of sociology. The title to his book is a paradox resting on two false definitions. He has been struck by some social phenomena produced by bad land laws and disputed land titles in California. These phenomena are significant of very defective institutions and very bad legislation. They call for some sound statesmanship and some thorough application of sound principles of jurisprudence, as that is now understood by all civilized nations. Mr. George, however, goes to work to recreate society. After the manner of the same kind of students in physics, mathematics, and other sciences, nothing will satisfy his ambition but the highest task and the greatest revolution. He brushes aside the law of population in passing only to get at the institution of private property in land. Having got "Malthusianism" out of the way, he is not troubled by the obvious fact, to those who know the law of population, that to exchange private property in land for any other tenure of land yet known to us would reduce the population of any country in Western Europe by from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

Mr. George simply shows that he has not mastered the elementary principles of sociology. His criticisms on the received doctrines of population, wages, rent, etc., show that he does not understand them at all. His discussion of social problems proves that he does not understand the conditions of the problems. Similar books are printed occasionally about topics in physiology, hygiene, or therapeutics. They no doubt win a certain currency, and are taken up by some people as sources of correct knowledge, but, in general, there exists such a body of sound criticism in those sciences that such books are usually rated at their true value. Sociology, however is yet the free arena for all the people with hobbies, crude notions, world philosophies, and "schemes." It is as yet so little understood that there is any science of society—any tests and guarantees of social dogmas—that as respectful attention is given to a book like this as to the most careful work of a highly trained and scientific observer. The unkindest cut of all was that Professor Cliffe Leslie should take notice of this book as a special and representative product of American political economy. Suppose somebody should criticise Joseph Cook's lectures as representative products of American biology!

* *Progress and Poverty: an Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depressions and of Increase of Want with Increase of Wealth. The Remedy.* By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Irish Land Question: What it Involves and how alone it can be Settled. By Henry George. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. George's second book may perhaps do something to open the eyes of people who thought they found a mine of wisdom in his first one. Standing on the experience of California and armed with the scientific conclusions of his first treatise, he apparently looks about for a practical problem grand enough to be a fit opportunity for testing his remedy for "industrial depressions" and the "increase of want." He finds it in the hardest political problem now existing in the civilized world—the Irish question. Those who are nearest to the Irish question and know most about it are in despair over it. Rights and interests are entangled with the fruits of old error and folly and the inheritance of improvidence and ignorance. To Mr. George, however, the solution is easy: Abolish private property in land; that is all. It would, of course, be as foolish to discuss this proposition in detail as it is to make it soberly in the first place. It is not a contribution to the solution of the Irish question; it is only a gauge of the philosopher who made it.

Charles de Kay's "The Vision of Nimrod." *

THIS is a poem of some two hundred and sixty pages. It breaks off, rather than finishes, and the epilogue seems to promise a second part. To come forward with a poem of almost epic dimensions, and on a theme apparently so remote from the currents of modern life, is a challenge to the public requiring a degree of self-confidence. In the present instance, however, we incline to think the confidence justified by the event.

Mr. de Kay will be recognized by lovers of poetry as the author of "Hesperus, and Other Poems," published about a year ago—a volume in which, along with much that was trivial or distorted, were many poems marked by a quite unusual quality. There was, for instance, an unmistakable originality about them. Whatever else might be said of this poet, it was at least evident that he spoke with a strong accent of his own. In some of them—notably in the poem entitled "Invocation"—there was an old Greek joy in the presence of nature; and everywhere an absence of that "plaintive minor" which sounds through the music of so many singers of low vitality. "Let the songs be loud and cheerful, and not chirpings or pulings," says Lord Bacon. In "Little People," "Arcana Sylvarum," "The Sea-Sprite," and some other pieces, there was a delicate, imaginative treatment of the preternatural—wild hints—glances hardly shown and quickly withdrawn of those thin shadows from a realm just beyond the grasp of sense, which seem to pass over the sunny face of nature. And finally, in "Hesperus" itself, there was a sustained majesty of diction and thought most promising for the future of its author. We recall this here in order to emphasize what we have to say about Mr. de Kay's new book.

The poem opens with a description of night-fall

on the desert plains of ancient Babylon. On one of the tumuli of potashers and crumbling masonry which strew the grim waste are seated the figures of the Persian reformer, Ali, and his wife and disciple, Gourred ("Consolation-of-the-eyes"), who are gloomily awaiting arrest on the morrow by the messengers of Moslem orthodoxy. There follows a dialogue full of tenderness between the dejected prophet and his consoler; and then suddenly "the even dusk of night rolls to a shape," which takes form first as a lion, then as a bull, and finally, as the gigantic figure of Nimrod, who relates to the awe-struck lovers the tale which forms the real subject of the poem.

Among a tribe of shepherds in the hill country of Ararat, conquered by Nimrod and transported bodily to Babylonia, was the wise and noble Ahram, a sage who had explored the secrets of the stars and the mystery of the earth's creation. Him Nimrod took into his confidence and made him second in power to himself. The fourth division of the poem, "The Tarn of Kaf," is a remarkable episode in which Ahram describes to Nimrod how, in an enchanted valley of the Himalayas, there was revealed to him the origin and succession of all life. From the profound recesses of the mere arose a mound out of which sprang, one after another, the members of that procession of living creatures known to modern evolution—the polyp, the fish, the saurian, etc., up to man and the disembodied spirit that issued from his mouth at death. The strange transformation scenes of this part are managed with much power and ingenuity. Mr. de Kay excels in devices whereby from chaotic, dim masses and vapors in perpetual flux, shapes start out, define, and condense themselves into clearly seen bodies, and then melt away again. The reader may, perhaps, recall a similar passage in "Indian Clove," one of the "Hesperus" poems, and the machinery to this end in "The Vision of Nimrod" has almost endless variety. "The Tarn of Kaf" reminds one somewhat of Milton's account of the creation, but still more of portions of that curious poem "La Semaine," of the "divine" Du Bartas. We quote three stanzas:

"But from the crest of that submerged crater
I saw great arms, each like a mighty snake,
Reach up to clasp the mass of living matter,
And the wide disk in thousand fragments break.
Below the spot a monster lay, so hideous
That tongue may not its filthiness relate:
A wreath of worm-like arms; two dull, perfidious,
Blue, glaring eyes; a form swelled up with hate;
A hide that hardly feels
Its cancerous weals.

"No bones it had. Those limbs did not belong
To tremulous water, nor to earth-crust solid.
Sans feet, sans wings, it poured itself along
In oozy coils, and on its victim volleyed
A mass of slimy arms, with jaws all studded.
These, on the desperate victim closing, sank
Into his flesh. The limbs though lopped still
budded

With limbs anew. A horrible midmouth drank
Its live prey, throe on throe,
With tortures slow.

*The Vision of Nimrod. By Charles de Kay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"What found itself within those arms involved
Left hope behind. The central mass was tumid
With moving lumps that, swelling, then resolved
Themselves all smooth once more. The captive
doomed

Saw great bleared eyes, a puffed hide red and
pale,

And, if at sea, the waters all on sudden
Turned jet with ink, or red with fire. No tail
This ogre had; weapons, nor stone, nor wooden,
Brazen, nor iron could
Draw from it blood."

After the striking episode of "The Tarn of Kaf," the story goes on to tell how Nimrod, to avert another deluge and to appease the gods, builds by Ahram's advice the great Tower of Babel, on the plains of Shinar. This is described with great elaboration, and the mystical and astronomical meaning of the seven stages of the wonderful pyramid is explained. For the topmost fane, sacred to the sun, a priestess is sought, and is found in Esther, a beautiful virgin of Ahram's tribe. Ahram had been her lover, but with lofty renunciation he dedicates her to the service of the gods. She becomes the sun's bride, and is destined to a life of lonely though glorious ministration on the summit of the tower. But Esther remains a woman, and when, after the completion of the structure, Nimrod ascends to the temple of the sun to greet the priestess, she utters this beautiful complaint:

"I am alone," she wailed, "lone on the summit
Of this luxurious pile, more sad and poor
Than girls in hovels, whose dull pulses quicken
When well-known fingers grope against the door.
All night I lie among the embroidered pillows
And hear the wind howl in the gates of brass;
I see it wave my robes like even billows
On Tigris when the south wind stamps the grass.
Cold, Nimrod, is the side
Of your god's bride."

This confession of womanly weakness and love-yearning awakens once more in the king the passion which he had conceived at his first sight of Esther, but which he had solemnly forsworn. An interview which he afterward overhears between Ahram and the priestess informs him of their former betrothal, and Esther's soliloquy after the close of the interview suggests to Nimrod the means of attaining his desires. A few ambiguous words of warning, dropped by the prophet in the anguish of his heart at finding Esther unwilling to abjure her earthly love and enter with him into his somewhat dimly indicated schemes for the future of the race,—these words she takes as a promise by Ahram to visit her couch at night and partake her love. The king, lashed by desperate passions, seeks counsel of the eunuch Bitsu, the cunning and malignant enemy of Ahram and the representative of the old priestly faction, whose influence with Nimrod had been overthrown by the prophet. By the advice of the eunuch he resolves himself to visit Esther, who will take him in the darkness for her expected lover. The scene that follows—"The Deed of Nimrod"—

is the climax of the poem and is very finely imagined. The sights and sounds of the night are described as the king, with beating heart, ascends from story to story of the vast temple, drawing slowly nearer to his guilty purpose:

"Far to the south the royal stars, the Crown
Bade me be king. Above my head Orion,
Those stars of mine in aidance, showered down
Nerve and address. From palace court a lion
Caged for my sport lifted his awful voice,
And with a whisper through the tower ever
Lapsed the sweet waters where with silvery noise
They purged each story ere they found the river,
Whenceforward sevenfold
Holier it rolled."

The king is alone with his victim. The summit of the tower seems an island afloat upon the night-fogs that steal up from the channel of Euphrates. The lovely sleeper in the dim light of the jadestone lamps is pictured with a warmth of voluptuous color worthy of Titian or of Spenser. The king's hesitation suggests the speech of Othello:

"Put out the light; and then—put out the light!"

At last the hand of fate brings on the catastrophe:

"Sudden * * * the light was crossed! * * *
Esther was lost."

"The Vision of Nimrod" is in many respects a noble poem. It is broadly conceived, and executed with vigor and with a wealth of detail. The poet has steeped his imagination in the scenery of the East—the stony hills, the sandy deserts, the fens and jungles of the great rivers. The imagery is all oriental and in strict keeping: the potter's art, the camels of the caravan, the windfall figs trampled in the mire, the wild oxen in the marsh-grass, furnish him with terms of comparison. In style, the book is a distinct advance upon the average of Mr. de Kay's earlier volume. It has a more even dignity, though it admits that intrusion now and then of the *outré* and the disagreeable which marred some of the work in "Hesperus and Other Poems."

The poem, for its proper effect, needs to be read continuously. We will give a few additional passages, however. The following stanza is full of a strong, exultant music and is fairly characteristic of the author's manner at its best.

"Know you how Spring ascends the mountain
valleys

In fragrant dances on the line of snows,
Enrobed in wind half-cool, half-warm, that dallies
With vineyards now, and now by snow-peak
blows?

When vernal hills are green with dainty gueses

With hope, with promise of delicious pain,

And sun from udders of the glacier presses

The foamy milk, life to the thirsty plain—

Know you the zest that fills

Spring in the hills?"

We venture to quote some still briefer passages, which seem to us of peculiar force and originality:

" * * * Eagles are their own depriver
Of outworn life. When beak and claws are grown
So crook, they cannot rend or strike the quarry,
Sanward in tempest towering, sheerly down
They dash upon the ocean! and a sorry,
Featherless, shapeless form
Sinks in the storm."

"A silence fell. Viewed from that giddy height
The town embowered in trees, the country
gleaming
With silvery criss-cross of canals, the light
From myriad dwellings, and the sky-shine dream-
On the broad river—all was visionary, [ing
Sublime, unreal * * * "

"And on they trail across the seed-pearl rain
Of melody the larks pour from the zenith,
Washing their bosoms of the earthly stain
Won while the night upon her star-throne
queeneth."

"There, on the lower plane,
A dreadful train
Of harnessed men strode on with leveled lances
In windy rows, as when the pulsing breeze
Bows into even ranks as it advances
The wintry tops of glittering ice-bound trees."

He must be a brave critic who would pronounce at once and decisively upon the comparative merits of a poem which contains so many obvious faults, and so much of rare and high merit, as "Nimrod." It exhibits, in places, a carelessness of construction that has its good side and is, in itself, a relief to one who has been forced to read much of the giggling poetic manufacture of the day; but this carelessness, when it results in harshness and obscurity, can only be excused in works we look back upon in point of time,—works that have won their way in spite of their defects. A critic has no right to overlook the blemishes in a contemporary author, no matter how strong he may consider him to be. It seems to us that Mr. de Kay's excellences far outweigh his defects, but his final position as a poetic artist depends upon whether or not, in the future, he will value his work highly enough to be willing to bestow upon it such careful elaboration as the masters of the art in all ages have not disdained to give their own. The verbal infelicities which have attracted the attention of critics do not seem to us so serious as the willingness of the author to print passages of rather awkward statement, devoid of poetry.

We trust that the author will see his way clear to the completion of "The Vision of Nimrod," and that he will get that encouragement which he asks for in his epilogue, and which the extraordinary merits of the work richly deserve.

"A Fair Barbarian," by Mrs. Burnett.*

THE caption of one of the chapters of this story—"Contrast"—might, not unappropriately, have been

* *A Fair Barbarian.* By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

adopted as the title of the whole, which from beginning to end is a series of contrasts—contrasts of character, contrasts of motive, contrasts of action. A decorative or over-literary faculty, or one less intrinsically dramatic than Mrs. Burnett's, would have found this element a burden, and worked out by such hands, it would have taken on strained or incongruous effects; her sprightly style, however, feels not a feather's weight of it, and in the whole story we failed to find a single forced situation. As to a true poet rhyme is not a clumsy contrivance of prosody, but a suggestive aid to the fancy, so to the true dramatic faculty, contrasts present helps rather than difficulties. This is evident in "A Fair Barbarian," which shows not only more palpably than any of her previous works, wherein the author's strength lies, but exhibits anew the superiority of the dramatic method, as method, over the descriptive or contemplative. Mrs. Burnett conceives her characters, not as historic facts more or less interesting because they exist in the knowledge of readers, but as related vital forces, owing their chief interest to their interdependence on and modification one of another. It is the difference between descriptive and physical geography. Add to this imaginative power an extraordinary sensibility to what is called "character," and great ingenuity in advancing the plot by most piquant and yet not unnatural situations, and the result is a story of unusual significance and fascination.

The creation of Octavia Bassett is likely to be judged by the reader according to his own experience, and consequently there will be many opinions of her faithfulness as an American type. Of the consistency of the portrait we think there can hardly be a difference of opinion: throughout a trying variety of incident, she remains the same willful, high-spirited, over-dressed, crude, good-natured, self-possessed, and altogether feminine nature with which we started. The same may be said of Lucia, the charming foil to Octavia; of the timid little aunt; of the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, the sparrowy curate, and even of Lady Theobald—perhaps the most hackneyed type in English fiction. These are all newly imagined and buoyantly sustained, and are drawn with admirable proportion and fine verbal precision. Upon Francis Barold, only, a few more words might have been bestowed with advantage—for, if we are to judge from the warm contentions of readers, the data upon which a full estimate of the relations of Octavia and Barold is to be formed, are not immediately evident, or, being evident, are not conclusive. Many of Octavia's sex regard the manner of the rejection as thoroughly justifiable, while others are inclined to quote the old rhyme:

"Perhaps it was well you rejected my love;
But why did you kick me down-stairs?"

Upon the one side it is pleaded that a proposition of marriage is the highest compliment a man can pay: upon the other it is retorted that it may become the deepest of insults, and resort is had anew to the proof-texts. The humiliation of Barold is of course permissible only upon the theory that earlier in the book he discovers his selfishness and snobbery not

only to the reader but to Octavia. Some persons require close reading between the lines to discover this fact, and to any one who overlooks the following passage-at-arms it must have somewhat the aspect of a mental reservation of the author's:

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit.

"It is very kind of her if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she fond enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires! I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked, after a pause, "I believe you are not. I should think so."

Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

Barold's snobbishness to Octavia is more a matter of tone than of words, and Mrs. Burnett has, accordingly, treated it subtly; but, in view of Barold's respectful conduct toward her in the early part of the book, a little more emphasis might have been given to the above incident. No doubt many would have welcomed a relenting touch of generosity in Octavia at the last, but we are inclined to think Mrs. Burnett has been truer to the demands of the situation in rejecting this sentimental touch. Indeed, she might have omitted "Jack" entirely, and cleared Octavia of the imputation of disloyalty, but this would have involved a more refined type than the author set out to describe, and would have weakened the force of the climax. Mr. Barold himself would be surprised to learn that Mrs. Belasy's turned out to be—but this must be left to Mrs. Burnett, who, if she chooses to follow her farther, will doubtless be accompanied by as large and eager an audience as that which has enjoyed this fine piece of literary comedy.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved Iron Punch

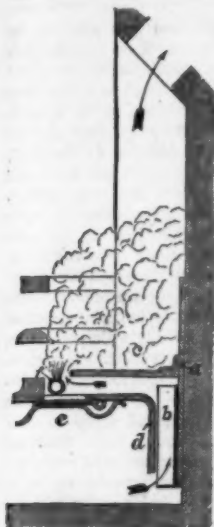
EVERY kind of structure, bridge, ship, house, and car, and all our power, is, more or less, dependent upon the strength or want of strength in riveted iron-work. No subject has received so much attention within the past few years as the methods used in joining pieces of iron by rivets, and the making of the holes for the rivets has already given rise to a great literature. If the riveted work be weak, wherein is our faith in bridge, or ship, or boiler? Even so small a tool as a rivet-punch deserves careful attention. A new punch for making rivet-holes by a smashing blow has the addition of a cutting lip or edge just above the point. This same smashing blow makes the weakest kind of rivet-work, because the edge of the hole is ragged, torn, and cracked, and the rivet makes an ill-fit, a bad joint on which to hang human lives. The addition of a curved lip on the punch acts as a shearing or paring tool, shaving off the ragged edges of the hole and leaving it smooth and evenly fitted to the shape of the rivet. Riveted work made in holes punched by the new tool appears to stand a higher test than will the same class of work made with ordinary punched holes, or punched and reamed out holes, or drilled holes. The rivets were sheared off in a Richlé testing machine at a strain of 38,820 pounds for the punched plates, 39,210 for the drilled plates, and 39,850 pounds for the plates punched by the new tool.

Gas for Kindling.

THE idea of combining gas with coke or anthracite coal in a grate fire seems to have proved of some practical value, and the new style of grate used with these combined fuels may be briefly described

as offering a valuable suggestion in domestic economy and in burning coal in all kinds of furnaces. No intimation appears to be given that any patent is to be taken out on the new application of gas fuel, and the apparatus is so simple that it can be made by any skillful worker in sheet metal. The theory is to apply a continuous gas flame to a mass of coke or hard coal, burning in a common open grate. To accomplish this, the horizontal bars of the grate are removed, and at the back of the fire-place, next to the wall, is placed an upright plate of copper reaching from the bottom of the ash-pit to a level with the top bar of the grate. To this is riveted a flat plate of cast-iron placed horizontally on a level with the bottom of the grate, or in place of the bars that were removed. This gives a fire-box with a solid iron bottom and an upright back of copper, the front bars remaining in place. The horizontal plate does not reach quite to the front, and there is a narrow opening between the plate and the lowest bar of the grate. Under the iron plate is a second one, also of iron, bent at a right angle and having a hinged trap-door at one edge, the trap being kept in place by a spring.

The accompanying drawing is a section of such a grate. The upright copper plate is marked A, the horizontal iron plate is marked C, and the angle plate and trap-door are marked D and E. Attached to the plate A is a strip of sheet copper bent into a series of corrugations and marked B in the drawing. At F is a gas-pipe, 13 mm. ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch) in diameter, extending the whole width of the grate just behind the lower grate-bar. This is perforated with small holes along the upper side, thus forming a series of small gas-burners. The grate is filled with coke or anthracite, and the gas is turned on under the solid fuel and set fire. No kindling is required, and the



gas flames burning under the coke or coal soon set it on fire and keep it at a rapid rate of combustion till it is consumed. The ash falls on the trap below the gas-pipe, and is occasionally removed by opening the trap and letting it drop into the ash-pit.

By this combination of a gaseous and solid fuel, it is claimed a perfect combustion is maintained, with great heat and a brilliant flame. It will be seen that the copper plate at the back of the grate may become heated in time, and the heat will be conveyed to the corrugations below. The air for combustion

(except what may enter between the bars) is intended to pass between the corrugations and between the two iron plates, as shown by the arrows in the drawing, and thus meet the gas flames at a high temperature. This makes a regenerative furnace of the grate, the gas flames burning with more heat and flame when fed by the heated air. Such a regenerative grate, burning gas and coke, is said to give more heat than can be obtained from the same amount of coke burned in the common way, or more than the gas and coke together in an ordinary grate. This is explained partly by the fact that the fire is kept at all times at the front of the grate, as the plates prevent it from burning very freely at the back, and thus the heat is thrown out into the room. The heating of the air needed for combustion also materially helps by producing a large and hot flame. Economy of fuel is obtained because the fire is at the front of the grate only, and as the coke wastes and falls below, new fuel, already highly heated, moves forward, and only a portion of the solid fuel is burned at a time, instead of being consumed in one wasteful mass, as in the common grate. In grates where it is not convenient to remove the horizontal bars, the gas-pipe may be simply laid behind the lower grate-bar, and the rest of the grate may be covered with a thick plate of cast-iron, laid on the flat bars. In this case the regenerative apparatus would be left out, and the combined fuels would be burned with less economy. This form of regenerative grate, and this combination of solid and gaseous fuels, certainly possess the advantage of cleanliness and ease of starting and management. No kindling is required, and as fast as the coke is burned more may be added, and the fire kept up continuously. There is also the advantage of saving the unburned fuel, for when the gas is cut off the coke goes out very quickly; it may be started again, without waste, by simply lighting the gas.

Aside from the advantages of such a combined gas and coke fire, the idea readily suggests another that does not appear to have been considered by the inventor. In burning anthracite, the difficulty is to make it light quickly and thoroughly, even a small fire involving the trouble and expense of a wood fire. If open grates, designed for hard coal, were supplied with a perforated gas-pipe, placed behind the lower grate-bar, and this was connected with the mains, gas could be used in kindling the fire. Such a gas-kindling apparatus should have an opening in the pipe for mingling air with the gas before it is burned, thus making a Bunsen burner. Such a burner would give more flame and heat for the same amount of gas, and it would take the place of the paper and wood used in kindling the coal. After the coal is fired, the gas could be cut off, and the perforated pipe would deliver air instead of gas, and thus assist the combustion.

Another and more simple plan, that may be applied to stoves, ranges, and the furnaces of steam-boilers, would be to make a nest, or gridiron, of perforated gas-pipe, about the size of the grate, or even smaller, and arranged as a Bunsen burner. The grate, or fire-box, might then be filled with fuel (without kindlings), and the gas-burner placed in the ash-pit, close up to the grate-bars. In this position the gas flames would rise through the grate-bars and quickly fire the coal. While this suggestion is made here, it is believed, for the first time, it may be remarked that the idea is not new, as on several railway lines the fires under locomotive boilers are now kindled with gas. A bar of wood or iron is inserted between two of the bars, near the middle of the locomotive fire-box, and over this is piled a quantity of large coal. The rest of the fire-box is then filled evenly with fuel, and then the bar is drawn out. In the arched opening thus left under the coal, is thrust a gas-pipe, supporting a series of Bunsen burners. Connection is made by hose with the street-mains, and the burners are lighted from the fire-door of the boiler; the gas flame rises through the coal and quickly sets it all on fire, when the burners are withdrawn and the boiler is ready for firing in the usual way. Ten feet of gas is found sufficient to start the fire in about twenty minutes. If gas can be used with economy in lighting large fires in boilers,—and of this there seems to be no doubt,—the small burners suggested for domestic use would certainly effect a great saving in time, labor, kindlings, ashes, and dust, and probably expense, in starting the kitchen or parlor fire.

The Transformation of Light into Sound.

THE remarkable discoveries announced by Professor Bell, at the time of the invention of the phonograph, in relation to the action of an intermittent beam of light upon various substances upon which it was thrown, have been recently made the subject of exhaustive research by Professor Tyndall, of London. While the experiments of Professor Tyndall do not point immediately to anything of practical value in the general work of the world, they are

worthy of consideration, because any new facts or laws that employ common tools and methods may, in other hands, result in useful inventions. The photophone showed that an intermittent beam of light could be made to reproduce its vibrations as sounds that could be heard in a telephone. In the new experiments, the sound is made directly audible without the aid of the selenium receiver of the photophone. A beam of light from a lime-light, or even a candle, has its rays rendered parallel by a reflector, and is directed upon a small glass flask. To the neck of the flask is fastened a rubber tube, having at the end an ear-piece. Between the flask and the source of light is set up, vertically, a disk of sheet metal, having radial slots cut in it near the edge, or having the edge cut into deep notches, or serrations. This is made to revolve swiftly on its axis in the beam of light, alternately allowing the light to pass through the slots, or between the serrations. By this arrangement the beam of light may be made intermittent, or broken up into a succession of alternate flashes of light and shadow. The flask is then filled with various vapors, or gases, and the beam of light, falling on these, imprints its vibrations of heat and cold (not light, but obscure heat, for all the light may be cut off, and the effect is the same), and the vapor, or gas, expands and contracts in exact unison with the vibrations. If these vibrations are sufficiently rapid, they may set up in the flask a musical tone that may be distinctly heard through the rubber tube. Different vapors and gases give different results, some giving out powerful notes that may be heard without the aid of the tube. For the purposes of experiment, carbonic acid and olefiant gas have been found best. These experiments open a wide field for research that may yet lead to useful results. No intimation has been given that a patent will be placed on these photophonic discoveries, and any one is at liberty to follow the experiments so happily begun on two continents.

Luminous Paint.

A PREPARATION of sulphide of lime, under the name of luminous paint, was first made on a commercial scale in England two or three years since, and has been recently introduced into this country. The method of making the sulphide of lime and its peculiar properties have been known for a long time, and the recent development of the art and the greatly increased value of the material are simply the results of improved manipulation. From a careful inspection of the new paint, it appears to possess qualities that make it highly useful when applied to surfaces that may be exposed to sudden changes from light to darkness. In appearance, the new paint is thick and creamy, and quite coarse in texture. It is best applied with a broad, thin knife, or spatula, as it is too pasty to work well under the brush. The paint in the pot, and when applied to any surface and thoroughly dried, is of a pale yellowish white, while the surface is granular and rather rough. A large sheet of paper, stretched on a frame and painted, was placed before a north window for about two

minutes on a cloudy day, and was then carried into a small room that was quite dark. In the dark room the paint exhibited a rich purple color, that seemed to glow and burn very much as will sulphur from a match when gently rubbed on the hand in the dark. The purple light that came from all parts of the painted surface was reflected on the walls and on the faces of the persons in the room, and plainly lighted up the room so that any ordinary work could be performed without difficulty. The light was not bright enough to read by, yet quite sufficient to enable persons to be seen and recognized. The purple light slowly faded away and turned to white, this white light remaining visible for six hours. The hand, laid on the paint for a moment, left an exact reproduction in deeper purple, showing that heat intensified the effect. This glowing figure of the hand soon faded as the heat was dispersed. A lump of ice touched to the paint, on the contrary, makes a black spot, and seems to completely quench the light. Such a light-absorbing material naturally suggested a number of useful applications, many of which have proved to be of practical value. A sheet of gelatine coated with the paint may be taken into a dark closet, bank-vault, powder-room, or cellar, in place of a lantern. The light given out by the paint is sufficient to enable one to examine a gas-meter, find papers in the boxes of a safety-deposit bank, or to store or handle inflammable or dangerous substances. For searching for leaks in gas-pipes, the paint would be of the greatest value, as there would be no possibility of danger from explosion. The paint has been applied to clock-faces, to signs, to the interiors of cars that pass through dark tunnels, to powder-rooms, and to tools and materials that are occasionally used in dark places, and it has proved itself of practical value. From the material examined, it would appear that the luminous paint will be useful wherever a moderate degree of light is needed for a few hours, and wherever a burning lamp of any kind would be inconvenient or dangerous. The formula for making this sulphide of lime was described in this department, Vol. XX., page 478, but the improved processes whereby the luminous quality of the paint has been so much increased are known only to the manufacturers.

Improved Window Shade.

THE ordinary outside awning for windows has its disadvantages: while shutting out the sun, it also impedes the air and lets in all the dust, smells, and noise from the street below. It is supported by a bar of iron pivoted to the sides of the window just below the middle of the sash. Some ingenious inventor went farther and placed the ends in a slide so that it might be pulled up close under the window cap in wet weather. A more recent, and certainly more happy thought, is to provide two bars hinged together and to provide more canvas, and a different system of hanging. By this modification, the Italian awning becomes an American convenience. The new awning may be open at the top and closed at the bottom, to shut out the dust

and foul air, and to give a studio a "top-light." It may be opened above and below to admit fresh air into the lower part of the sash and to allow the impure air of the room to escape at the top, or it may be closed above and below and open at one side, to act as a "wind-sail," to bring the passing

breeze into the room. Nearly a dozen different styles of awning can be made in this manner, and in each the awning can be drawn up out of the wet in rainy weather. The invention, simple as it appears, is quite new, and has the merit of a great number of useful and ornamental applications.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Love amid the Barley.

YOUNG Jenny was reaping her grandfather's barley,
And through its brown mazes was peeping at Charley—

Who, timid young swain,
To wed her was fain,
But wanted the courage his Jenny to gain;
And so she decided her duty was plain
To help his decision, while reaping the barley.

Then bowed to the breezes the brown beards so rarely,
But soon they lie low in their banded sheaves,
fairly;
Though hearts might be breaking,
And shoulders be aching,
There must be no pause in their great undertaking—
No staying the havoc their sickles were making,
For rain must not fall upon Grandfather's barley.

But Cupid is brave, though proverbially fickle,
He will not take fright at the wave of a sickle,
So, flying his bowers
Of orthodox flowers,—
Unheeding the possible advent of showers,—
He chose for the scene of his pranks and his powers
The shelter prosaic of Grandfather's barley.

"Tis quite an uncommon description of barley,
I never saw anything finer," said Charley—
"So heavy and brown;"
Then he chanced to look down,
Saw Jenny's sweet features were drawn to a frown,
And could not imagine (the imbecile clown!)
Why she did not share in his praise of the barley.

While thus ran the inward reflections of Jenny:
"Was girl ever plagued with such tiresome ninny?
Yet I love him so well,—
Though I'm sure I can't tell
Why to me a notion so foolish befell,—
That I'd almost ask Grandpa the fears to dispel
Of such an uncommon good judge of his barley."

With a cluster of stalks, as she muttered, "The stupid!"
Her hand grasped the gossamer pinion of Cupid.
He marked the neat hand,
So dainty, though tanned,
And he felt the quick breathing his ringlets that fanned;
And he vowed the good genius of lovers he'd stand
In the person of Grandfather viewing his barley.

A comical figure the vision discloses:
No longer the urchin, with garland of roses,
But, glasses on nose,
Coat down to his toes,

And taking large pinches of snuff as he goes,
The offspring of Venus approaches the rows
Where prostrate is lying the beautiful barley.

"Well done, my good children," cried Cupid. "I'm thinking
You've cut down this field of good barley like winking;
For working so hard
You deserve some reward.
You, Jenny, won't think that your fortune is marred
If I find a good husband that fortune to guard;
And you, sir?—Hem—hem—why not finish the barley?"

"Dear Grandpa," said Jenny, "if parting would grieve you,
The hand of a prince should not tempt me to leave you;

But,"—dropping her eye
With expression so shy,
While rosy-cheeked apples her blushes outvie,—
"But if I a husband should choose by and by,
He must be an excellent judge of good—barley!"

Now Charley was shy, but was not at all stupid
(Besides, he'd the private assistance of Cupid)—
Her plan was betrayed.

"And I, sir," he said,
"My reward—though to name it I'm almost afraid;
But on my heart Jenny such havoc has made
That my hopes are all laid at her feet, like the barley!"

"Now, bless you! my children, I give my consent,"
And taking a huge pinch of snuff as he went,
"Tis well! I declare,"
Cries Cupid; "so there!
My rose-colored pinions I'll spread to the air,
And to my friend Hymen I'll straightway repair:
His help will be wanted ere thrashing the barley.

"But I'll tell Master Hymen I've had all the trouble."
So saying, he soared o'er the ridges of stubble.
And, as it befell,
The affair ended well.

But some, who the spirit of Romance would quell,
Just laugh at the mention of glamour or spell
In such a connection as "Grandfather's barley";

And say it was really not Love in disguise,
But Grandpa himself; who with vigilant eyes
Saw Jenny's dejection,
And Charley's affection;
So made up this story of Cupid's protection;
And gave the whole matter a mystic complexion
To hide the design of his trip to the barley.

A Provincial Idyl.

'WAY down east, not far from Pictou,
As the train I journeyed by
Stopped, I heard the car-door click to
And a maiden met my eye,
Sweet of face, and lithe in motion,
Beautiful, though Nova Scotian.

On toward Cobequid we glided:
Book and paper thrown aside,
Little else thereafter I did
But to sit back, open-eyed,
Gazing, with profound emotion,
At that lovely Nova Scotian.

Field and wood, and sea and river,
What cared I how bright they were
While my heart was all a-quiver
With a wild delight in her?
Cynosure of earth and ocean
Was that radiant Nova Scotian.

From this trance of admiration
(So intent my eyelids ached),
At some rustic way-side station
She got out,—and I awaked;
Where she went I've not a notion,
She was lost, my Nova Scotian!

Since that day your charming features
Haunt and fill my wistful eyes;
Everywhere they seem to meet yours!
Frequent reminiscent sighs
Testify my fond devotion,
Unforgotten Nova Scotian!

All the regions, far and frosty,
Stretching north from Halifax
To the shores of Anticosti,
My imagination tracks:
Why its eager searching so shun,
Fair, fugacious Nova Scotian?

The Boston Girl.

I TOLD her of a maid whose mind
Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
"Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
No form is daintier or completer,
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
No mouth is tenderer or sweeter.
The favored youth who gains the hand
Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With modest grace she added: "And
Don't you forget it."

"Oh thou dear mistress of my heart!
My angel! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned away her lovely head,
And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said,—
"You make me tired."

Conjunctions.

I AM a happy woman? Yes.
The measure of my happiness
Fate's bounty can no higher fill.
I surely happy am! Yet still—

My brown hair has no silver thread,
My fresh cheek shows its white and red,
As fairest in the eyes of men
My love hath chosen me. But then—

Health, wealth, are mine. Great meed of praise
Makes bright the sunshine of my days.
In pleasant paths my feet are set;
Friends guard me tenderly. And yet—

The robins flutter to the hedge,
The sparrow seeks the window ledge;
The eagle rests upon the cliff;
My place is here. But if—but if—

I watch the village lovers pass
With loitering footsteps on the grass,
And mind me once—ah, yes, I know
The sweetest dream must fade, and so—

In Explanation.

HER lips were so near
That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
That—what else could I do?

A Sonnet by Benjamin Disraeli.

[The following extract from a letter from Lord Stanhope is kindly furnished us for publication by a lady of New York. We believe the lines have not before been in type.—ED.]

"I have added also for Mrs. — a little poetical tribute of great merit, I think, as a composition, and commended by the subsequent celebrity of the author. It dates so far back as 1839.

"With many good wishes, I remain, Sir, your very faithful servant,
STANHOPE."

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE LADY MAHON.* 1839.

Fair Lady! thee the pencil of Vandyke
Might well have painted; thine the English air,
Graceful yet earnest, that his portraits bear
In that far troubled time when sword and pike
Gleamed round the ancient halls and castles fair
That shrouded Albion's beauty; tho' when need
They, too, tho' soft withal, could boldly dare,
Defend the leaguered breach, or charging steed
Mount in their trampled parks. Far different
scene

The bowers present before thee; yet serene
Tho' now our days, if coming time impart
Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life
Would not reproach thy lot and what thou art—
A warrior's daughter and a statesman's wife.

B. DISRAELI.

* Mahon is the junior title of Stanhope. The original of the portrait is now the Countess of Stanhope.